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INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE.*

No discussion has excited more profound interest, or is fraught with more serious consequences, than that now so vehemently waged concerning the fact, the nature, and the measure of the inspiration of Holy Scripture. We engage in it, therefore, with a grave feeling of responsibility—accepting it as a duty from which we dare not shrink, and would not if we

could, that we state boldly and uncom- promisingly the ground we take, and are prepared to defend, in relation to the present controversy. At the outset let us be candid with those whom we shall be forced to treat as opponents in the course of our argument. We foresee the momentous results pending upon the issue of this discussion, and in the staunch defense of the truth, which we believe to be imperiled, we must make an end of unmeaning compliments. There can be no dalliance in war. On either side the conflict is too serious to be staid or assuaged by any weak considerations. The battle must be resolutely fought without quarter, till by the strain of argument against argument it be proved with whom the victory rests. All that can be required, therefore, in any writer who enters

* *Divine Inspiration: or, The Supernatural Influence exerted in the Communication of Divine Truth.* By the Rev. E. HENDERSON. London: Jackson and Walford. 1836.

The Miraculous and Internal Evidences of the Christian Revelation. By the Rev. T. CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. (Vols. III. and IV. of collected Works.) Glasgow: William Collins.

The Soul: its Sorrows and its Aspirations. An Essay. By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN. Fifth Edition. London: John Chapman. 1853.

this controversy, is the clearest and most forcible statement of arguments, whether in exposure of an opponent's weakness, or in the defense of his own position. To this law we pledge ourselves. We feel too deeply and too strongly to write in doubtful language, or with impotent reserve. The question, whether there has been a Divine revelation or not, is the ultimate and essential form into which all inquiries concerning inspiration resolve themselves; and the answer to that question manifestly involves our knowledge of God, the existence of the Church, the standard of duty, and our hopes of a future world; in fact, every interest of mankind that is revered and precious. Self-respect, therefore, and respect for the convictions of those who differ from us, but who must acknowledge the vast importance and far-reaching potency of the conclusions which they seek to establish, compel us to use the exactest and plainest language we can find to express and enforce our opinions on this subject.

Let it not, however, be conceived, that we sympathize with the ignorant and bilious denunciations with which the doubters and impugnors of orthodox belief on this subject are so frequently assailed. Orthodox truth suffers more from such an ignoble and cowardly mode of defense, than from the most virulent attacks. If it is to be honorably maintained, it must be by the calm exposition of its evidences, and not by a savage howl at its opponents. Difficulties are admitted to complicate the doctrine of inspiration, which may be supposed sufficient to bewilder or to repulse many sincere inquiries, without the further incentive of sinister motives. For their recovery to sound doctrine, angry threats and browbeatings are the worst possible means to adopt. At any rate, they can be useful no longer. This doctrine is now threatened on every side. The sluices of the controversy which has so long deluged Germany have been lifted up in this country. High authorities in the Episcopal Church pronounce opinions widely at variance from the commonly received faith, and loudly affirm that the commonly received faith is indefensible. In every direction it is intimated that the time has come for a thorough investigation and fresh settlement of the doctrine of inspiration. We are content that it should be so, since we are convinced that the old faith will yet

prevail; and it is far better to have an open and thorough criticism of its evidences which will triumphantly vindicate their strength, than to be dwelling in imaginary dread of their possible insufficiency. But if there be such an honest examination of this doctrine, that brazen-throated artillery of menacing epithets which has been peeling far and near must be silenced. The strong reasons on either side must be scrupulously weighed, and the balance fairly struck. If truth does not capitulate to bribes, neither will it to threats; it must be solicited and won by the severe exercise of unimpassioned and unprejudiced reason. We do not purpose to collect within the limits of one or even two articles every quillet of proof either for or against the doctrine of plenary inspiration; but we trust to give a clear statement of the doctrine as we hold it, to expound fairly the evidence which vouches this doctrine, and to expose the fallacy of the various theories which have been hatched to supplant it—only reversing the order of these propositions, that by the destruction of false theories we may clear the ground for orthodox scriptural truths. So far we hope to contribute our share to the settlement of the present disturbed controversy, in the renewed acceptance and the firmer establishment of the hitherto received doctrine, that the whole Bible is the word of God.

In a controversy so important, there should be the most rigorous care in the definition of the terms that are employed. Of late, the embroilment of language has become almost hopeless, from the various meanings into which the term "inspiration" has been distorted; and the distinction drawn by Coleridge, and since almost very generally adopted, between revelation and inspiration, seems to us to have increased, instead of relieving, this perplexity. According to this distinction, *revelation* consists in the immediate communication from God by voice, dreams, visions, or by some transcendental mode of impressing the consciousness with knowledge, which otherwise would have been unattainable by man; and *inspiration* consists in that spiritual aid which was given to writers of Scripture, to convey to their fellow-men the knowledge which had been thus supernaturally communicated to them, and whatever information or sentiment of their own they pleased to combine with it. Now, this dis-

inction, on which inspiration is contrasted depreciatingly with revelation, has been the beginning of strife. It has "darkened counsel by words without knowledge," and aggravated instead of simplifying the problem presented for our solution in the authority of Holy Scripture; for, in the first place, it so limits the meaning of the word *inspiration* as completely to subvert its common acceptation; and, secondly, being supposed to intrench whatever is supernatural or Divine in Scripture within a safe stronghold, by rigidly marking off those of its contents that are asserted to be communicated by God, it at once derogates from the authority of all the rest, as something generically different, and encourages the freest license in speculation as to the kind of assistance that was needed merely to speak or transcribe these Divine communications, and to compose the other human portions of the Bible. Consequently, Coleridge himself eliminates from the inspiration of Scripture writers its miraculous efficacy; others who abide by his distinction do not, but have availed themselves of the liberty which the comparative indifference of the matter allowed them, to differ, in every conceivable way, as to the mode and measure of the supernatural aid confessedly bestowed by inspiration.

We accept the distinction only in so far as the mode of intelligence here specifically named "revelation" is involved in inspiration, as forming one of its constitutive elements; but to regard the inspiration of a prophet or apostle as something different from his supernatural knowledge of the Divine will, instead of being exhibited and proved by that supernatural knowledge, we conceive to be a fundamental error, opposed alike to the plain representations of inspired men, the biblical statements concerning inspiration, and the universal acceptation of the meaning of that word. It is the introduction of this new meaning of the word "inspiration," emptied, too, of its highest potency, which has perplexed recent discussion on the subject. Against such a procedure we earnestly protest; for by this wayward and fanciful use of words in contempt of their common usage and explicit meaning, all controversy and all rational intercourse are put at an end, and mutual confusion is the sad result. Since the word is of biblical origin, we admit that if the popular meaning of "inspiration"

could be proved to be at variance from the scriptural, then it should be altered, and its value fixed according to the biblical standard; but in this case it is quite the reverse. The biblical, the etymological, the historical, and the popular sense of the word, are opposed to the meager, contracted sense in which it is applied by Coleridge and those who have copied him.

"Inspiration" is understood to denote the peculiar mental state of a man who is commissioned and qualified by God to make known to his fellow-man whatever God may will to be so published. The word was originally, and is therefore most properly, applied to the communications that were thus published either in speech or writing. Now the meaning commonly, and we hold correctly, conveyed by the expression that a composition either in whole or in part is inspired, or given by inspiration of God, is that it perfectly represents to us what God wished us to know, no matter what may be the substance or form of it. If, then, we construe this idea back from the writing to the writer's mind, it is plain that inspiration is connoted of the latter, only as it denotes that peculiar mental state of the writer, which made his words written in it divinely inspired words, or words which perfectly represented what God wished to be made known. In simpler phrase, it is that condition of the mind which impressed that peculiar quality on his language, which Scripture designates divinely breathed or inspired. This simple analysis is enough to show that Coleridge's limitation of the word "inspired" is erroneous, since it would deny the application of that word to those passages which the voice of God himself is said to utter. These, according to him, are revealed, not inspired; but no practical value can attach to such distinction. What God spoke directly to his servants of old must be guaranteed to us by an infallible historian. For us, indeed, there is no revealed will of God that does not wholly rest on the validity of inspiration.

Inspiration, then, in its common acceptation, is a general term, signifying that specific mental endowment of any man whose words possessed the sanction and authority of God. It includes, therefore, in its meaning, every qualification necessary to give such an awful impress to his language. Now, among these qualifications the mode of intelligence implied in

revelation is doubtless a preëminent one; for if it were the will of God to publish some fact or truth which was transcendental and inaccessible to the ordinary faculties of man, or was unknown to the mind of his inspired servant, then it would be imparted to his mind by a direct communication or revelation, and in that particular his inspiration would involve this most exalted function. But if God willed to publish to man some historical fact, or some religious experience, then the commission and the qualification given to any man to record these, constitute as perfect an inspiration as in the former case; for, according to the meaning of that word, its complexion or character can not be affected by the substance of the Divine communication. All men are equally inspired whose words authoritatively express, whether the subject matter be otherwise known or not, what God has commanded and fitted them to record; so that in reading them we are assured they are such as God intended us to read. Accepting then this meaning of inspiration—and to adopt any other is to throw confusion into the controversy—it will be seen that these three qualifications are involved in this miraculous endowment; in order, namely, to constitute any writing inspired, or exactly what God has wished it to be: that the writing state what God wished to be made known—so much as he wished to be made known—and in that manner in which he wished it to be made known. If any of these conditions in the writing or corresponding qualifications in the writer is wanting, then the prerogative, the high quality of inspiration is wanting, since what is written we can no longer consider to be given of God. His Divine seal does not rest upon it; it is man's production, and not God's, if in either manner or matter it is the offspring of a merely human will. The three logical categories, *τι, ὅσον, ὅπως*, must be rigidly applied to inspiration, as to every other object of thought; and if they are not fulfilled, its whole nature is essentially changed, it becomes something else. For example, if any writing contain a fiction of man's own invention, we can not accept that as coming from God; if it contain a certain history, but more than God purposed should be written, then the additional supposititious narrative can have no Divine significance or authority; or if the matter and the quantity be exactly

what God purposed, but if it be presented to us in a totally different manner from that which God willed, then this representation is no longer God's, but man's. If, therefore, a writing or any part of it, is to be presumed to have Divine authority for our intellect or conscience, in matter, measure, and manner, it must be exactly what God would have it be. And precisely this is meant by the claim that the Bible, or any section of it, is inspired. Inspiration is the gift enabling a man to communicate what, and how much, and in what way, God pleases through him to publish to his fellow-men. It may be now exactly seen what relation revelation holds to inspiration. It appertains to the first qualification which we have said to be involved in inspiration. An inspired man whose words have the sanction of God must know what God would have him say; and if this knowledge be not accessible from human sources, or is imperfectly contained in them, then by some supernatural process this information must be supplied; to which specific act of intelligence the word "revelation" may be appropriately confined. If he already knows what is to be said, such revelation is not needed. But his commission and qualification, to say it as God would have him say it, make the matter of this latter communication as impressively Divine, as purely God's message, as authoritative and obligatory for us, as that of the former given by revelation.

Hitherto we have been expounding and defining the commonly received notion or meaning of inspiration, as applied to the sacred writings and writers. In this article we shall use the word in this sense, namely, as denoting that quality in the writings, and that corresponding mental state in the writer, which give their words the authoritative sanction of God, as we have explained above; so that in reading them we are assured that we are reading just what God proposed we should read, as given directly from himself. Let it be remembered, we do not here prejudge the fact, or the measure, or the modes of such inspiration. These questions are all left open. We merely determine the nature of inspiration, and affirm that this is the proper meaning of the word. It remains for us to examine whether the Bible, or any part of it, is so inspired, and also to discover if any light can be thrown on the mode in which this

peculiar mental state coëxisted with the ordinary mental operations, or was itself elicited and continued.

We have adopted the popular meaning of inspiration on the following grounds: 1. Because it is universally received and is readily understood in this sense. Even skeptics do not differ from us here; nay, even those who have corrupted the meaning of the word "inspiration," shrink from carrying out their rendering of it in the interpretation of the passage, *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.* (2 Tim. 3: 16.) They endeavor to rid themselves of this testimony to the Divine authority of Scripture, by the grammatical quibble that *θεοπνευστος* is a qualifying epithet, and not a predicate, instead of vindicating their theory in this proof passage, and flatly asserting that inspiration does not vouch for the authority or truthfulness of Scripture; and so they evince their unalterable sympathy with the common opinion that *θεοπνευστία* attributes a Divine sacredness to any writing, and accredits it as being exactly what God intended for us. 2. We believe, moreover, that this is the correct exegetical meaning of *θεοπνευστία*, or "inspiration," when used in Scripture. But, 3. We have here, at any rate, a fixed meaning of the word, and so the controversy concerning the Bible is brought to a plain intelligible issue; we have a clear, definite conception attached to the query, "Is the Bible inspired?" which will at once, like the stretching out of Moses' rod over the waters, cause the two opposing parties to divide, and array themselves against each other; for the query means, "Is the Bible God-given? and was the influence operating on its writers such as that their language represents to us exactly what he willed us to know?" They who assent, and they who dissent, here separate and turn towards antipodal points.

We assent, and shall accordingly endeavor to prove the fact of that inspiration in the Bible, the nature of which we have been exhibiting. It will be noticed that we have cautiously avoided the words "infallibility," "accuracy," etc., when defining the meaning of inspiration; and we have done so because there are many previous questions concerning these words which need to be settled ere we predicate them of inspired writings. It can not be God's will that what he makes known to man should be infallible and accurate, in

the absolute and impossible sense in which some writers strain them, when applied to Scripture. If any writing be precisely what God willed it to be, both in substance and form, it is inspired; for though written by men, if it be such as he intended and impelled these men to write, it is God's writing to us. Doubtless it will be in conformity with the eternal laws of rectitude and truth, else it could not be in accordance with his will; but it is an altogether different matter to postulate, that every thing in it shall be metaphysically and superhumanly accurate; for example, its statements always tallying with the essential reality, and not with the appearance of things, its language never varying in the description of the same events, even by different persons. Such accuracy or infallibility is not found in Scripture, and does not belong to inspiration. God willed that his communications to mankind by man should be subject to the conditions of humanity, under which such absolute exactitude, which presupposes the omniscience of God to belong not only to the writer, but also to the readers, would be unintelligible. It depends therefore upon the meaning in which we explain these words, whether we can connect them with inspiration, which moreover has no proper reference to such external criteria, but simply to the Divine origin and consequent authority of the Scriptures.

Having thus elaborately, and with intentional reiteration, exhibited the nature of inspiration, we have now prepared the way for our defense of the position, that the whole Bible is inspired. In order, however, that we may present to our readers the different phases of the controversy on this subject, that we may clear away the objections brought against our position on *a priori* grounds, which else might be thought to invalidate the very foundations of our defense, and that we may thus gradually approach and explicate the position in which we shall finally rest, and which we are prepared to maintain, we shall state and criticise the principal theories avowed and urged against the common doctrine of plenary inspiration. These theories we shall arrange in order, as they are further or more nearly removed from that doctrine. By this plan we believe we shall render our readers a service, by giving them in one view a *résumé* and refutation of those diverse

views now so loudly applauded by their several supporters; and we shall greatly simplify our future task, in having proved, step by step, the insufficiency of all the theories that stop short of the position we have assumed. We name those theories according to their respective authors, as this gives concentration and point to our work, and brings us at once to personal hand-to-hand conflict with individual men, which is much more comfortable than buffeting the air.

The first objection we shall examine is the bold and startling statement made by Mr. Francis W. Newman, in his work, *The Soul, its Sorrows and Aspirations*, that an authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man. He supports this thesis at length, in the section of the above-named work entitled "English Idolatry;" but it is his favorite — we might almost say, hobby-dogma; repeated, again and again, in his recent writings, and echoed by the members of that school, including Theodore Parker, Hennel, etc., which we now take him to represent. Accordingly — although it has passed the microscopic lenses of Henry Rogers, and has been severely but justly exposed by him — let us examine it for ourselves, and with a view to our own argument; for if this assertion has even a vestige of probability, it puts a cross-bar in the way of our further inquiry, since it renders it a futile task to prove that there has been a revelation, which after all is without authority, and therefore comparatively worthless. Now the sentence we have quoted above is exceedingly intricate and ambiguous; we must warily unravel its knots, that we may discover its meaning. Mr. Newman, it will be observed, does not affirm that an external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is impossible. He does not presume to say that God could not, by any possible method, disclose to men his character and will, and the facts of their immortal destiny. If so, then indeed that is impossible to God which is possible to man. Nor does Mr. Newman's assertion go to prove that such a revelation could be no wise advantageous, or would be altogether needless and superfluous.

Many of his other expressions, indeed, are tantamount to a denial even of the

utility of a Divine revelation; but after Mr. Rogers's brilliant and irrefutable Essay on *The Analogies of an External Revelation with the Laws and Conditions of Human Development*, we have no doubt he would willingly cancel the unguarded expressions, and shelter himself within the subtle distinction that is drawn, though not with the broad emphasis desirable in a matter of so much importance, in the sentence: "An authoritative external revelation is essentially impossible to man." It is not then an external revelation, but an authoritative external revelation, that is impossible. This fine point, which after all is the gist of the sentence, has been missed by Mr. Rogers, whose caustic and withering criticism so unsparingly devastates Mr. Newman's opinions. This point, therefore, which contains the pith of Mr. Newman's opposition to the Bible, we now exhibit for dissection. It is this, that even if God (granting what Mr. Newman dare not deny — that he can) were to communicate to mankind a statement of his character, of his providential control and moral aim in the government of the world, and a description of the spiritual sphere which lies beyond death, and if, moreover, he were to append a luminous and perfect code of moral duty, neither of these communications could possess any authority with us, on the ground of their coming from God, and can only have authority at all, in so far as, upon quite independent grounds, we are able to authenticate the facts of the former communication as true, and to acknowledge the commands of the latter as right. The authorship of these communications, admitting them to come from God, gives them no extrinsic value whatever. This is a fair exposition of the meaning obscurely wrapped up in Mr. Newman's oracular and enigmatic sentence. Before entering upon its confutation, let it be observed, that he combines moral and spiritual truth together, and regards the authority which attaches to both as of essentially the same kind. This is a stupendous mistake, and lies at the root of the confusion that manifestly involves his mind in their treatment. It may do very well for Mr. Charles Kingsley, with his nobly Quixotic, but most illogical, soul, hating the tedious toil of analysis, as a poet scorns the rule of three, to proclaim as a great discovery, almost as the

Gospel of our age, that the moral and spiritual are one.* But the distinction between them has been immemorably established, and is too palpable to be erased at his dictation.

It is true, they have been, and should be, vitally associated in the history of mankind; for faith in the spiritual world is the most effectual coercive power that can be brought to stimulate and strengthen the individual conscience, and affords the only guarantee for the preservation of a high-toned national morality.† All religions, too, combine both kinds of truth, grounding the duties they enjoin upon the spiritual facts which they profess to reveal. Notwithstanding, however, that moral and spiritual truth are so intimately interwoven in nature, they are essentially different. Spiritual truth consists in a statement of facts, moral truth in a prescription of duties. The one appeals to our intelligence, the other to our conscience. So widely contrasted are they both in their own nature, and in the faculties by which they are apprehended. For what is the chief spiritual truth, but a revelation of the nature, the works, and purposes of God? and how does this differ, save in the boundless sublimity and importance of such knowledge, from a narrative disclosing the spirit and recording the history of any finite spiritual being? Spiritual truth can only be a statement of facts. That there is a God—that he is of such a character—that he has entered into certain relations with his creatures, are simply facts, which are apprehended by our intelligence, and are credited, or discredited, according to the source and evidence of our information. Now, the only authority predicable of such a statement of facts is, that which will authorize our faith in it. An authoritative revelation of spiritual truth is one which we must believe to be true, or to represent the facts contained in it correctly, in strict accordance with their reality. In other words, the only authority of such a revelation is the authority of truth. On the other hand, the word "truth" is not properly, but only by the accommodation of metaphorical license, applied to ethics.

* See especially his Lectures on the Alexandrian School of Philosophy; and his article on Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics*, in *Fraser's Magazine* of December, 1856.

† See on this subject, Hampden's *Bampton Lecture*, Third Edition, p. 300.

The authority of a summary of duty is the authority of right. Moral truth is not a statement of facts which we are to learn, and concerning which all we have to determine is, that the evidence supporting it is sound; but an enforcement of laws which we are to obey, which have not merely to be impressed on our memory, and methodized by our logic, but which should govern the will, and discipline every active energy of our nature to their requirements. And here we must determine, ere we submit ourselves to them, that the laws enjoined upon us are "holy, just, and good." Spiritual facts and moral laws are thus essentially different from each other. The authority of the one is that of truth. The authority of the other is that of right.

Having disentangled the knot in Mr. Newman's sentence, and exposed the rare superficiality of Mr. Kingsley and the Broad Church School, that the moral and spiritual are one, our criticism becomes as plain as sunlight. The plausibility that seems at first sight to gild Mr. Newman's assertion, arises wholly from his illegitimate combination of two diverse kinds of truth in the subject of his proposition, and then fallaciously imputing to both that kind of authority which belongs only to one of them. For though it be true that there is a principle in man that is able to determine on certain conditions the propriety and obligation of a moral law, and that a revelation of moral law can only be authoritative to us, when it is approved by this principle of conscience, there is no similar principle that can determine, on *a priori* grounds, the reality of any facts that may be presented to it. Rend, then, these two kinds of truth apart; let each of them be tried on its respective merits, and the preposterous fallacy of Mr. Newman's assertion instantly appears.

1. He says, an authoritative external revelation of spiritual truth is essentially impossible. This means that no external revelation of spiritual truth is trustworthy, or can have sufficient evidence to warrant our faith; for such is the meaning of an authoritative revelation here, otherwise it has no meaning. But spiritual truth comprises all truth concerning the existence and character of God, our own spiritual nature, and that of other spiritual beings. Then no external revelation concerning these things is trustworthy. We do not

press this point to the absurd conclusion which is inevitable, that no historical fact, no human invention, no expression of the countenance, no virtuous or vicious deeds are trustworthy or credible, as revelations of the human spirit, which are essential parts of spiritual truth, as the revelations of the great universal Spirit God. But we confine ourselves to this extraordinary statement, so far as it concerns our Divine knowledge. If no external revelation concerning God be authoritative, that is, truthful or trustworthy, whence do we derive our knowledge of God? An atheist may say we have none; but Mr. Newman is a theist, and his *Essay on the Soul* is expressly designed to show us whence we derive our conceptions of God. To him, therefore, we appeal with confidence, yet with amazement, when we think of the suicidal felony which his reasoning commits. He believes that we have a knowledge of God, which is correct. Then the source of that knowledge—the revelation conveying it—must be authoritative. What is it? It must be either external or internal. But if it be external, then an authoritative external revelation is essentially possible to man. Now it might have been that Mr. Newman was a believer in innate ideas, and imagined all our knowledge of God to be the illumination of certain impressions originally stamped on the soul. If so, he would have escaped the *battue* of our argument. But he is no *réchauffoir* of worn-out theories. He knows God from the revelation he has made of himself in the universe. Treating of the argument from design, he writes: "Consequently, such fitnesses as meet our view on all sides, bring a reasonable conviction that design lies beneath them. To confess this is to confess the doctrine of an intelligent Creator, although we pretend not to understand any thing concerning the mode, stages, or time of creation. Adding now the conclusions drawn from the order of the universe, we have testimony adapted to the cultivated judgment, that there is a boundless, eternal, unchangeable, designing mind, not without whom this system of things coheres; and this mind we call God." In this passage there is the confession that even the existence of God is revealed to us by the external universe, and that certain features of his character are portrayed there also. In other sections, Mr. Newman proceeds to show how

the sublime attributes of wisdom and goodness are likewise manifest in the harmony, certitude, and over-ruling beneficence of nature. He further visibly shows how the religious feelings, in their lowest, as well as their noblest, expression, are awakened by contact with the solemnities and grandeurs of nature—how the deep shadow of awe creeps over the spirit beneath the hushed stillness and gloomy vastness of night—how the sense of mysterious joy kindles again with the bright dawn of the sun among the crimson-dyed clouds of the east, or with the glorious coming of spring, when it rises disenthroned and radiant with Elysian beauty from the death of winter. The sense of reverential wonder, admiration, order, whatever feeling seems to make us even dimly cognizant of an infinite spiritual Presence, only palpitates into life when the soul is touched by these external revelations of His majesty and love. According, therefore, to Mr. Newman's own diagnosis of our spiritual conceptions, every fact that conveys to our mind certain or authoritative knowledge of the being of God, or that thrills our soul with a felt but uncomprehended sense of his presence, is external to us.

What, then, can be his meaning, when, in the next sentence to that we have so often quoted, he says: "What God reveals to us, he reveals within, through the medium of our moral and spiritual senses"? Are those fitnesses which he asserts to prove design, and to prove an intelligent cause, all lodged within him? Is the order of the universe, whose testimony proclaims a boundless, unchangeable, eternal, designing Mind, wrapped up and condensed in the human soul? Is man the universe? If not, then Mr. Newman is convicted of most willful self-annihilation. His theistic essay is an attempt to show that God reveals himself externally, yet authoritatively, to man in the material universe; and yet he madly lifts his hand to demolish all his fair reasoning, by the presumptuous and unreasoned dogma, that an authoritative external revelation of spiritual truth is an essential impossibility.

Against Mr. Newman's dogma we maintain diametrically the reverse—that any revelation of spiritual truth, to be authoritative, must be external. We exclude, of course, the mere knowledge of our own existence, which is doubtless a part of spiritual truth, and is given in the fact of

consciousness. But with that exception, all other spiritual truth concerning our fellow-men—other finite spirits—the nature of human existence after death—and the great God, must be externally revealed to us. Limiting the question again to our Divine knowledge if a man be shut up from acquaintance with the works of God, what knowledge can he possibly have of his will and power? He may dream of these things, his imagination may intoxicate him with gorgeous reveries concerning him, from all positive and well-assured knowledge of whom he is grievously debarred. But those hallucinations of the fancy—the only possible products of an internal revelation—are surely not authoritative. An authoritative revelation must consist in facts, not fancies, and must therefore be external not internal. To a certain extent, indeed, the mind itself is a revelation of God; for, like all other created things, it is an effect, and contains some of the qualities of its Divine cause. If, therefore, a man shut up from other sources of knowledge were minutely to examine this, he might arrive at accurate, though limited, conceptions of God, deduced from the facts brought under his apprehension. But even in this case the revelation is external to him. He examines his mind as a thing apart from himself. It is an organized structure of subtle and awful properties. Different faculties, processes, and emotions belong to it; but these are not isolated, and held apart from each other. They are all united to the central will, and interwoven by the unconscious and unsearchable force of mental association. They thus hold definite and fixed relations among themselves, and are kept in perpetual sympathy with each other. His mind, therefore, he learns to be an organization as much as a plant, or the human body, or the *κόσμος*, being a system of powers which are connected and sympathetically developed according to predetermined and unchanging laws. But when a man so examines his own mind, the powers and the structure of which have not originated in himself, and when he is compelled by the examination to admit a supreme originating Cause, and to deserv something of His character, the mental process is precisely the same as in examining any foreign object with the same intent. The construction of the mind is viewed as aloof from his own will, and exposed to his inspection,

as though it were quite a separate object from himself; and the information he receives from his mental study comes to him as a new and objective revelation, just as much as though it were drawn from the external world; the only difference being, that in the one case the means of communication are memory and consciousness, and in the other, memory and perception. It is very certain, this knowledge of God, derived from reflection on the *anatomic vivante* of our own mind, is not what Mr. Newman means by "the revealing of spiritual truth within the soul." But to secure both the flank and rear of our advancing arguments, we may grant, that so much as a man can learn of God from the formative history of his own mind, (though this will be the unlikely and latest source of Divine knowledge,) may be said to be furnished by an internal revelation. Plainly, all other knowledge must be revealed to us from without, from those facts of the material or spiritual universe which are brought under our cognizance.

It might be imagined that Mr. Newman, like other skeptics, felt the essential impossibility of which he speaks to attach to a revelation of God, which was distinct from the revelation of nature. If this had been his position, we must then have proved the possibility and likelihood of a supernatural revelation. But it is not so. His dogma reaches further back than that, and asserts that no statement of facts concerning God—whether these facts are apprehended in nature, or are supersensual—can be authoritative; and in reply, we affirm, that it is authoritative if it be true, of whatsoever nature the facts may be; that if irrefutably proved to be true by the corroborate evidence accompanying them, the facts stated must be accepted and believed by him, at the peril of the charge of irrationality; and that this is all the authority which a revelation of scriptural or any sort of truth can possibly claim, namely, an authority of evidence which will enforce belief. Now the facts recorded which contain spiritual truth, because they exhibit the character of God, may be remote from our immediate perception, whether they pertain to this state of things or another. The evidence of belief is seldom verified by an appeal to our own observation, but rests upon the testimony of others. The immense majority of facts which Mr. Newman ac-

cepts as revealing to him the power, wisdom, and beneficence of God, have not been explored or experienced by himself. The sublime order of the universe, as unfolded in the Newtonian system, he believes on the testimony of those who have evolved that system, by the rigid application of mechanical laws to the appearances of the heavenly bodies; yet, upon their testimony, he credits that fact, which reveals to him most distinctly and overpoweringly what we may term the physical and intellectual character, or the material force and contriving skill of God. Pursuing the tracks of human history to learn the moral character of God, all the facts which he assumes to exhibit this character are adopted in faith of the testimony which records them. Beyond the narrow range of our own observation, the certainty or authority of every fact is judged by the worth of the evidence attesting it. This law is irreversible, and must be applied with strict impartiality both to spiritual and material truth. The statements of the Bible, even as to spiritual facts, such as what God is affirmed to have said, or to have done, must be rigidly tried at this tribunal, and accepted and rejected, according to this imperious necessity, by one standard, namely, the validity of the testimony vouching the truth of these facts. The specific character of the facts themselves must not weigh a scruple in the balance. Bacon has denounced the arrogance of those who would determine on purely theoretic and *à priori* grounds what facts of nature are to be allowed or disallowed, and has shown the office of man in search of truth to be that of servant and interpreter; and like humility is surely required in the search after spiritual as after physical truth. Our elective fancy must not become a divining-rod, the despotic nod of which is to settle the fate of any fact in despite of the plainest confirming or opposing evidence. The age of such intellectual despotism has passed away, and it ill becomes Mr. Newman to imitate, by his imaginary impossibilities, the hierarchy of the Roman Church in Galileo's time.

We claim, therefore, for the Bible the authority of truth, which is all the authority that is conceivable upon the ground of its evidences, and smile at the presumptuous impotence of Mr. Newman's protest, that would foreclose the only just decision by his whimsical unphilosophical

objection to the kind of truth the Bible contains. We are aware that, properly speaking, the testimony in support of much that the Bible reveals is two-fold; first, the human testimony which proves God to speak, or otherwise convey supernatural truth, in the Bible; secondly, the testimony of God himself. Mr. Newman's dogma disavows the worth even of the latter; for if it were incontrovertibly proved that God had communicated some spiritual fact to his creatures, yet Mr. Newman's theory of essential impossibility would prevent him from relying on the testimony of God as authoritative. We do not follow him, as we do not envy him, in his boastful — it also seems to us, blasphemous — incredulity. The testimony of man may be authoritative, because true. If the testimony of God be not authoritative, it can only be because it is false. We have said before that it is not the possibility, or even the fact, of supernatural revelation which Mr. Newman disputes, but its authoritativeness; and we review and sum up our answer in these words: With regard to the spiritual world, the only authority is truth; and if God has given an external revelation, it is authoritative, if true; and if not true, then God is false.

There is, however, a metaphysical fallacy mixed up with Mr. Newman's speculations on the Bible, which is thus introduced by him: "Some assume, as a first principle, that the mind is made for truth, or that our faculties are veracious. Perhaps the real first principle here rather is, that no higher arbiter of truth is accessible to man, than the mind of man." Now, his meaning in the latter clause, we suspect, is the exact converse, instead of being a more nicely phrased and accurate definition, of the first principle which all men — not some — necessarily assume in the practical conduct of life, and ought to assume in their rational speculations. He has fairly hocused this first principle into the old doctrine of Protagoras, *Ἀνθρώπου τάντων μέτρον*, which is its contradictory, and issues in the denial of all truth whatsoever. Accordingly he intimates, that to attempt to prove the infallibility of the Bible is a blunder; for "no proof can have a certainty higher than the accuracy and veracity of the faculties which conduct the proof;" and again he affirms "that our certainty in Divine truth can not be more certain than the veracity of

our inward organs of discernment." These sentences, though muffled in mist, are mere jargon, if they do not insinuate that our faculties are not "accurate and veracious." Likewise, from the tenor of his writings we infer that the real ground on which he disputes the possibility of an authoritative external revelation is, that the faculties by which it is apprehended are not trustworthy; and therefore no revelation, whatever it may be in itself, can become authoritative to us. He must see, however, that this fearful insinuation reaches infinitely further than to the belief of a spiritual revelation, and dissipates with its malignant touch the entire structure of human knowledge. If the faculties of reasoning exercised in weighing the value of testimony be not accurate, their decisions are vitiated in every instance in which they are applied, and "Historic Doubts," not only respecting Napoleon Bonaparte, but respecting the recent change of ministry or the Indian Rebellion, are unavoidable. If, moreover, these faculties are false, all other faculties must be so likewise—perception, memory, association; and man is proved to be the sport of an immitigable delusion, fondly dreaming of the possibility of truth, and laboring in its search, while, by the congenital vice of his mind, falsehood must be his eternal portion. The disappointed passion and revolving rack of Ixion become the faint emblems of his mocked existence. Such Pyrrhonism sweeps away authoritative truth, not only from the sphere of religion, but also from the sphere of history, science, and even of our own consciousness; for when a man dooms the faculties of his own soul, there is no longer any truth for him. We care not for any insinuation or flaunting profession of this doctrine; for, when once detected and exposed, it is harmless. The mind revolts from it with instinctive horror, and will never be seduced to accept a doctrine which treasonably condemns and nullifies itself. But we do care for and protest against Mr. Newman's application of this doctrine in the particular instance in which it suited his purpose, while he repudiates it every where else. If the faculties of men are veracious, and can give us authoritative certain truth in these matters, there is no essential impossibility that they may do so in the matter of Divine revelation. If any information we receive of distant or bygone events be so

credibly sustained, that it may be relied upon as accurate and authoritative, so may the information we receive concerning God and the spiritual world. Mr. Newman believes that he has found a certain revelation of spiritual truth in the universe, and yet "his certainty therein can not be more certain than the veracity of his inward organs of discernment." If, then, this doctrine avails against the Bible, it equally avails against the revelation of nature, and neither of them can be authoritative. Further, if our faculties be suspected in the mere apprehension of an external revelation, how much more if our knowledge of God be entirely generated within by some mysterious intuitive process of these fallacious powers! Assuredly, if the inward organs of discernment be doubted in the belief and interpretation of an external revelation of spiritual truth, so as by their depravity to cancel its authority, these inward organs, which do not discern, but create spiritual truth, may likewise be doubted, especially since their very existence is dubious, and, if real, appertains only to a few spiritualists, the hierophants of humanity. If, therefore, on this ground, there be no authoritative external revelation, *a fortiori*, there is no internal, and so there is no authoritative revelation at all.

2. Mr. Newman affirms the same of moral as of spiritual truth—that an authoritative external revelation of it is impossible. This, however, is a very different proposition from the former. Let us endeavor to clearly understand it. The former proposition was, that God could not reveal spiritual truth in a form external to us, so as to authorize our belief in it upon the sole ground of his testimony. The present proposition is, that God can not enjoin moral duties upon us which we must acknowledge to be right and obligatory on the sole ground of the injunction, and apart from our judgment of their rectitude on other grounds. An authoritative law is one that *authorizes* our obedience to it; and this authority can only belong to it when we *acknowledge* it to be right, and therefore obligatory. Now this proposition differs from the former in this essential point. We have a faculty that decides upon the right or wrong of an action *per se*. We have not a faculty that decides upon the truth or falsehood of a fact *per se*. The authority of truth must be wholly external, because ground-

ed on evidence. The authority of right is wholly internal, because grounded on conscience. We admit at once the expression that an external revelation of moral law (or truth) is only authoritative when approved by conscience to be right; for that can only be right to a man which he acknowledges to be right. And it is this element of truth subtly pervading Mr. Newman's sentence which suffuses over it the color of plausibility. But let him not think that he has carried *per saltum* his objection against the authority of Bible morality. We have granted that an external revelation of moral law can only be authoritative when it is acknowledged to be right. But then we affirm that a revelation of moral law *by God* is authoritative because it must be acknowledged to be right; and the fact that God enjoins it will outweigh in a healthy conscience every scruple that may be felt against its integrity, and bring every antagonistic moral judgment into agreement with itself. The sense of authority attributable to any moral law must come from within; but if there be an external revelation of moral law *by God*, that sense of authority immediately attaches to it; so that an authoritative external revelation of moral truths as well as spiritual truths is essentially possible.

Having again untied the knot of Mr. Newman's fallacy, the hitch of which it may puzzle our readers to catch, we are tempted to leave him; but in illustration rather than development of the position laid down above, that if a moral command be proved to come from God, the conscience must acknowledge it to be right in itself, and therefore right to obey, though on other grounds we may have judged it wrong, we make the following observations.

(1.) If upon any action, the motives and modifying circumstances of which were apparent to all, the moral judgment of one person were opposed to that of mankind, ought not that individual to accept the verdict of the universal conscience, and not his own, as right? Of course, it is not right to him till he acknowledge it right; but as a mere man, ought he not to suspend his own judgment, considering the errors by which it may have been warped, in deference to the unanimous decision of his fellow-men? Then, if so, how much more should he be willing to reverse his own judgment and

even that of humanity—since the consciences of all men are exposed to prejudicial, corrupting influences—in submission to the revealed judgment of him who is raised above the sources of human depravity, and by the very necessity of his being is incorruptibly pure! The expression of his will must be authoritative to any one who has a due sense of his own fallibility, of God's indefectible rectitude. In a passage which abruptly and unfairly contrasts his doctrine with that of a believer in Divine revelations, Mr. Newman confesses the need of substantiating or verifying our individual moral judgments by those of mankind. "If," he says, "I am to obey the Commandments on the ground that a Divine voice pronounced them from Mount Sinai, (and not because I, and you, and collective humanity discern them to be right,) every one of us needs to ascertain a very distant and obscure matter of history, before he is under obligation to obey the Decalogue." Our reply is: If, because not only you individually, but collective humanity discerns them to be right, you are under obligation to obey them, may not the solemn fact that God has discerned them to be right, impose a still more imperious obligation? Mr. Newman allows here that an external revelation of moral truth in the judgment of collective humanity is in some measure authoritative—that is, it has some share in forming the moral obligation of an individual; may not then the external revelation of God's judgment be authoritative in a higher degree? As to the certainty of the fact that God has revealed the Decalogue, we only add, it is infinitely more certain than any revelation of a single moral precept which he can prove to have the sanction of collective humanity.

(2.) Are we not all conscious that our judgments upon the actions of others, and also upon our desires and volitions, are apt to be biased and wrong? Is not the influence of a corrupt will upon conscience a fact of which every man is painfully convicted? Can Mr. Newman name a moral philosopher of repute, from Socrates downwards, who has failed to notice the fact, and to explain by it the vacillation and anomalies of conscience? And is not the practical discipline of a virtuous man largely confined to the rectification of his moral judgments, when they have been perverted by prejudice, or passion, or interest? If it be so, will not such a

man rejoice to accept, as a perfect standard, the moral judgments of one who has never been subject to those deteriorating forces which he feels to have wrought so mischievously in himself? Will he not accept his will as right, when his own is self-convicted of being wrong? and even when he can not discern the wrongfulness of his judgment, will he not wisely accept God's judgment as right, knowing from experience the subtle and unconscious influences arising from ignorance, evil habits, education, popular opinion, etc., that may have deflected his judgment, but could not affect God's? "The accuracy of all judicial sentences depends on the knowledge, the capacity, the patience, and the impartiality of the judge. Who will venture to claim for the judge, within his own bosom, the possession of those qualifications in a perfect, or even an eminent degree? In what tongue or language has not the blindness of self-love passed into a proverb? Who is the man whose mental vision is not obstructed by some beam, as often as it is directed to the survey of his own heart, or of his own conduct?"*

(3.) As a matter of fact, a man's judgments often change in reference to his own actions, or those of other men. The verdict of his conscience alters according to the representation given to it. New aspects, new relations, new consequences of a certain action are discovered. Every man is aware that a decision of his conscience is not necessarily right, because he thinks it right. He thinks his present decision right, though it differs from a former one, because of the clearer, fuller knowledge upon which it is formed. Accordingly the latter decision, and not the former, is now authoritative, because acknowledged to be right. But may not he acknowledge the judgment of another person, though at variance from his own, to be the right one, because formed upon knowledge far more impartial and complete than his own? and *must* he not acknowledge a judgment of God to be right, and therefore authoritative, whose will is stainlessly pure, and whose knowledge of the relations and consequences of every action is absolute? His own decision he can not assert to be absolutely right; but the decisions of God he must believe to be absolutely right. Which,

then, must be authoritative to him? In a similar manner we find a diversity in the moral usages and doctrines of different countries; all of these can not be right. "The law of right is one and absolute; nor does it speak one language at Rome, and another at Athens, varying from place to place, or from time to time." How then may this law be discerned, which will end all moral controversies by revealing "the absolutely right," save in the revelation of moral truth by God?

(4.) To conclude this chain of reasoning, Mr. Newman believes God to be unchangeably perfect. Suppose, then, (and this question is not in dispute,) that God did give a revelation of moral truth, it must be perfect too. Since the will of God is necessarily and eternally right, Mr. Newman must acknowledge that an exposition of it is also necessarily and eternally right; and this acknowledgment binds it at once as authoritative to him, though his own previous judgments have differed from it. Since Mr. Newman believes in a holy God, this question is reduced to the point, whether he has revealed his will at all? If he has, his revealed will must be right; (for, if not, it is either not his will revealed, or his will, that is, he himself, is evil;) and if it must be right, it must be authoritative; since, as we proved before, the only authority a moral law can possess is, that it be acknowledged to be right when it instantly becomes obligatory. If then a divine external revelation of moral truth is possible, which Mr. Newman *does not* deny, there is no essential impossibility, but an essential necessity, in its being authoritative.

(5.) On other grounds the same conclusion is reached. Conscience may briefly be defined as "the law of the will." It pronounces a decision upon its spontaneous determinations, according to the influencing motives in each case. The self-determining powers of the will which are under the categorical control of conscience, relate to those beings which may be affected by them, namely, ourselves, other finite beings, and God; and our duty defines the right conduct of our will in these various relations.* What then is our

* "The ancients rightly founded the *καλον*, or *honestum*, in the *πρεπον*, or *decorum*; that is, they considered an action virtuous which was performed in harmony with the relations necessary and accidental to the agent."—Sir William Hamilton, in his *Edition of Reid*, p. 89.

* Sir James Stephen's *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 463.

duty towards God? Considering the boundless relations in which we are connected with him, this must be the first and weightiest announcement of conscience in directing our will. What do we owe—what ought we to do—to him? Rectitude consists in doing right towards every being with whom, in the exercise of our will, we are related; the chief and essential element of rectitude or right-doing will, therefore, consist in our conduct towards God. If, then, he has enjoined upon us a command which it is his pleasure we should obey, does it not, upon this showing, become essentially and intrinsically right for us to obey, apart from its inherent or apparent rectitude on other grounds, which simply means, when investigated, that its fulfillment is discerned to be beneficial to ourselves and our fellow-men?

Conscience announces what is right towards God as well as towards man; and its most imperative sentence is, that man should obey and honor God. Now suppose that in the treatment of our fellow-men we had conceived a certain mode of action to be right, and God has commanded us to adopt a different course of action; which, then, is right? Two *momenta* here hang in opposite scales of the balance—our conceptions of what we owe to our fellow-men, our knowledge of what we owe to God; which shall kick the beam? To whom, in such a conflict of obligation, do we confessedly owe the most? Ought we to give the supremacy to our fellow-men or to God? Let it be remembered that every such conviction of our duty to our fellow-men is formed upon our notions of what will conduce to their welfare. In the boldest expression of this dilemma, its form accordingly will be: "The welfare of man against the will of God." Such antagonism in reality is impossible; but even if the conscience

were forced to decide between these two opposing principles, it were right to obey the will of God, rather than consult the welfare of man. Conscience declares that we are bound by the deepest, the strongest obligation to God—an obligation infinitely greater than can bind us to our fellow-men, or to our seeming selfish interests. The revealed will of God, if incontestably proved to be such, is authoritative against all other convictions of duty; for conscience plainly asserts the duty of obedience to God to be the highest and over-ruling duty of man.

We are happily never forced into such a dreadful dilemma as that we have stated above; for no wise man will maintain his own conceptions of right-dealing towards his fellow-men against the clear assertion of their wrongfulness by God. He will at once admit that error has crept into his calculation of human interests, or some secret passion has jaundiced the eye of conscience, and he will not asseverate his judgment to be right against that of God. But even if he does, he must also judge it right to obey the commands of God; but between the contradictory duties, the latter is the most urgent and inevitable in its claim; conscience declares the right of God to stand first.

We trust we have fairly expunged the veto which Mr. Newman interposed upon the prosecution of any argument in proof of the inspiration of the Bible, because of some *a priori* impossibility which he had discovered, and which precluded the necessity of any further deliberation or even doubt on the matter. His opinions are widely spread, and link themselves closely with the most plausible objections against biblical inspiration; so that we resolved to investigate them at length, in order to simplify our future inquiries.

From the Eclectic Review.

OUR EARTH, PAST AND PRESENT.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

OUR purpose in this paper is to take a broad and comprehensive view of such of the aspects and phenomena of our planet as are usually included under the head of Physical Geography; the relations of land and water, of plain and mountains, of earth and air, of heat and cold. But as the present is only comprehensible when interpreted by the past, we propose to take a rapid glance over the probable history of our globe from the earliest times; indicating the general laws which have obtained in preparing the earth for its present inhabitants; and which are still in operation, slowly yet surely working revolutions which only require lapse of time to be as mighty as those of which the traces are self-written on the pages of the earth's crust.

One consideration must be premised. The subsequent brief sketch of the development of a molten mass into a life-bearing world, must not be understood as a *veritable history*. However strong the evidence, it is still but inferential. The events related must be considered only as a *hypothetical account*, which will serve to explain present appearances—things which *might* or *may have* happened in the form or succession mentioned, consistently with observed facts; serving synthetically to bring such facts in a more graphic manner before the mind's eye, than could be done by any merely analytic method. The reader will therefore please to imagine before each statement, some qualifying phrase, implying only strong probability or theoretical likelihood.

Underlying all the varieties of surface presented to us by the earth, whenever our investigations have penetrated to sufficient depth, we find granite, the foundation of all known rocks. This is a crystalline structure, bearing unmistakable evidence of having originally been melted. Above this we meet with certain other rocks, which have without doubt been formed by the destruction or disintegra-

tion of this primary one, through the mechanical agency of water. Above these, again, we find other and still more numerous rocks, which have resulted from these, as they from the granite; but with an important difference—animal and vegetable life has appeared; and as the water has worn down the solid matter, bearing it away to form other sedimentary strata, these latter have become the tombs of such forms of life as were there present. Hence our history, which for purposes of illustration we may conceive thus.

Long, long ages ago, during which centuries or millenniums may count as units, our globe existed as an intensely heated or melted mass of matter, slowly cooling by radiation into space. Very slowly cooling; for between it and space was a thick vaporous mass, preventing rapid radiation. This vaporous mass contained all the water which now forms our rivers, oceans, and springs; as well as all that exists in the present atmosphere.

At length a period arrived when a crust was formed over this melted sphere, of uncertain thickness, still inclosing a melted nucleus, destined from time to time to burst forth in volcanic eruptions; and by the development of elastic gases, to break in fragments superimposed strata, or upheave from the depths of the ocean islands, mountains, or mighty continents. This crust presented the rough and uneven surface noticed on all scorias, mountains and valleys representing the elevations and depressions. When the temperature was still further reduced, so as to admit of the existence of water in a fluid form on the surface, the vaporous mass began to discharge itself in torrents of rain upon the earth—torrents to which the heaviest falls of the Brazils are but as a light summer shower. The effect of these streams of water, at a high temperature, was to grind and wear down the edges and substance of this granitic crust, carrying the proceeds into the valleys, where they formed the primary stratified rocks, the

Gneiss, the Micascist, and the Clay-slate; all these being nothing more than granite mechanically disintegrated, and more or less altered subsequently by pressure from above, and perhaps heat from below.

During this time the valleys were partially filled up, and the hills worn down; and a surface of dry land and water produced, in general aspect of hill and dale, not altogether unlike that which was to be hereafter. There were mountains and lakes, and continents and ocean; probably at first no rivers proper. These are the drainages from districts; and so long as the only exposed land was granite, we can scarcely speak of drainage. But, ever and anon, the force of the internal fire changed the relative levels of the surface; the bottom of the ocean was upheaved, and the primitive hill covered with the displaced ocean. Then from the recently formed strata began a copious drainage, which settled itself into channels, as we see the water ooze from the soaked sand on the sea-shore, and wear for itself channels in its substance, when the tide is retreating. And thus were formed rivers, mighty torrents compared with which it is probable the Amazon and the Ganges would appear but tiny brooklets. Of this we shall have occasion to give illustration hereafter.

It seems to have been a blank world at this time, a world of cloud, and storm, and chaos; no living creatures peopled the waters, no trace of vegetation softened the hard and barren aspect of the rock. But a Voice was heard, and the earth and the waters brought forth abundantly. The heavy rains and the rushing waters are still ceaselessly eating away the rocks, both the granite and the primary strata, and forming of them new layers at the bottom of the ocean, which will, by and by, be upheaved to become dry land, plain or mountain, as the case may be; but these strata are no longer the mere disintegration of preceding ones—they contain the first evidences of life; the fauna and flora of that age are interred within them, and become the records of the most interesting and important period in the world's history.

The earliest organic remains with which we meet are those of marine animals; even the few traces of vegetable life observed are chiefly of a fucoid nature. But although we may safely aver that all the organic traces indicate clearly the exist-

ence of their representative types, we can not argue conversely that those forms of which we find no remains were actually absent from this early world. There may have been both land animals and vegetables of a certain order, and yet the physical conditions not have been favorable to their preservation. It is not until after the deposition of the Old Red Sandstone, that we find unequivocal marks of the existence of an extensive terrestrial flora; nor is it until a still later period that any except very slight traces of a terrestrial fauna appear. The fossils, however, that do appear in these earliest strata are most instructive, and are sufficient of themselves to destroy the so called Lamarckian or "development" hypothesis, so ingeniously brought forward in the *Vestiges of Creation*. For in them we find representatives of all the four great divisions of the animal kingdom—the Radiata, the Mollusca, the Articulata, and the Vertebrata. These last were only represented by fishes; but by fishes of so high an order, as to be perfectly conclusive on the point in question; as is fully and elaborately demonstrated by Hugh Miller, in the *Footprints of the Creator*.

During all the past history of the earth, the general law attached to the solid parts of the structure seems to have been, that they should alternately form part of the sea-bottom and the dry land. Immense thicknesses of strata were formed at the bottom of lakes, or seas, or in the huge deltas of rivers, consisting of the *débris* of the then existing land, and the remains of the animals and vegetables that dwelt on land and in water. Then by the expansion of the elastic gases underneath the earth's crust, these strata were upheaved to form dry land, and the displaced waters overflow the previous earth. This, in its turn, was covered with fresh deposits similarly formed, in time to be again raised and depressed. All these strata were originally deposited horizontally; but owing to the forces mentioned, they have been repeatedly broken across in every direction, and displaced and even inverted; so that different strata of great thickness have been found superimposed on each other in exactly the reverse order to that in which they were originally formed. Had it not been for this constant disruption of the successive strata, our knowledge of the earth's structure must have been almost exclusively con-

fined to the last deposited strata, and of the earlier history we could have known nothing. The coal-fields, which now play so important a part in man's history, would, but for this law, have been as utterly unknown to us as though they were hid at the very center of the earth. Thus it is, also, that our mountains generally possess an apex of granite, or some primary rock; having been formed by the fracture of a mass of strata, and the up-tilting of the central broken part; whilst the sides—always one, sometimes both—present, as we recede from the apex, the broken ends of the original strata, at different degrees of inclination; and at the base usually a more or less horizontal layer, deposited after the elevation of the mountain. By this we are enabled to state with some precision, the relative ages of mountains, as their elevation dates from a period between the depositions of those strata that are tilted up at an angle to the horizon, and those that are found horizontally at or near the base. By this means we learn that some of our comparatively insignificant British hills were grown old in centuries long before the giant Alps and Himalayas were upheaved from the depths of the ocean.

We can not follow, step by step, the geological history of our planet; a history composed of vastly extended periods, each with its own special characteristics, and its own flora and fauna; generally separated from each other by broad lines of demarkation, and by the almost total extinction, at the close of each era, of their respective organic species—the types being preserved, but the special forms disappearing entirely. We will briefly glance at a few imaginary scenes, suggested by the geological phenomena of our own islands and neighboring latitudes.

We are standing on a barren coast of the Palæozoic epoch; the surf is breaking over reefs and low islands of coral, all around and upon which innumerable polyps are toiling, age after age, preparing immense masses of limestone for our future hills. The sea is "peopled with countless myriads of those unsightly animals, the trilobites, swimming near the surface of the water with their backs downward, looking out constantly, and sinking at the slightest approach of danger from beneath; while the remains of successive generations of these creatures, mixed with mud and sand, are rapidly

forming beds of great extent."* The erinoids, or stone-flowers, rival in beauty the sea-anemonies of our own coasts; the hard rocks are covered over with Brachiopods and a few Conchifera. But the dominant race is that of the Cephalopods, allied to our cuttle-fishes—the "lords and tyrants of that creation;" some of them probably of dimensions formidable enough, singly or combined, to inspire terror in the ferocious shark-like fishes which are here and there to be seen, though not in great numbers.†

Many ages have passed away, and we have a widely different scene to contemplate. Our latitudes of the northern hemisphere present a great ocean studded with islands, large and small, from which the waters reach perhaps to the poles. There has been a deposition previously of the Old Red Sandstone; this has been built upon by fresh multitudes of polyps, and the whole has been broken up by internal agencies into shallow basins, the broken ridges of which form the islands. These are clothed to the water's edge with a dense tropical vegetation, among which are prominently visible the lofty, wide-spreading *Lepidodendron*, the elegant tapering *Sigillaria*, gigantic tree-ferns, with innumerable pines and firs, "all girt round with creepers and parasitic plants, climbing to the topmost branches of the loftiest among them, and enlivening, by the bright and vivid colors of their flowers, the dark and gloomy character of the great masses of vegetation."‡ It would almost appear as though the energies of nature were monopolized by the vegetable creation, for terrestrial animal life is scarce. The dense forests are silent and still; no birds are flitting from tree to tree; we see nothing of quadruped or reptile; only a few insects appear to testify that all animal life is not absent; the sea, however, is abundantly peopled. Heavy rains fell, and the streams rushing violently down the steep hills carried away the leaves, branches, and trunks of the trees into the neighboring bays. Here they accumulated age after age, undergoing chemical changes from bituminous springs and other agencies, pressed upon heavily by superincumbent deposits, till finally they were converted into what

* Professor Ansted's fascinating work, *Pictorial Sketches of Creation*.

† Hugh Miller.

‡ Ansted.

now constitutes the exhaustless riches of our coal-mines. Dr. Buckland mentions some remarkable instances of the persistence of these forms of vegetation traceable in the coal: "But the finest example, is that of the coal-mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees, of forms and character now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the vigor of their primeval life—their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians."

During this, the Carboniferous period, there seems to have been a very striking similarity between the then vegetation and that of Australia now. There are likewise many circumstances which show that our climate was then very like the present tropical one. For long ages after this, animals lived in these latitudes which seem of necessity to require a much warmer temperature than that which we now possess.

The close of the coal deposit was probably owing to the disappearance of the wooded islands which originated it, for above it we find strata such as would result from the disintegration of soil and rock, namely, sandstone and marl. All this then disappeared into the sea, and once more the coral polyps began their labors, and covered up all the previous deposits with the magnesian limestone about three hundred feet thick.*

* *Coral Polyps.*—Imagine the many processes which man would have to go through, if he were compelled to build a breakwater for fifty miles along a rough and stormy coast. What preparation! what acts of parliament! what devices for funds! what consultation how to do it! what failures and disappointments! Yet, in defiance of the fiercest storms, these polyps, without line or

But leaving the Transition and Carboniferous epoch, let us turn to another scene, belonging to the Secondary period—a period of fierce perpetual warfare in water, air, earth, and mud, chiefly by reptile tribes. Other animals did exist—fish, fowl, and quadruped; but all are represented, and almost, as it were, superseded, by the predominance of reptiles. Our scene lies on the border of the delta of some mighty river of those times; the tide is low, and an interminable waste of mud and shallow pools contrasts strongly with the rich and luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest, which fringes to the very edge the expanse of waters, or with the gorgeous colors of the prairie beyond. The burning sun is high in the heavens, and there is a truce—all is still, the silence unbroken, save by the monotonous hum of insect life. Geckos and lizards are lying motionless, and with open mouth, on every rock and stone, inhaling, as Humboldt says, the heated air with ecstasy. Some large trees are lying in the water, where they have been cast by the last hurricane; and, side by side with them, we see the hylæosaurus, scarcely distinguishable from the gnarled and knotted trunk. Innumerable creatures—the crocodiles, the gavials, and alligators of that day—are lying half-buried in the hardening and cracking mud; but all are at rest, taking their siesta, after the arduous morning. A little longer, and the sun begins to decline; the tide rises, and all is life again. Strange winged reptiles are flitting every where in the air, now pursuing the dragon-flies and brightly-colored beetles and insects in the air, and anon folding their wings, and running swiftly upon the earth after the few small marsupial rats, which are scudding along the edge of the forest, vainly trying to escape by penetrating its rank underwood. The sharks in the water, and the crocodiles in the mud, each rouse themselves to seek their evening meal; but, dreadful as they are now, they were by no means the

compass, have built up barrier reefs in New-Caledonia, four hundred miles in length; on the north-east coast of Australia, one thousand miles; and about a quarter of a mile broad and one hundred and fifty feet deep. In many parts of the Pacific whole groups of islands are entirely due to their labors—the Maldives and the Laccadives are altogether coral—from Duff Island to Disappointment Island, as related by Kotzebue, the natives traverse reefs six hundred miles in length, passing from one to the other.

lords paramount in those times. A strange sound is heard in the forest, and the mighty trees shake and wave like reeds in a brake; the earth groans beneath the tread of a monstrous beast, which is crashing its resistless way to the shore. It is a reptile still—the megalosaurus—much taller and larger than the largest elephant. Woe to the unlucky alligator or crocodile that is slow in escaping to the deeper waters! It is but a mouthful to this rapacious brute—a minute's sleep purchased at the price of death. But meantime the rest of the tribe have reached the waters, where a still livelier scene is in progress. There the plesiosaurus lies wait, with its long and powerful neck, its sharp beak, and its strong paddles. There the huge white shark is also in waiting, and amongst these come the crocodiles—some of which fall a prey at once. *Van victis!* woe to the conquered, is the watchword here—it is no war for principle, but for supper—and the plesiosaurus gorges itself with the gavia, with as little compunction as though it was not a reptile and a brother. But from the neighboring deep water, retributive justice is glaring upon him with eyes half a yard in diameter. It is the ichthyosaurus, the fish lizard, from which there is no escape, even for the monstrous plesiosaurus. With one swoop of his enormous tail he is upon him, and this race not being particular as to the size of the mouthful, he and his just swallowed prey are engulfed at once.

"See, late awaked, he rears him from the floods,
And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light.

Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
Large is his front, and when his burnished eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise."

In addition to all these, on our own coasts might have been seen a reptile of the frog kind, the labyrinthodon, large as a rhinoceros, which has handed down the fact of its huge existence to us, not only by bones, but by leaving its ponderous footprints on our ancient sands—and another, somewhat like a kangaroo, has left not only its footmarks, but the trace of its tail, as it trailed after it.

We complete our remarks on the past history of the earth by one more glance

into the phenomena of the Tertiary epoch. Between this and the past, there has been a period of terrible disturbance of the existing relations of land and water, and every living species has disappeared. The *types* remain, but not one *species* of the Secondary epoch survives in the Tertiary. Fish and reptiles still exist, but deteriorated in importance. Now it is that the mighty race of quadrupeds proper appear. Terrible and fierce creatures they were. The hyæna, the bear—of what size may be judged from the teeth, five inches long—the tiger, large as the largest of Bengal—all lived in our own island at this time. Their dens are constantly found in recent strata, strewn with the gnawed bones of their prey, amidst which they have finally lain down to die. Then the elephant, the mammoth, and the mastodon, roamed the plains and forests of our latitudes; there the lonely tapir hid itself from its kind. But there were others of much vaster size than any now extant. The proportions of one or two of them are worth a moment's notice. But first, as to their names. It does not seem that they have been very respectfully treated by men of science. Megatherium means "great brute;" Palæotherium, "old brute;" and Deinotherium, "terrible brute." This last name is apt enough. Imagine an elephant-like creature, twenty feet in length, perhaps twelve feet in height, and robust in proportion, with two enormous tusks curving downward from the under-jaw. Dr. Young's paraphrase on part of the Book of Job gives some idea of his vastness:

"Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
To seek the herbs and mingle with the throng.
See with what strength his hardened loins
are bound,

All over proof and shut against a wound;
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
His eye drinks Jordan up: when fired with drought

He trusts to turn its current down his throat,
In lessened waves it creeps along the plain,
He sinks a river and he thirsts again."

The Megatherium was a representative of the tribe now known as the Sloths. Had one of them and the largest known elephant taken a walk together, they would have appeared in about the same proportion as a Thames street dray-horse and a Shetland pony. The monstrous

pillars which supported the body were like forest-trees, and were three times the thickness of the largest elephant's; the width across the loins was about six feet. The print of the fore-foot was about a yard long and twelve inches wide; that of the hind-foot about half as large again. The feet were furnished with claws ten inches in length, and about twelve inches in circumference at the root. Its tail was five or six feet in circumference. Its mode of living was to tear up large trees by the roots, and strip them of leaves and radicles—trees so large, sometimes, as by their fall to crush the skull even of this gigantic brute. It was very slow in motion; but little need had it of speed, when, for defense against its enemies, it had a coat of mail an inch thick, probably ball-proof; and with one tread of the foot, or one lash of its tail, it could kill the largest puma or tiger.

Such were the giant races which directly preceded the advent of man; and so was the earth finished. The solemn old forests and the luxuriant plains were bearing silent testimony to the completed harmony of creation, the sea had taken up the theme of its everlasting fugue, and in the evening Man walked in the garden of Eden.

Our globe, as at present constituted, has a surface of about 197 millions of square miles, of which 145 millions are covered by the waters of the ocean. The whole is surrounded by an atmosphere of elastic gases of uncertain extent; this having been variously estimated at from 40 to 100 miles in altitude. All these, the land, the water, and the air, present phenomena of great interest. We commence with the land.

The whole amount of land is estimated at about 51½ millions of square British statute miles, of which more than three fourths lie north of the equator. Of its further superficial distribution it is not necessary to say much, as there is no known reason why it should be thus and not otherwise. Much the greater part of the land is on one side of the earth, the other being occupied in great measure by the Pacific Ocean, and a portion of Australia and Patagonia. One note-worthy fact may be mentioned with regard to the southern terminations of the various sections of land—namely, the tendency to a pyramidal form, as in Africa, Australia, New-Zealand, and South-America; also in

the peninsulas of Arabia, Hindostan, Malacca, and California. The reason for this is not apparent; yet the fact would appear to be in some respect significant, since this pyramidal contour appears in almost every instance to be prolonged into the ocean.

The amount of indentation of the coast-line has an important bearing upon civilization, the two being almost in a constant direct ratio; except where, as in the Icy Ocean, other unfavorable influences intervene. The western coast of Europe is the most frequently and deeply indented; and the best of any on the globe adapted to the free communion, the wandering habits, and the commercial enterprise of man; contrasting strongly, in these respects, with the shores of Africa and the greater part of South-America.

Of the above-mentioned expanse of lands, vast portions are by various causes rendered unfit for the dwelling of man; in some the climate and soil are hopelessly unproductive; in others, the very energy of nature's operations exclude man; some parts are under perpetual ice or snow; some constitute the summits of inaccessible mountains. Let us glance first at the condition of some of our plains; by which we mean tracts of land not much elevated above the sea-level, that is, from 200 to 1200 feet.

From the Altai to the Ural Mountains, occupying all the low lands of Siberia, stretch vast plains or *steppes*, which, from their physical conditions, present insurmountable barriers to progress and civilization. In winter fearful storms rage, and the "dry snow is driven by the gale with a violence which neither man nor animal can resist, while the sky remains clear, and the sun shines cold and bright above."* In summer no rain fertilizes the parched soil, no dew refreshes it; half shaded by a fiery haze, the sun rises and sets like a globe of molten brass; Death and Desolation alone reign, and reign triumphant. The greater portion of the seven millions of square miles occupied by these plains is hopelessly barren.

The great African desert of Sahara occupies two and a half millions of square miles; it is part of the bed of an ocean, which, at a comparatively recent period, separated Africa completely from both

* *Manual of Geographical Science*, part i. p. 219.

Europe and Asia. Except the *oases*, it is also hopelessly barren. On its interminable sands and rocks no animal is seen or heard—no tree or shrub seen for days of travel. "In the glare of noon, the air quivers with the heat reflected from the red sand, and the night is chilly, under the clear sky, sparkling with its hosts of stars."^{*}

A bar, not less effectual than these, to intercourse and civilization, is found in the widely diverse condition of the plains of the New World. The exuberance of Nature's productions is here as potent a barrier as the gloomy sterility of Africa or Siberia. We venture no sketch of our own of the Llanos, the Pampas, and the *Silvas* of North and South-America, but refer the reader to the gorgeous descriptions of Baron Humboldt in his *Aspects of Nature*. We can not refrain, however, from quoting at length the following passage, from Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, indicating in glowing colors the obstacles which the prodigality of Nature may oppose to the progress of man. "Brazil, which is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, is covered with a vegetation of incredible profusion. Indeed, so rank and luxuriant is the growth, that Nature seems to riot in the very wantonness of power. A great part of this immense country is filled with dense and tangled forests, whose noble trees, blossoming in unrivaled beauty, and exquisite with a thousand hues, throw out their produce in endless prodigality. On their summit are perched birds of gorgeous plumage, which nestle in their dark and lofty recesses. Below, their base and trunks are crowned with brushwood, creeping plants, innumerable parasites, all swarming with life. There, too, are myriads of insects of every variety; reptiles of strange and singular form; serpents and lizards, spotted with deadly beauty; all of which find means of existence in this vast workshop and repository of Nature. And, that nothing may be wanting to this land of marvels, the forests are skirted by enormous meadows, which, reeking with heat and moisture, supply nourishment to countless herds of wild cattle, that browse and fatten on the herbage; while the adjoining plains, rich in another form of life, are the chosen abode of the subtlest and most ferocious

animals, which prey on each other, but which it might almost seem no human power can hope to extirpate. . . . But amid this pomp and splendor of Nature, no place is left for man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty with which he is surrounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable, that he has never been able to make head against them, never able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized; its inhabitants wandering savages, incompetent to resist those obstacles which the very bounty of Nature had put in their way. . . . In their country, the physical causes are so active, and do their work on a scale of such unrivaled magnitude, that it has hitherto been found impossible to escape from the effects of their united action. The progress of agriculture is stopped by impassable forests, and the harvests are destroyed by innumerable insects. The mountains are too high to scale, the rivers too wide to bridge; every thing is contrived to repress the human mind, and keep back its rising ambition. It is thus that the energies of Nature have hampered the spirit of man. And the mind, cowed by the unequal struggle, has not only been unable to advance, but, without foreign aid, it would undoubtedly have receded. . . . Brazil, the country where, of all others, physical resources are most powerful, where both vegetables and animals are most abundant, where the soil is watered by the noblest rivers, and the coast studded by the finest harbors—this immense territory, which is more than twelve times the size of France, contains a population not exceeding six millions of people." Professor Ansted adds to this his testimony to the effect that the native Indians seem irredeemable, and sunk in the most wretched barbarism; and that there appears no prospect whatever of any improvement in the district, since man can find no spot on which to commence its operations.

Leaving the plains, we find both old and new worlds traversed by broad bands of high ground, or *plateaux*, ranging from 4000 to 17,000 feet above the sea-level. It is upon these that the loftiest mountains, for the most part, arise; the mountains appearing to be the result of the culmination of the forces which have elevated

* Op. cit.

the surrounding district. When the crust of the earth has not only been elevated conically, but has given way, so as to give exit to the fire and elastic vapors beneath, we have volcanic mountains: thus the table-land of Quito is bounded by a range of the mightiest volcanoes of the world. These *plateaux* or table-lands present all possible varieties of fertility and barrenness—consequently, every conceivable relation to civilization. Perhaps the one which exercises the most important influence on mankind is a vast *plateau* crossing the whole of Europe and Asia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Commencing in the center of Spain, where the elevation (about 3000 feet) is less remarkable than the extent, (about 100,000 sq. miles,) it is continued at a still lower level, through the south of France; but begins to assume more of the proper character of a *plateau* near the Balkan range of mountains, after having crossed Europe. From this point is continued through Armenia, Persia, Thibet, and China to the Pacific. The eastern portion—that is, from the shores of Asia Minor to the right bank of the Indus—covers an area of about 1,700,000 sq. miles, and varies from 4000 to 7000 feet above the sea-level. The western portion is much more remarkable, both for extent and height, being in some parts 2000 miles in breadth, and attaining an elevation of 17,000 feet. From these parts project the huge mountains of the Himalaya, some of whose peaks are above 28,000 feet in height. Man finds a place for himself, and even cultivates the soil in some parts of Thibet at an elevation of 12,000 or 13,000 feet: the mean elevation of this country is about 11,500 feet.

The mountain-chains of the world are too complex a subject to admit of full investigation; we can but briefly allude to them. Properly speaking, there are but two great systems of mountains—one in each section of the globe; though the subsidiary systems often attain such importance as to appear deserving of independent consideration. The mountains of the Old World may be described as commencing with the Atlas range in Africa and the Pyrenees in Europe—continued eastward, by lower land, to join the western termination of the Alps, which culminate in Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, (nearly 18,000 feet high,) and send off spurs or processes, of which the Apennines and the mountains of Dal-

matia are the most important. These ranges are continued through the Carpathians, the Taurus, and Anti-taurus, into Asia and unite the European system with the gigantic Himalayas, which culminate in the peak of Dhawalaghiri, above 28,000 feet above the sea-level. Humboldt considers it probable, that between the Himalaya and the Altai mountains other peaks exist, as much higher than Dhawalaghiri as this is higher than the Andes.

The great mountain system of the New World runs, in a southerly direction, along the whole western edge of the two Americas, nearly from one Arctic ocean to the other. The height attained is not so great as in those of the Old World, nor is the general bulk so vast, there appearing to be some relation between the height of mountains and the actual expanse of the continent on which they exist. Some of the peaks, however, attain an elevation of 25,000 feet. The whole range is chiefly remarkable for its volcanic character, and the connection that appears to exist between very distant points of the course, as marked by the phenomena of the eruptions.

But, leaving the dry land after this cursory survey, we must turn our attention to the phenomena of the ocean—the ocean, for it is all one and continuous, though known by various names for the sake of description. Above three fourths of the earth's surface are covered by it, and its distribution has been already partly noticed. The bottom of the ocean would present an aspect as irregular as the land, could we investigate it, with its low land, its *plateaux*, and its mountains. The depth varies greatly. Over a great part of the German Ocean it does not exceed 100 feet; whilst in latitude $15^{\circ} 3' S.$ and longitude $23^{\circ} 14' W.$, a line of 27,600 feet (nearly the length of the height of Dhawalaghiri) found no bottom: 450 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir James Ross found the depth of the Atlantic to be 16,062 feet, 332 feet more than the height of Mont Blanc. The Pacific is supposed to have a depth proportionate of its vast surface.

The waters of the ocean are impregnated with three or four per cent of salt; in the inland seas, where evaporation is very active, the proportion is much greater. Thus in the Mediterranean it is nearly four times this amount. On the

other hand, the proportion is smallest in the Polar seas, where it is affected by the melting of the ice.

One of the most remarkable and important phenomena of the ocean is that of the tides—rhythmical and regular oscillations of the waters, whose source and cradle seems to be the vast accumulation of deep water in the South temperate zone. The following description is taken from Keith Johnson's *Physical Atlas*:

"Let us conceive that the joint action of the sun and moon has taken effect on the waters of the Antarctic Ocean—that the luminaries in conjunction or opposition have passed over the mass of waters lying east from Van Diemen's Land, New-Zealand, and the South Pole, and have communicated to them motion in the direction of the resultant forces—we shall manifestly have a mass elevated, and moving to the north and west, following the luminaries. The motion communicated to this large mass of water has raised a large mass or moving ridge of water, which can not expend its forces acquired, but by pushing before it other masses of water, and raising them, too, in a wave, to which all its force is finally imparted. In this way, the wave originally generated travels northward and westward, long after the bodies generating it have ceased to act on the first mass of waters."

The wave generated during the transit of the sun and moon on Monday morning, and producing high water on the coast of Van Diemen's Land at twelve, has, in the first twenty-four hours, brought high water as far as Cape Blanco on the west of Africa, and Newfoundland on the American continent. On the morning of the second day, it reaches the western coast of Ireland and England. Passing round the northern cape of Scotland, it reaches Aberdeen at noon. At midnight of the second day, it reaches the mouth of the Thames; and, on the morning of the third day, brings the merchandise of the world to the port of London. The rate of motion of the tide-wave varies exceedingly and seems to be in direct ratio to the depth of the ocean which it is traversing. Across the Southern Ocean and parts of the Atlantic, it travels not less than one thousand miles an hour; but it takes more time to reach London from Aberdeen than in another part of its course—namely, from 60° S. to 60° N.—to traverse eight thousand miles. Where the tide-wave in its north-western course passes over shallows, or is modified by coast-line, its violence is much lessened;

other cases, where this does not happen, the wave will rush up the open mouth of rivers with fearful force, as exemplified in the terrific *bore* of the Hooghly, or dash against the coast with a most destructive surf, as in the Bay of Fundy.

The ocean is traversed perpetually by currents, or true ocean rivers, of various kinds, the dynamics of which are by no means satisfactorily elucidated. Some of these convey vast volumes of warm water to cold latitudes, whilst others convey the waters from the icy seas into warmer regions. The most important of these, and that which has been most investigated, is what is called the Gulf-Stream, from its origin in the Gulf of Mexico—although, as Humboldt long ago pointed out, its first impulse appears to be received near the southern extremity of Africa. From the Gulf of Mexico, (apparently assisted by the river current of the Mississippi,) this stream passes into the Atlantic between Florida and Cuba, whence it runs northward, parallel with the coast of North-America, till it meets the St. George's and Nantucket banks, where it is reflected eastwards, passes the southern extremity of Newfoundland, turns S. E. and S., passes the Azores, and is lost in the Atlantic. The whole course of this mighty ocean river is about three thousand miles, and it has a breadth in some parts of above seventy miles. Its speed varies from one hundred twenty miles per day at its outset, to about ten near its termination. It is due to the influence of this stream that we have not a climate similar to that of Labrador—the influence of the immense volume of heat contained in the water, whose temperature varies from 83° to 72° Fahrenheit, being felt over an immense district beyond the actual contact of the current. The counterpart of this current is described by Humboldt as existing in the South Pacific Ocean, where a stream prevails which is only 60° of temperature, running amongst water at 81·5° to 83·7°.

Besides the currents and tides, the ocean is subject to other motions, waves and ground-swells, from the influence of the winds. The waves appear to be much more moderate in height than is generally supposed. Mrs. Somerville says that "the highest waves known are those which occur during a north-west gale off the Cape of Good Hope, aptly called the Cape of Storms by ancient Portuguese

navigators; and Cape Horn seems to be the abode of the tempest. The sublimity of the scene, united to the threatened danger, naturally leads to an over-estimate of the magnitude of the waves, which appear to rise 'mountains high,' as they are proverbially said to do. There is, however, reason to doubt if the highest waves off the Cape of Good Hope exceed forty feet from the hollow trough to the summit. They are said to rise twenty feet off Australia, and sixteen feet in the Mediterranean. Waves are the heralds that point out to the mariner the distant region where the tempest has howled, and they are not unfrequently the harbinger of its approach."

From the ocean, we pass on to a consideration of the river-systems of the world. These are naturally divided into two classes—those which terminate in the ocean, and those which fall into inland seas or lakes. The origin of both is the same, consisting directly or indirectly of the rain and snow that fall upon the earth. Of the vast quantity of water that falls from the air in the shape of rain, hail, and snow, a small portion runs directly into small streams, which, uniting, form rivers, or swell others before formed. Another portion is received again by evaporation into the air; but the greater part sinks into the earth, and reappears at some distant point in the form of springs, which are generally the commencement of running water upon the earth's surface. Some rivers, however, proceed directly from glaciers, and consist of the meltings of the snow and ice of which they are composed. Whatever the beginning of rivers may be, they are, in their progress, the natural drainage of the districts through which they run. These districts are bounded by lines of land, called watersheds, more or less elevated; sometimes consisting of mountain-chains, sometimes so low as to admit of natural or easily-constructed artificial communication between the tributaries of neighboring rivers. The watersheds of those rivers which do not communicate with the ocean, form closed valleys, or basins, often of very great extent, in the lowest part of which is placed the lake, or inland sea, into which they fall. The watersheds of the oceanic rivers still form basins, but they are open at the ocean side, and terminate in the delta of the river.

The most remarkable instance of the former class of river-systems is found in Asia, where six mighty rivers drain an area of one million and two hundred thousand square miles, and pour the proceeds into the Caspian Sea, the Sea of Aral, and the Lake Gobi. Of these, the Volga and the Iaxartes are nearly the size of the Danube. It seems hardly credible that there should be no outlet for these vast volumes of water, except by way of evaporation; yet so it is.

In glancing over a table of rivers, in order of dimensions, we are struck with one fact in particular—namely, how little correspondence there is between their physical attributes and the moral influence which they exert upon man and his civilization. The Amazon drains one million five hundred thousand square miles; the Mississippi nearly one million; the Thames drains only five thousand, and is the very smallest of all the important rivers of Europe. Other peculiarities of the principal rivers are noticeable.

The Amazon, the largest river in the world, has an area of drainage nearly three times as large as that of all the rivers of Europe that empty themselves into the Atlantic. This plain is entirely covered with a dense primeval forest, through which the only paths are those made by the river and its innumerable tributaries. This forest is literally impenetrable. Humboldt remarks that two mission stations might be only a few miles apart, and yet the residents would require a day and a half to visit each other, along the windings of small streams. Even the wild animals get involved in such impenetrable masses of wood, that they (even the jaguar) live for a long time in the trees, a terror to the monkeys whose domain they have invaded. The trees often measure from eight to twelve feet in diameter; and the intervals are occupied by shrub-like plants, which here, in these tropical regions, become arborescent. The origin of the Amazon is unknown; it is navigable for two thousand miles from the ocean; it is nearly one hundred miles wide at the mouth, and in some places six hundred feet deep; and its torrent projects, as it were, into the ocean, more than three hundred miles, perceptibly altering its waters at this distance from the American shores.

The area of origin of the Orinoco is

continuous with that of the Amazon, and is of the same forest nature. So low is the water shed between the plains of these two rivers, that they afford the very rare spectacle of a natural communication between the great river systems; the Orinoco sending off a branch, the Cassiquiare, about one hundred and twenty miles long, which joins the Rio Negro, and so unites the streams. The possibility of this was at one time disputed; but Humboldt set the question at rest, by actually passing from one river to the other by means of this branch. The sources of the Orinoco are also unknown, but their supposed locality is famous for the fabled El Dorado. Alas! the golden mountain is but a rock of micaceous schist, and there is a terrible swamp in the way even to his delusive object!

The largest body of fresh water in the whole world is found in Lake Superior, the first of a series of lakes connected with the St. Lawrence river system. These lakes are the most interesting feature connected with the physical geography of North-America. The upper three appear to have an average depth of about one thousand feet, whilst their surface is less than six hundred feet above the level of the Atlantic; so that their bed is four hundred feet below it, indicating a depression in the continent of above seventy thousand miles in extent. There is one parallel to this in the Old World, in the Dead Sea, which occupies a hollow more than one thousand feet below the sea-level.

The most noteworthy river of the Old World is the Ganges. Amid the inaccessible snow-clad heights of the Himalaya it takes its rise, unseen and unexplored by man. Like the boast of the Douglas family, that its race was never known but in the plenitude of power, the Ganges appears at once from a chasm in a perpendicular wall of ice, as a very rapid stream, not less than forty yards across. Including the Bramahpootra, it has a course of sixteen hundred and eighty miles, and has a delta of about two hundred miles in each direction. Its force, during the rainy season, is sufficient to counteract even the terrific impulse of the tides; and the quantity of solid matter conveyed to the delta by its waters is almost inconceivable. It has been roughly calculated that, during the four months of rain, enough mud is conveyed to outweigh fifty-six masses of granite, each as large as the great Pyramid of Egypt; and that, if "a fleet of

eighty Indiamen, each freighted with fourteen hundred tons of mud, were to sail down the river every hour of every day and night for the four months continuously, they would only transport from the higher country to the sea a mass of matter equivalent to that actually conveyed by the waters of the river." The same authority (Professor Ansted) adds, that "the Sunderbunds, an innumerable multitude of river-islands, forming a wilderness of jungle and forest-trees, mark the extent to which such alluvial mud has been accessory in producing the present appearance of the mouths of these rivers."

A host of mighty rivers would claim our attention, did our limits permit; their phenomena are, however, so allied, (although each has its own special interest,) that we may dismiss them with one reflection. Vast as are the floods that pour down these rivers, they all seem to be but inconsiderable remains of the immense masses of water belonging to a former age. Humboldt gives many illustrative proofs of this position, chiefly derived from the marks of aqueous action on rocks now far above the water-level. In a savannah near Uruana (Orinoco basin) there rises an isolated rock of granite, which exhibits, at an elevation of between eighty and ninety feet, a series of figures of sun and moon and various animals, which are said by the natives to have been done by their forefathers in former times, when the waters were so high that their canoes floated at that elevation—a statement confirmed by the evident marks of watery action on the rock.

Perhaps the fact that on the first enunciation would appear the most startling, in connection with such volumes of water as these, would be that it all proceeded from the atmosphere—that all streams have their source, directly or indirectly, from the invisible vapor or moisture dissolved in the air. The mind in vain attempts to realize actually the possibility of this; and it is only by observation, argument, and induction, that we can compel ourselves to recognize its truth. This moisture descends chiefly in the form of rain and snow, the distribution of which is extremely unequal, and involves points of absorbing interest. On some parts of the earth rain never falls, or, at intervals of years, in very small quantities. Such are the deserts of Sahara, of Arabia, and Persia, and of Belochistan. The

great table-land of Thibet is in the same condition, and agriculture has to be effected altogether by artificial irrigation from mountain-streams. In some districts, however, dew is deposited so copiously as to supply the place of rain. Snow is frozen rain, and is the form in which the moisture descends when the temperature is lower than the freezing-point. This is the case in all latitudes at a certain elevation, the limit of which is called the snow-line. It varies in altitude from twenty thousand feet in the tropics, (as in some parts of the Andes,) down to the actual sea-level in the Arctic regions, where rain is unknown, and snow is perpetual. Mount Erebus, in the South Polar land, rises twelve thousand feet directly from the sea, covered with perpetual snow from its base to its summit. And thus it happens that, even in the hottest climates, every possible temperature may be met with on mountain-slopes; from the torrid heat at the base to the insufferable cold, as we approach the summit.

In the earlier part of this paper, we have noticed the operation of mighty laws producing great and perhaps convulsive changes in our globe; and we must now remark, in concluding, that all the agencies that we have seen concerned in the changes and revolutions described (so far at least as those of a physical nature are concerned) are still in operation. Forces acting from underneath the earth's crust are here producing volcanic eruptions with effusion of lava or melted granite; and there they are upheaving islands, parts of continents, and mountains, and correspondingly depressing other districts. Within comparatively recent periods many of our known coasts have been ultimately elevated and depressed below the sea-level; as in the well-known instance of that on which the temple of Serapis stands. Part of the coast of Iceland is now perceptibly sinking from year to year; part of the coast of Finland in like manner is rising; the old stakes of the fishermen now stand far away inland, from the highest high-water. Here the sea is encroaching on the land, and of its substance forming other strata, which will perhaps be again elevated to be dry land. There again the land is encroaching on the sea, retaining the marks of its late submarine condition. Large tracts of country are washed away by rains and torrents, to form with their inhabitants fossiliferous strata elsewhere; and again, in other

places, huge hills are cast up by internal convulsion, as in the case of the volcanic hill Jorullo, in Mexico, which in 1759 rose in a few hours nineteen hundred feet above the plateau on which it stands.

But the time of man's experience is comparatively short, so the changes under his immediate observation are not so world-wide. Yet in less favored lands than ours, where volcanic action is rife, and consequent alterations of level in sea and land are frequent, the world's stability is not so received a doctrine as with us. As in the days of Noah, they marry and are given in marriage, and the sea invades them and swallows up cities or districts—the earth opens and engulfs large tracts of country—or torrents of lava and avalanches of ashes bury them, and the place that knew them knows them no more. And then compensating influences are at work. The mud carried down by mighty rivers, like the Ganges, forms islands of great extent, upon which the natives fix themselves, sow their rice, and flourish till they and their works are swept away to form the material for other islands. The tiny coral animal builds and builds from the ocean floor, till it reaches to high-water mark, and then it dies. A low coral island or reef is thus formed, into which sea-weed floats and decays. Mud, sand, floating twigs, and leaves accumulate upon it; the rain beats, and a soil is formed, in which seeds of the coconut, palm, date, and many other trees, brought by the air, water, or birds, take root and grow, and very soon a new land is formed, clothed with the richest tropical vegetation to the water's edge, and a new home is made for nomadic man, who builds a house, a temple, a school, and a prison.

Such is the past and present of our earth, as ascertained by observation and induction; its future we know by faith, not by sight. We look for new heavens and a new earth, when the curse upon the earth for man's sin shall have been revoked. But before this, we hear the heavens passing away with a great noise, we see the elements melting again with fervent heat; but beyond all this apparent ruin, we see a city not lighted by sun or moon, not parched with heat or frozen with cold; for the light of it proceeds from a throne of jasper, and in its midst is a stream of life, on whose banks grows a tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations.

From the Edinburgh Review.

BAIN'S PSYCHOLOGY.*

THE larger half of Mr. Bain's first volume is occupied by the exposition of Association. His exemplification and illustration of this fundamental phenomenon of mind, in its two varieties—adhesive association by contiguity in time or place, and suggestion by resemblance—are quite unexampled in richness, clearness, and comprehensiveness. The whole of the intellectual phenomena, as distinguished from the emotional, he considers as explicable by that law. But to render this possible, the law must be conceived in its utmost generality. Association is not between ideas of sensation alone. The following is the author's statement of the two laws of association, the law of Contiguity, and that of Similarity:

"Action, sensations, and states of feeling, occurring together or in close succession, tend to grow together or cohere in such a way that when any one of them is afterwards presented to the mind, the others are apt to be brought up in idea." (*The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 348.)

"Present actions, sensations, thoughts, or emotions, tend to revive their like among previous impressions." (P. 451.)

One of the leading features in Mr. Bain's application of these laws to the analysis of phenomena, is the great use he makes of the muscular sensations, in explaining our impressions of, and judgments respecting, things physically external to us. The distinction between these sensations and those of touch, in the legitimate sense of the word, and the prominent part they take in the composition of our ideas of resistance or solidity, and extension, were first pointed out by Brown, and were the principal addition which he made to the analytical exposition of the mind. Mr. Bain carries out the idea to a still greater length, and his developments of it are highly instructive, though he sometimes, perhaps, insists too much upon it, to the prejudice of other elements equally or

more influential. Thus, in his explanation of the acquired perception of distance and magnitude by sight, he lays almost exclusive stress on the sensations accompanying the muscular movements by which the eyes are adapted to different distances from us, or are made to pass along the lengths and breadths of visible objects. That this is one of the sources of the acquired perceptions of sight, can not be doubted; but that it is the principal one, no one will believe, who considers that all the impression of unequal distances from us that a picture can give, is produced not only without this particular indication, but in contradiction to it. The signs by which we mainly judge are the effects of perspective, both linear and aerial; in other words, the differences in the actual picture made on the retina, the imitation of which constitutes the illusion of the painter's art, and which we should have been glad to see illustrated by Mr. Bain, as he is so well able to do, instead of being merely acknowledged by a quotation in a note, (p. 380.) We regret that our limits forbid us to quote (p. 372-6) his explanation of the mode whereby, in his opinion, the feeling of resistance, a result of our muscular sensations, generates the notion, often supposed to be instinctive, of an external world.

Respecting the law of Association by Contiguity, so much had been done, with such eminent ability, by former writers, that this part of Mr. Bain's exposition is chiefly original in the profuseness and minuteness of his illustrations. To bring up the theory of the law of Similarity to the same level, much more remained to do, that law having been rather unaccountably sacrificed to the other by some of the Association psychologists; among whom Mr. James Mill, in his "Analysis," even endeavored to resolve it into contiguity; an attempt which is perhaps the most inconclusive part of that generally acute and penetrating performance, association by resemblance being, as Mr. Bain

* Concluded from page 214.

observes, presupposed by, and indispensable to, the conception of association by contiguity. The two kinds of association are indeed so different, that the predominance of each gives rise to a different type of intellectual character; an eminent degree of the former constituting the inductive philosopher, the poet and artist, and the inventor and originator generally, while adhesive association gives memory, mechanical skill, facility of acquisition in science or business, and practical talent so far as unconnected with invention.

To the long chapters on Contiguity and Similarity, Mr. Bain subjoins a third on what he terms Compound Association; "where several threads, or a plurality of links or bonds of connection, concur in reviving some previous thought or mental state," (p. 544,) which they consequently recall more vividly; a part of the subject too little illustrated by former writers, and which includes, among many others, the important heads of "the singling out of one among many trains," and what our author aptly terms "obstructive association." The subject is concluded by a chapter on "Constructive Association," analyzing the process by which the mind forms "combinations or aggregates different from any that have been presented to it in the course of experience," and showing this to depend on the same laws. We are unable to find room for the smallest specimen of these chapters, which are marked with our author's usual ability, and fill up what is partially a hiatus in most treatises on Association.

Mr. Bain's exposition of the Emotions is not of so analytical a character as that of the intellectual phenomena. He considers it necessary, in this department, to allow a much greater range to the instinctive portion of our nature; and has exhibited what may be termed the natural history of the emotions, rather than attempted to construct their philosophy. It is certain that the attempts of the Association psychologists to resolve the emotions by association have been, on the whole, the least successful part of their efforts. One fatal imperfection is obvious at first sight: the only part of the phenomenon which their theory explains, is the suggestion of an idea or ideas, either pleasurable or painful—that is, the merely intellectual part of the emotion; while there is evidently in all our emotions an animal part, over and above any which naturally at-

tends on the ideas considered separately, and which these philosophers have passed without any attempt at explanation. It is a wholly insufficient account of Fear, for example, to resolve it into the calling up, by association, of the idea of the dreaded evil; since, were this all, the physical manifestations that would follow would be the same in kind, and mostly less in degree, than those which the evil would itself produce if actually experienced; whereas, in truth, they are generically distinct; the screams, groans, contortions, etc., which (for example) intense bodily suffering produces, being altogether different phenomena from the well-known physical effects and manifestations of the passion of terror. It is conceivable that a scientific theory of Fear may one day be constructed, but it must evidently be the work of physiologists, not of metaphysicians. The proper office of the law of association in connection with it, is to account for the transfer of the passion to objects which do not naturally excite it. We all know how easily any object may be rendered dreadful by association, as exemplified by the tremendous effect of nurses' stories in generating artificial terrors.

We must not, therefore, expect to find in the half-volume which Mr. Bain has dedicated to this subject, any attempt at a general analysis of the emotions. He has not even (except in one important case, to which we shall presently advert) entered, with the fullness which belongs to his plan, and which marks the execution of every other part of it, into the important inquiry, how far some emotions are compounded out of others. He gives a general indication of his opinion on the point; but his illustrations of it are scattered, and mostly incidental. He has, however, written the natural history of the emotions with great felicity, in a manner at once scientific and popular; inasmuch that this part of his work presents attractions even to the unscientific reader. Mr. Bain's classification of the emotions is different from, and more comprehensive than, any other which we have met with. He begins with "the feelings connected with the free vent of emotion in general, and with the opposite case of restrained or obstructed outburst;" the feelings, in short, of liberty or restraint in the utterance of emotion, which he regards as themselves emotions,

and entitled, on account of their superior generality, to be placed at the head of the catalogue. He next proceeds to one of the simplest as well as most universal of our emotions — Wonder. The third on his list is Terror. The fourth is "the extensive group of feelings implied under the title of the Tender Affections." The consideration of these feelings is by most writers blended with that of Sympathy; which is carefully distinguished from them by our author, and treated separately, not as an emotion, but as the capacity of taking on the emotions, or mental states generally, of others. A character may possess tenderness without being at all sympathetic, as is the case with many selfish sentimentalists; and the converse, though not equally common, is equally in human nature. From these he passes to a group which he designates by the title, Emotions of Self; including Self-esteem, or Self-complacency, in its various forms of Conceit, Pride, Vanity, etc., which he regards as cases of the emotions of tenderness directed towards self, and has largely illustrated this view of them. The sixth class is the emotions connected with Power. The seventh is the Irascible Emotions. The eighth is a group not hitherto brought forward into sufficient prominence, the emotions connected with Action. "Besides the pleasures and pains of Exercise, and the gratification of succeeding in an end, with the opposite mortification of missing what is labored for, there is in the attitude of *pursuit*, a peculiar state of mind, so far agreeable in itself, that factitious occupations are instituted to bring it into play. When I use the term *plot-interest*, the character of the situation alluded to will be suggested with tolerable distinctness." This grouping together of the emotions of hunting, of games, of intrigue of all sorts, and of novel-reading, with those of an active career in life, seems to us equally original and philosophical. The ninth class consists of the emotions caused by the operations of the Intellect. The tenth is the group of feelings connected with the Beautiful. Eleventh, and last, comes the Moral Sense.

Of these, the four first are regarded by Mr. Bain as original elements of our nature, having their root in the constitution of the nervous system, and not explicable psychologically. The remaining seven he considers as generated by asso-

ciation from these four, with the aid of certain combinations of circumstances. Though, as already remarked, he does not discuss this question in the express and systematic manner which his general scheme would appear to require, he has said many things which throw a valuable light on it, together with some which we consider questionable. But we still considerate an analytical philosophy of the emotional, like that which he has furnished of the intellectual part of our constitution. Much of the material is ready to his hand, and only requires coördination under the universal law of mind which he has so well expounded. For example, the most complicated of all his eleven classes, the æsthetic group of emotions, has been analyzed to within a single step of the ultimate principle, by thinkers who did not see, and would not have accepted, the one step which remained. Mr. Ruskin would probably be much astonished were he to find himself held up as one of the principal apostles of the Association Philosophy in Art. Yet, in one of the most remarkable of his writings, the second volume of *Modern Painters*, he aims at establishing, by a large induction and a searching analysis, that all things are beautiful (or sublime) which powerfully recall, and none but those which recall, one or more of a certain series of elevating or delightful thoughts. It is true that in this coincidence Mr. Ruskin does not recognize causation, but regards it as a preëstablished harmony, ordained by the Creator, between our feelings of the Beautiful and certain grand or lovely ideas. Others, however, will be inclined to see in this phenomenon, not an arbitrary dispensation of Providence, which might have been other than it is, but a case of the mental chemistry so often spoken of; and will think it more in accordance with sound methods of philosophizing to believe, that the great ideas, so well recognized by Mr. Ruskin, when they have sunk sufficiently deep into our nervous sensibility, actually generate, by composition with one another and with other elements, the æsthetic feelings which so nicely correspond to them.

The last of our author's eleven classes, that of Moral Emotion, is the only one on which, in relation to the problem of its composition, he puts forth his whole strength. The question whether the moral feelings are intuitive or acquired—

a point so often and so warmly contested between the rival schools of Psychology — has never before, we think, been so well or so fully argued on the anti-intuitive side. This masterly chapter would serve better than any other to give a correct idea of Mr. Bain's philosophical capacity and turn of mind; but, unfortunately, either extracts or an abridgment would do it injustice, as they would impair the argument by mutilating it. Mr. Bain's theory is, that the moral emotions are of an extremely complicated character; a compound, into which the social affections, and sympathy (which is a different thing from the social affections) enter largely, as well as, in many cases, the almost equally common fact of disinterested antipathy. But the peculiar feeling of obligation included in the moral sentiment, Mr. Bain regards as wholly created by external authority. He considers this character as impressed upon the feeling entirely by the idea of punishment. The purely disinterested character which the feeling assumes after appropriate cultivation he holds to be one of the numerous instances of a feeling transferred by association to objects not containing in themselves that which originally excited it. This general conception of the origin of the moral sentiment is nothing new; but there is considerable novelty, as well as ability, in the mode in which it is worked out; and without, on the present occasion, expressing any opinion on this *vecata questio*, we can safely recommend Mr. Bain's dissertation to the special study of those who wish to know the theory entertained on this subject by the Association school, and the best which they have to say in its support.

From the Emotions, Mr. Bain proceeds to the Will; and if, on the former subject, the reader who has previously gone through Mr. Bain's first volume finds less of psychological analysis than he probably expected, such a complaint will not be made on the topic which succeeds. By no previous psychologist has the Volitional part of our nature been gone into with such minute detail, and the whole of the phenomena connected with it set forth and analyzed with such fullness and such grasp of the subject. We have already stated the view taken by our author of the origin, or first germ, of our voluntary powers, which he conceives to be ground-

ed, first, on "the existence of a spontaneous tendency to execute movements independent of the stimulus of sensations or feelings;" and, secondly, of a power to detain and prolong, or to abate and discontinue a present movement, under the stimulus of a present pleasure or pain. If this be correct, the original power of the will over our muscles is much the same in extent, as it is and always remains over our thoughts and feelings; for over them, the only direct power we have, is that of detaining them before the mind, or (it would perhaps be more correct to say) of producing any number of immediate mental repetitions of them, which is the meaning of what we call Attention. Through ten successive chapters Mr. Bain expands and applies this idea, showing how, in his belief, all the phenomena of volition are erected by Association on this original basis. The titles of some of the chapters and sections will show the comprehensiveness of the scheme: The Spontaneity of Movement; Link of Feeling and Action; Growth of Voluntary Power; Control of Feelings and Thoughts; Motives or Ends; the Conflict of Motives; Deliberation, Resolution, Effort; Desire; the Moral Habits; Prudence, Duty, Moral Inability. It is only in the eleventh chapter, after the analysis of the phenomena is completed, that the author encounters the question which usually, in the writings of metaphysicians, usurps nearly all the space devoted to the phenomena of Will: we need hardly say that we refer to the Free-Will controversy. Mr. Bain is of opinion that the terms Freedom and Necessity are both equally inappropriate; equally calculated to give a false view of the phenomena. He thinks the word Necessity "nothing short of an incumbrance" in the sciences generally. But he adheres, in an unqualified manner, to the universality of the law of Cause and Effect, or the uniformity of sequence in natural phenomena, to which he does not think that the determinations of the will are in any manner an exception. He holds that men's volitions and voluntary actions might be as certainly predicted, by any one who was aware of the state of the psychological agencies operating in the case, as any class of physical phenomena may be predicted from causes in operation. We quote, not as the best passage, but as the one which best admits of extraction, a portion of the controver-

sial part of this chapter, being that in which the author examines the appeal made to consciousness as an infallible criterion in all psychological difficulties :

"A bold appeal is made by some writers to our consciousness, as testifying in a manner not to be disputed the liberty of the will. Consciousness, it is said, is our ultimate and infallible criterion of truth. To affirm it erring, or mendacious, would be to destroy the very possibility of certain knowledge, and even to impugn the character of the Deity. Now this infallible witness, we are told, attests that man is free, wherefore the thing must be so. The respectability and number of those that have made use of this argument compel me to examine it. I confess that I find no cogency in it. As usual, there is a double sense in the principal term, giving origin to a potent fallacy. . . . For the purpose now in view, the word [consciousness] implies the knowledge that we have of the successive phases of our own mind. We feel, think, and act, and know that we do so; we can remember a whole train of mental phenomena mixed up of these various elements. The order of succession of our feelings, thoughts, and actions is a part of our information respecting ourselves, and we can possess a larger or a smaller amount of such information, and as is the case with other matters, we may have it in a very loose or in a very strict and accurate shape. The mass of people are exceedingly careless about the study of mental coexistences and successions; the laws of mind are not understood by them with any thing like accuracy. Consciousness, in this sense, resembles observation as regards the world. By means of the senses, we take in and store up impressions of natural objects—stars, mountains, rivers, plants, animals, cities, and the works and ways of human beings—and according to our opportunities, ability, and disposition, we have in our memory a greater or less number of those impressions, and in greater or less precision. Clearly, however, there is no infallibility in what we know by either of these modes, by consciousness as regards thoughts and feelings, or by observation as regards external nature; on the contrary, there is a very large amount of fallibility, fallacy, and falsehood in both the one and the other. Discrepancy between the observations of different men upon the same matter of fact, is a frequent circumstance, the rule rather than the exception. . . . If such be the case with the objects of the external senses, what reason is there to suppose that the cognizance of the mental operations should have a special and exceptional accuracy? Is it true that this cognizance has the definiteness belonging to the property of extension in the outer world? Very far from it; the discrepancy of different men's renderings of the human mind is so pronounced, that we can not attribute it to the difference of the thing looked at; we must refer it to the imperfection in the manner of

taking cognizance. If there were any infallible introspective faculty of consciousness, we ought at least to have had some one region of mental facts where all men were perfectly agreed. The region so favored must of necessity be the part of mind that could not belong to metaphysics; there being nothing from the beginning to controvert or to look at in two ways, there could be no scope for metaphysical disquisition. The existence of metaphysics, as an embarrassing study, or field of inquiry, is incompatible with an unerring consciousness." (*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 556, 557.)

Mr. Bain then proceeds to show, but at too much length for quotation, that the only fact testified to by any person's consciousness is an instantaneous fact—"the state of his or her own feelings at any one moment;" that when the person proceeds to speak of a past and merely remembered feeling, fallibility begins; that when he speaks of sequences, and the *law* of a feeling, even in himself, much more in mankind generally, he transcends the dominion of consciousness altogether, and enters on that of observation, which, whether introspective or external, is subject to a thousand errors. Now the free-will question is emphatically one of *law*, and can be determined only by deep philosophizing, not by a brief appeal to the fancies of an individual concerning himself. A man's consciousness can no more inform him what laws his volitions secretly obey, than his senses, when he beholds falling bodies, furnish him with the corresponding information respecting the law of gravitation.

The work concludes with two chapters on special subjects, the one on Belief, the other on Consciousness; subjects discussed separately, and in the last stage of the exposition, in consequence of the peculiar view taken of them by Mr. Bain, which differs from that of all previous metaphysicians.

Belief is, of all the phenomena usually classed as intellectual, that which the Association psychologists have hitherto been the least successful in analyzing; though it has given occasion to some able and highly instructive illustrations, by Mr. James Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, of the power of indissoluble association. But the opinion which these authors have advanced, that belief is nothing but an indissoluble association between two ideas, seems an inadequate solution of the problem; because in the first place, if the fact were so, belief itself must always be indis-

soluble; which, evidently, it is not; and, in the second place, one does not see what, on this theory, is the difference between believing the affirmative and the negative of a proposition, since in either case, (if the theory be true,) the idea expressed by the subject of the proposition must inseparably and irresistibly recall the idea expressed by the predicate. The doctrine of these philosophers would have been irrefragable, had they limited it to affirming that an indissoluble association (or let us rather say, an association for the present irresistible) usually *commands* belief; that when such an association exists between two ideas, the mind, especially if destitute of scientific culture, has great difficulty in not believing that there is a constancy of connection between the corresponding phenomena, considered as facts in nature. But even in the strongest cases of this description, a mind exercised in abstract speculation can reject the belief, though unable to get over the association. A Berkleian, for example, does not believe in the real existence of matter, though the idea is excited in his mind by his muscular sensations as irresistibly as in other people.

Mr. Bain's opinion is, that the difficulty experienced by the Association psychologists, in giving an account of Belief, and the insufficient analysis with which they have contented themselves, arise from their looking at Belief too exclusively as an intellectual phenomenon, and disregarding the existence in it of an active element. His doctrine is, that Belief has no meaning, except in reference to our actions; that the distinctive characteristic of Belief is, that it commands our will.

"An intellectual notion or conception is indispensable to the act of believing; but no mere conception that does not directly or indirectly implicate our voluntary exertions, can ever amount to the state in question." (P. 568.) "The primordial form of belief is expectation of some contingent future, about to follow on an action. Wherever any creature is found performing an action, indifferent in itself, with a view to some end, and adhering to that action with the same energy that would be manifested under the actual fruition of the end, we say that the animal possesses confidence, or belief, in the sequence of two different things, or in a certain arrangement of nature, whereby one phenomenon succeeds to another. The glistening surface of a pool or rivulet, appearing to the eye, can give no satisfaction to the agonies of thirst; but such is the firm connection estab-

lished in the mind of man and beast between the two properties of the same object, that the appearance to the eye fires the energies of pursuit no less strongly than the actual contact with the alimentary surface. An alliance so formed is a genuine example of the condition of belief."—Pp. 569, 570.

No one will dispute that "the genuineness of the state of belief is *tested* by the control of the actions." (P. 570.) If we really believe a statement, we are willing to commit ourselves in conduct on the prospect of finding the result accord with our belief. And there is no doubt that it is this command over the actions, which gives all its importance to that particular state of mind, and leads it to be named and classed separately. Yet the question remains, *what is* that state of mind? The action which follows is not the belief itself, but a consequence of the belief. Where there is an effect to be accounted for, there must be something in the cause to account for it. Since the willingness to commit ourselves in conduct occurs in some cases, and does not occur in others, there must be some difference between the former set of cases and the latter, as regards the antecedent phenomena. What is this difference? According to Mr. Bain, it does not lie in the strength of the tie of association between the ideas of the facts conceived.

"I can imagine the mind receiving an impression of coëxistence or sequence, such as the coincidence of relish with an apple, or other object of food; and this impression repeated until, on the principle of association, the one shall, without fail, at any time suggest the other; and yet nothing done in consequence, no practical effect given to the coincidence. I do not know any purely intellectual property that would give to an associated couple the character of an article of belief; but there is that in the volitional promptings which seizes hold of any indication leading to an end, and abides by such instrumentality if it is found to answer. Nay more, there is the tendency to go beyond the actual experience, and not to desist until the occurrence of a positive failure or check. So that the mere repetition of an intellectual impress would not amount to a conviction without this active element, which, although the source of many errors, is indispensable to the mental condition of belief. The legitimate course is to let experience be the corrector of all the primitive impulses; to take warning by every failure, and to recognize no other canon of validity. . . . We find after trials, that there is such a uniformity in nature as enables us to presume that an event happening to-day will

happen also to-morrow, if we can only be sure that all the circumstances are exactly the same.

It is part of the intuitive tendencies of the mind to generalize in this way; but these tendencies, being as often wrong as right, have no validity in themselves; and the real authority is experience. The long series of trials made since the beginning of observation, have shown how far such inferences can safely be carried; and we are now in possession of a body of rules, in harmony with the actual course of nature, for guiding us in carrying on these operations."—Pp. 585, 586.

So, that, after all, Mr. Bain regards belief as a case of "intuitive tendency;" but not as a case *sui generis*. He considers it as included under the general law of Volition. The spontaneous activity of the brain, combined with the original property inherent in a painful or pleasurable stimulus, makes us seize and detain all muscular actions which of themselves, and directly, bring pleasure or relief; those actions, in consequence, become, through the law of association, producible by means of our ideas of pleasure or pain; and it is, in the author's view, by an extension of the same general phenomenon, that actions which only remotely, and after a certain delay, attain our ends, come similarly under the command of our ideas of those ends. When this command is established, then, according to him, the phenomenon, Belief, has taken place; namely, belief in the efficacy of the action to promote the end. This is our author's theory of Belief. An obvious objection to it is, that we entertain beliefs respecting matters in regard to which we have no wishes, and which have no connection with any of our ends. But to this, Mr. Bain answers, (and his answer is just,) that in such cases there is always a latent imagination that we *might* have some object at stake on the reality of the fact we believe, and a feeling that if we had, we should go forward confidently in the pursuit of any such object. We quote the following passage for the practical lesson conveyed in it:

"A single trial, that nothing has ever happened to impugn, is able of itself to leave a conviction sufficient to induce reliance under ordinary circumstances. It is the active prompting of the mind itself that instigates, and in fact constitutes, the believing temper; unbelief is an after product, and not the primitive tendency. Indeed, we may say, that the inborn energy of the brain gives faith, and experience skepticism. . . . We must treat it [belief] as a strong primitive

manifestation, derived from the natural activity of the system, and taking its direction and ratification from experience. The 'anticipation of nature,' so strenuously repudiated by Bacon, is the offspring of this characteristic of the mental system. In the haste to act, while the indications imbibed from contact with the world are still scanty, we are sure to extend the application of actual trials a great deal too far, producing such results as have just been named. With the active tendency at its maximum, and the exercise of intelligence and acquired knowledge at the minimum, there can issue nothing but a quantity of rash enterprises. That these are believed in, we know from the very fact that they are undertaken. . . . The respectable name 'generalization,' implying the best products of enlightened scientific research, has also a different meaning, expressing one of the most erroneous impulses and crudest determinations of untutored human nature. To extend some familiar and narrow experience, so as to comprehend cases most distant, is a piece of mere reckless instinct, demanding the severest discipline for its correction. . . . Sound belief, instead of being a pacific and gentle growth, is in reality the battering of a series of strongholds, the conquering of a country in hostile occupation. This is a fact common both to the individual and to the race. . . . The only thing for mental philosophy to do on such a subject, is to represent, as simply and clearly as possible, those original properties of our constitution that are chargeable with such wide-spread phenomena. It will probably be long ere the last of the delusions attributable to this method of believing first and proving afterwards can be eradicated from humanity. For although all those primitive impressions that find a speedy contradiction in realities from which we can not escape, cease to exercise their sway after a time, there are other cases less open to correction, and remaining to the last as portions of our creed."—Pp. 582-4.

It is assuredly a strange anomaly, that so many authors, after having applied the whole force of their intellects to prove the existence in the human mind of intellectual or moral instincts, proceed, without any argument at all, to legitimate and consecrate every thing which those instincts prompt, as if an instinct never could go astray; a consecration not usually extended to our physical instincts, though even there we often notice a certain tendency in the same direction, not sufficient to persuade when there is no predisposition to believe, but amounting to a considerable makeweight to weak arguments on the side of an existing prepossession. This grave philosophical, leading to still graver practical error, is always (as in the passage quoted) duly

rebuked by the author. As a portion, however, of the theory of Belief, we desiderate a more complete analysis of the psychological process by which ulterior experience, or a more correct interpretation of experience, modifies the original tendency so powerfully described by the author, and subdues belief into subordination and due proportion to evidence.

It only remains to speak of Mr. Bain's theory of Consciousness, which is the subject of his final chapter. He regards it as being simply the same thing with discrimination of difference. Consciousness is only awakened by the shock of the transition from one physical or mental state to another. Hobbes had remarked, that if any one mode of sensation or feeling were always present, we should probably be unconscious of its existence.

"There are notable examples to show that one unvarying action upon the senses fails to give any perception whatever. Take the motion of the earth about its axis, and through space, whereby we are whirled with immense velocity, but at a uniform pace, being utterly insensible of the circumstance. So in a ship at sea, we may be under the same insensibility, whereas in a carriage we never lose the feeling of being moved. The explanation is obvious. It is the change from rest to motion that awakens our sensibility, and conversely from motion to rest. A uniform condition as respects either state is devoid of any quickening influence on the mind. Another illustration is supplied by the pressure of the air on the surface of the body. Here we have an exceedingly powerful effect upon one of the special senses. The skin is under an influence exactly of that nature that wakens the feeling of touch, but no feeling comes. Withdraw any portion of the pressure, as in mounting in a balloon, and sensibility is developed. A constant impression is thus to the mind the same as a blank. Our partial unconsciousness as to our clothing is connected with the constancy of the object. The smallest change at any time makes us sensible or awake to the contact. If there were some one sound, of unvarying tone and unremitted continuance, falling on the ear from the first moment of life to the last, we should be as unconscious of the existence of that influence as we are of the pressure of the air. Such a sonorous agency would utterly escape the knowledge of mankind, until, as in the other case, some accident, or some discovery in experimental philosophy, had enabled them to suspend or change the degree of the impression made by it. Except under special circumstances, we are unconscious of our own weight, which fact nevertheless can never be absent. It is thus that agencies might exist without being perceived; remission or change being a primary condition of our

sensibility. It might seem somewhat difficult to imagine us altogether insensitive to such an influence as light and color; and yet if some one hue had been present on the retina from the commencement of life, we should incontestably have been utterly blind as far as that was concerned."—*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 615, 616.

We perceive (in short) or are conscious of nothing but changes or events. Consciousness partakes always of the nature of surprise.

Following out this line of thought, Mr. Bain regards knowledge as virtually synonymous with consciousness, and points out that we never have knowledge of one thing by itself. Knowing a thing, means recognizing the differences or agreements between that thing and another or others.

"To know a thing, is to feel it in juxtaposition with some other thing differing from it or agreeing with it. To be simply impressed with a sight, sound, or touch, is not to know any thing in the proper sense of the word; knowledge begins when we recognize other things in the way of comparison with the one. My knowledge of redness is my comparison of this one sensation with a number of others differing from or agreeing with it; and as I extend those comparisons, I extend that knowledge. An absolute redness *per se*, like an unvarying pressure, would escape cognition; for supposing it possible that we were conscious of it, we could not be said to have any knowledge. Why is it that the same sensation is so differently felt by different persons—the sensation of red or green to an artist and an optician—if not that knowledge relates not to the single sensation itself, but to the others brought into relation with it in the mind? When I say I know a certain plant, I indicate nothing, until I inform my hearer what things stand related to it in my mind as contrasting or agreeing. I may know it as a garden-weed, that is, under difference from the flowers, fruits, and vegetables cultivated in the garden, and under agreement with the other plants that spring up unsought. I may know it botanically, that is, under difference and agreement with the other members of the order, genus, and species. I may know it artistically, or as compared with other plants, on the point of beauty of form and color. As an isolated object in my mind, I may have a sensation or a perception, although not even that in strict truth, but I can have no knowledge regarding it at all. Thus it is that in the multifarious scene and chaos of distinguishable impressions, not only do different minds fasten upon different individual parts, but fastening on the same parts, arrive at totally different cognitions. Like the two electricities, which can not exist the one without the other, or the

two poles of the magnet, which rise and fall together, no mental impression can exist and be called knowledge, unless in company with some other, as a foil wherewith to compare it. Left to a single unit of consciousness, the mental excitement vanishes. In the intellect, as in the emotions, we live by setting off contrasted states, and consequently no impression can be defined or characterized, except with reference to its accompanying foil. We see how difficult it is in language to make a meaning explicit by a brief announcement; interpretation, as applied to laws, contracts, testaments, as well as to writing generally, consists in determining what things the writer excluded as opposites to, and looked at as agreements with, the thing named. It is thus every where in cognition. A simple impression is tantamount to no impression at all. Quality, in the last resort, implies relation; although, in logic, the two are distinguished. Red and blue together in the mind, actuating in differently, keep one another alive as mental excitement, and the one is really knowledge of the other. So with the red of to-day and the red of yesterday, an interval of blank sensation, or of other sensations, coming between. These two will sustain one another in the cerebral system, and will mutually be raised to the rank of knowledge. Increase the comparisons of difference and agreement, and you increase the knowledge, the character of it being settled by the direction wherein the foils

are sought."—*The Emotions and the Will*, pp. 638–40.

Such is a brief account of a remarkable book; which, once known and read by those who are competent judges of it, is sure to take its place in the very first rank of the order of philosophical speculation to which it belongs. Of the execution, a very insufficient judgment can be formed from our extracts. The book is, indeed, a most difficult one to extract from; for as scarcely any treatise which we know proceeds so much by the way of cumulative proof and illustration, any extract of moderate dimensions is much the same sort of specimen as, we will not say a single stone, but a single row of stones, might be of a completed edifice. We hope that we may have assisted in directing the attention of those who are interested in the subject, to the structure itself; assuring those who belong to the opposite party in philosophical speculation, that so massive a pile, so rich in the quantity and quality of its materials, even if they are not disposed to take up their abode in it, can not be used even as a quarry without abundant profit.

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.*

THE Secret History of the Austrian Government has not realized our expectations. Professor Newman, some years ago, wrote an essay on the crimes of the House of Hapsburg—it was a war pamphlet, written at the time of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848. M. Michiels' book is nothing more than a war pamphlet of 1859, in which France is called upon to be the public executioner of Europe, and give the *coup-de-grace*, once for all, to the much-offending House of Hapsburg. But dynasties are not extinguished thus at a blow — least of all the dynasty of Hapsburg-Lorraine, which wears, it

seems, a charmed life, and rallies from impending ruin with an elastic spring, like Antæus touching earth. The Stuarts are extinct; the Bourbons are defunct, or nearly so; the old line of Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden, is departed; but still the old stock of Ferdinand I., brother of Charles V., reigns on in Vienna, Austria can stand a great deal of beating—*merces profundo pulchrior evenit*, and so, notwithstanding M. Michiels' vaticinations, the French Emperor drew up at the base of the famous Quadrilateral, without attempting to cut his way through from Verona to Vienna.

In an account of the systematic persecution of Protestantism by the House of Austria, we expected to find new documents brought to light, and a fresh search

* *The Secret History of the Austrian Government, and of its Systematic Persecutions of Protestants.* Compiled from Official Documents, by ALFRED MICHELIS. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

made among the state papers of Europe. In this we have been disappointed.

The rise of the House of Austria began with three fortunate marriages: the marriage of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, on the nineteenth August, 1477; the marriage of Philip the Handsome, only son of Maximilian and Mary, in 1496, to the jealous, and afterwards melancholy mad, Jane, Infanta of Spain, the heiress of the united crowns of Castile and Aragon; and thirdly, the marriage of Ferdinand I., son of this Philip and Jane, with Anne Jagellon, in 1521, by which he obtained the two Jagellon crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. Thus, in less than fifty years, five crowns dropped into the lap of the fortunate descendants of Rudolf of Hapsburg: the ducal crown of Burgundy, then the most splendid possession in Europe, with the rich Fleming towns, and the Netherlands as well; the two crowns of Castile and Aragon united at last under Ferdinand and Isabella; and the two crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, in comparison with which the hereditary Archduchy of Austria was what the Isle of Man is to England and Ireland.

Between the balance of power in mediæval and that in modern Europe, there are differences which deserve to be noticed. Before Austria had begun to preponderate in Germany and Spain, in Italy, several lesser states, such as Saxony and Milan, and the Republics of Venice and Genoa, enjoyed an importance which they were soon to lose. Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, had not yet risen into notice; Poland and Turkey had reached their climax, and were beginning to decline; England and France, rivals and neighbors, balanced off against each other, as they have done pretty evenly ever since; so that the great disturbing influence which marks the difference between the mediæval and the modern balance of power, was the rise of the Hapsburg family, and the partition of more than half Europe between its two branches of Spain and Austria. If these two branches had remained under one head, Charles V. would have become in fact, what he often aspired to be, the Charlemagne of modern Europe, the Caesar Augustus of the Roman world. This was impossible for many reasons: the natural jealousy of the rest of Europe prevented any coalition between Charles and his brother Ferdinand, and the secret history of the House of Austria discloses

a fact which might have been suspected beforehand, that Ferdinand and Charles were mutually suspicious of each other, and that under great appearance of brotherly good feeling there ran an undercurrent of rivalry and jealousy.

The history of Charles V. we may pass over without note or comment. Robertson, Prescott, and Stirling, have so familiarized the English reader with the portrait of the first great King of Spain, and the last great Emperor of the Romans, that our remarks would be superfluous.

King Ferdinand was a respectable soldier, and an excellent man of business; he was also a good husband. His wife Anne, by whom he succeeded to the united crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, bore him fifteen children, of whom twelve survived infancy—three sons and nine daughters, all of them very handsome. "His Majesty is very religious: attends Mass every day, and on great holidays hears one or two sermons; he receives the sacrament two, three, or four times a year." So the Venetian ambassador described him in 1547.

Ferdinand I., like his latest descendant, Francis Joseph, was a Roman Catholic with all his heart. In his last will he most earnestly warned all his sons, and especially Maximilian, the eldest, against following a religious party, which, being divided in itself as to doctrine, could not hold the truth. "I would rather see you dead than that you should join the new sects," he wrote in his codicil of 1555. He was the first to introduce the Spanish priests, as the Jesuits were then called, into Germany. He selected Bobadilla, one of the founders of the order, as his confessor, and cautiously introduced Jesuitism, step by step, into Vienna. At first they were quartered with the Dominicans, and recommended themselves by their skill as physicians, effecting cures by means of Peruvian bark, which was long known over Europe as the Jesuit's powder. In 1551, the first Jesuit college in Germany was founded in Vienna, from whence the order rapidly spread and began to work the counter Reformation, in which they were only too successful, aided, as they were, by the hateful dissensions of Protestants among themselves, as well as the wily encroachments of the Austrian Emperors on the rights of their subjects.

It was Ferdinand's design to break

down the power of the nobles who had favored the Reformers, and so the Jesuits were introduced into Austria for the object of sowing dissension between the sects of Protestants, and dividing the nobility by educating the rising generation in seminaries of their own. In both these designs they succeeded only too well. When Ferdinand ascended the throne, according to the statements of the Venetian ambassador, *nine tenths of Germany professed the new creed*; and in the hereditary Hapsburg dominions by far the greater number were Lutherans. The whole nobility of Austria at that time went to study at the Protestant University at Wittenberg. Marriages between Catholic and Protestant were common, and all things gave promise of peace. But the Spanish priests and King Ferdinand stood in the way of this solution of the great schism of the sixteenth century. Austria became what she has ever since been, the champion of the counter-Reformation: little by little Protestantism was supplanted in Hungary, Austria, and Bohemia, till it now exists only upon sufferance in those provinces where the whole population was once either Hussite or Lutheran.

Ferdinand I. died in 1564, and Maximilian II., his eldest son, educated, like his father, in Spain, succeeded. He was a headstrong, high-spirited youth, a favorite with his uncle, Charles V., who educated him; but disliked by his father for his recklessness, and, perhaps, his liberal and tolerant spirit, for Maximilian II. was the only one of his line who was not a Catholic of the Jesuit and reactionary school. In a letter to his brother-in-law, Duke Albert of Bavaria, he declares the latitudinarian opinion: "In religious matters, one must not bend the bow till it breaks." He treated a Protestant divine, John Sebastian Pfaußer, as his confidant, made him his court preacher, and read the books on divinity that he put in his hand. Maximilian went so far even as to say that "God alone rules the consciences of men, man only rules man." Carrying out this principle, he issued an edict of toleration for Bohemia in 1567, and one for Austria, in 1568. He lived on terms of friendship with the Protestant princes of the Empire, the Elector Palatine, the Elector Augustus of Saxony, Landgrave Philip of Hesse, and Duke Christopher of Würtemberg. As early

as 1562 Maximilian entreated the Pope to sanction the administration of the eucharist in both kinds, and the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy. The Pope refused to do so, and even threatened excommunication. The Spanish cousin of the Emperor, Philip II., also opposed his liberal tendencies. There is a letter extant in the archives of Vienna which Dr. Vehse prints in full, in which Maximilian vents his grief and horror at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. "I can not," he says, "commend it at all, and I have heard, to my heart-felt grief, that my son-in-law (Charles IX.) has allowed himself to be persuaded to give his sanction to such an infamous slaughter; but I know this much, that other people rule much more than he does." "Religious matters," he goes on to say, "ought not to be settled by the sword: no honest man that fears God and loves peace will say differently; nor did Christ and his apostles teach otherwise; for their sword was their tongue, their teaching, God's word and their Christian life."

Maximilian was the first and last of the Austrian Emperors who betrayed any leaning towards Protestantism.

There is a remarkable letter extant describing the Emperor's death-bed. It seems he was urged to confess himself and to receive the sacrament. His answer to his son, the Archduke Matthias, was: "My son, all this is needless. I hope, through the mercy of God and his merits, to be saved as surely as you can be. I have confessed all my sins to Christ, and thrown them on his passion and death; and I am sure they are forgiven, and I do not need any thing else." Thus, "unhouseeld, unanointed, unannealed" by human priest, passed away the spirit of the Emperor Maximilian II., a rare instance of an Austrian Emperor imbued with Protestant and liberal sentiments. It was said that the Jesuits had poisoned him.

Rodolph succeeded—an eccentric prince, chiefly remarkable by his taste for mechanics, who, in 1608, yielded up Hungary, Austria, and Moravia to his brother Matthias, becoming a prisoner in his own palace at Prague.

On the eleventh April, 1611, he was further obliged to renounce the crown of Bohemia; and when signing the document of resignation, in his anger at the ungrateful Bohemians who sided with

Matthias, he bit the pen with which he had written his name and flung it on the diploma; on which, as Hormayr states, "the blot of ink is seen to this day." In November, 1611, the German Princes sent an Embassy to compel him to cause a King of the Romans to be elected. "Rodolph received the envoys standing under a dais, with his left hand leaning on a table. When the point of abdication was mentioned, the blood rushed to his temples, his knees trembled, and he was obliged to sit down on a chair. While the Embassy was waiting for his reply, the Emperor unexpectedly died."

Rodolph was succeeded by his brother Matthias. By a singular but just retribution, very nearly the same fate which Matthias had schemed to bring upon Rodolph, was prepared for himself by his cousin Archduke Ferdinand. In June, 1617, he was compelled to take Ferdinand to Prague to have him crowned King of Bohemia, as Ferdinand had consented to take the oaths to them, on the *Magestäts-brief*. This was a capitulation between the sovereign and his subjects, by which the free exercise of their religion was granted to the secular lords and knights, and to the inhabitants of the royal towns and demesnes.

The accession of Ferdinand to the Kingdom of Bohemia was the signal for the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War. The Jesuits, who, at the coronation of their pupil Ferdinand, had made their entry into Prague in his train, soon began to work their intrigues. They had on that occasion caused a triumphal arch to be built for Ferdinand, on which, symbolically and significantly, the Bohemian lion was chained to the arms of Austria. Scioppius, an Apostate Calvinist, in his *Alarm-drum of the Holy War*, proclaimed in the plainest language that the only way to religious unity in Europe was by a path of blood, and, on the twenty-third May, 1618, occurred the first overt act which began the prolonged conflict. On that day about noon the Utraquist or Hussite delegates who had been refused permission to build new churches by the Archbishop of Prague, resolved to take the law into their own hands. They presented themselves at the Council-room in the Hradschin, where the Council of Regency was sitting, and resolved there and then to execute summary vengeance on the two most obnoxious members of the

Council — Martinitz and Slawata. The punishment of defenestration had long been in Bohemia what the traitor's leap from the Tarpeian had been in Rome; and so they inflicted it, flinging them as they were in their Spanish costume, with cloaks and hats, from the window, into the dry ditch of the castle. They fell from a height of nearly sixty feet, but owing to their cloaks filling with air, and thus breaking the fall, and to their alighting on a heap of waste paper and other rubbish, they escaped with only a few bruises. Immediately after the defenestration Count Thurn, the chief instigator of this act of Lynch law, rode through the streets of Prague, exhorting the people to be quiet. The castle was occupied by parliamentary troops; the public officers were sworn in on the authority of the estates; a committee of thirty directors was appointed to carry on the Government, and the Jesuits were expelled from the whole of Bohemia. War, civil and religious, had now broken out; it was to last thirty years, to spread over the whole of Germany, to draw Sweden, Denmark, Spain, and France into this vortex, and not to cease until Germany had subsided into peace, because it could carry on war no longer. The death of Matthias, a few months after the first outbreak of hostilities, left the throne vacant for his cousin Ferdinand, who had already been crowned King of Bohemia. And now the Jesuits had one of their pupils at the head of the most powerful monarchy of Europe, who had put himself as a corpse in their hands, with no will but theirs, and no desire but to do that will. If passive obedience be the highest merit in man, if the noblest service be that of a dead will galvanized into life by another stronger will, then Ferdinand II. was the most exemplary Prince, not of his own, but of all time.

Ferdinand II. was son of Duke Charles and grandson of Ferdinand I., the brother of Charles V. He was born at Gratz, in 1578, and was educated in the Jesuit University of Ingolstadt. At the age of seventeen he undertook the government of Styria, and already at twenty, he began to organize the movement of the counter-Reformation, which he carried out with the most persevering purpose of will. "*Better a desert than a country full of heretics*," was a memorable saying of his to his minister Clesel. The sentiment was worthy of his cousin Philip II.

of Spain; it is difficult to say to which of the two we must assign the palm of bigotry. He was the most faithful disciple of the Church of Rome, whose priests, especially the Spanish priests, or Jesuits, were to him as the mouth-piece of God. His own confessor says of him that Ferdinand feared no one so much as the priests, whom he looked upon as something superhuman. He is reported to have once said that if he met a priest and an angel at one and the same time, he would render honor to the priest first. In his youth he made a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto, and there registered a vow of eternal enmity to the Reformation and its agents. Ferdinand heard every day two masses in the Imperial Chapel, and on Sunday, besides a mass in church, a German and an Italian sermon, and vespers in the afternoon; he never missed kneeling before the crucifix at matins in Advent, and at vespers in Lent; he regularly before and after Easter attended all the processions and pilgrimages on foot and bareheaded. He would minister as an acolyte at mass, toll the bell for vespers, and visit the monasteries and take his meals with the monks. From him dates the custom of the Emperors publicly joining in the Corpus Christi procession. The orders, black, white, and gray, grew and multiplied under his patronage in Vienna. A couple of Jesuits, as early as 1618, before Ferdinand's accession to the Imperial throne "were always to be met with in his ante-chamber—nay, they had such free access to him as to be admitted to his bedside even at midnight, as often as they chose to send in their names."

On his accession, in 1619, Ferdinand had already completed his forty-second year. He was corpulent, of low stature, but of a strong and excellent constitution. He was, moreover, very temperate both in eating and drinking, and regularly went to bed at ten, and rose at four. Unlike his predecessors, Ferdinand had no intrigues. He was a devotee, and a strict one; a sincere and a narrow-minded bigot.

During the eighteen years of Ferdinand's reign, he was constantly at war, but so little had he of martial ardor, that the first and only time he saw actual conflict, was in the Turkish campaign of 1600, and then his retreat was as inglorious as Horace's "*parvulus non bene reli-*

quit." The dust of a herd of bullocks and swine having spread a sudden panic, Ferdinand, with the whole of his army, ingloriously ran away. He never drew bridle till he had crossed the river Mur into his own country of Styria. Ferdinand never tempted fortune again on a battle-field. He had no stomach for fighting; he was all his life more of the monk than the monarch, and would have graced a cowl better than a crown. It would have been well for his after fame, if he had been allowed to abdicate, like his grand-uncle, Charles V., and retire into a monastery without once wearing the crown of Charlemagne.

The history of the Thirty Years' War, is a bloody page that has often been described. Every school-girl has read Schiller's narrative; and some of the incidents, such as Gustavus Adolphus' death, the sack of Magdeburg, and the murder of Wallenstein, stand out in German history as landmarks to those to whom almost all the rest is a haze of names and dates. But some of the events of that war, which throw their light on the policy of the House of Austria, are not so well known. On the 8th November, 1620, was fought the fatal battle of the White Mountain of Prague. Frederic, the unhappy Elector-Palatine, and son-in-law of our James I., fled the day after the battle, leaving behind, as he hurriedly entered his traveling carriage, his crown and his jewels. The result of the battle was fatal to the Bohemian liberties and religion. On that day Bohemia sunk from the rank of an independent kingdom to a mere province of Austria, which it has remained ever since. The revenge of the Emperor was as complete as his victory. Like Alva at Brussels, he temporized and allured the Bohemian nobles with hopes of an amnesty, only to get them more completely in his grasp. Once he had succeeded in this, blood began to flow, and on the twenty-first of June, 1621, such a scene of wholesale butchery was witnessed in the old City Circus, at Prague, as has never been witnessed perhaps out of China. Yeh might have envied the completeness of this butchery *en masse* of a whole nobility.

Early in the morning, at four, the heavy boom of the cannon was heard from the Hradschin—it was the signal for the executions. The prisoners, escorted by a squadron of cuirassiers and two

hundred musketeers, were driven in six or seven carriages to the Altstadt. The scaffold, covered with red cloth, was erected close before the town-hall, in the ring opposite the church called Theinkirche, which was surmounted by the large chalice with the sword, the emblem of the Hussites. It happened with the Bohemian martyrs as with the magnanimous John Frederic of Saxony, they behaved like brave men in the hour of misfortune. They all died joyous in faith. It was five before the executions began; a slight shower fell, and, to the no small comfort of the martyrs, a fine rainbow spanned the sky. The executioner began his task—he beheaded within four hours, from five to nine o'clock, twenty-four persons—three were hanged. The decapitated lords were most of them very old; the aggregate age of ten of them was calculated to have been seven hundred years. One only, whilst already kneeling down, was reprieved; his punishment was commuted into imprisonment for life, Confiscation and banishment awaited those whom the executive spared. A proclamation was made offering pardon to any Bohemian nobles who informed against themselves. No less than seven hundred and twenty-eight nobles were simple enough to do so. Their lives were spared, but their estates were confiscated. The Emperor levied the enormous sum of forty-three million florins from the sale of these confiscated estates, and thus nearly all the landed property of Bohemia changed owners during Ferdinand's reign. The innocent sons and grand-sons of the condemned had to wear a red silk string round their necks, as a token "that the spawn of the rebels had also deserved the halter." Then followed the last act of the Bohemian tragedy—a wholesale emigration. No less than one hundred and eighty-five noble houses, of twelve, twenty, and even fifty persons each, beside many thousand families of commoners and citizens, left their country forever. Notwithstanding this drain, there were, in the time of Joseph II., in 1787, forty-five thousand Protestants, partly Lutheran, partly Calvinists, in Bohemia. Ferdinand burnt the *Magestäts-brief* and other charters of Bohemia, as waste paper. "These are the rags," he said, "of waste paper, which have given so much trouble to our predecessors." Bohemia lost all her liberties, civil and religious; the spirit and

pride of her nobility were broken; her language degenerated into a provincial dialect; her literature disappeared, and all the books and records of her former independence were hunted down and destroyed. Never, in modern times, was there a more complete obliteration of a nation's existence.

It is characteristic of Ferdinand, that while the executions were going on in the public square in Prague, on a June morning in 1620, he was on his knees praying for the salvation of those whose bodies he was destroying. While we are appalled at the blood-thirsty way in which he went about his revenge, we are almost compelled to pity him for his sincere but insane fanaticism.

Ferdinand II. died as he had lived, a devoted son of the Church, holding in his hand a consecrated taper which his confessor had offered him. He was succeeded by his son Ferdinand III., who was his father over again, only in miniature—what Bombalino, the present King of Naples, appears to be to his father. He was a particular champion of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, that peculiarly Spanish doctrine which has made its way with the spread of Spanish Jesuitism all over Catholic Europe. He issued an order that no one should be made a doctor without taking the oath on the Immaculate Conception. He set the example of erecting monuments in honor of this dogma. When he was besieged in Vienna in 1645 he made a vow to erect in the Hof a monument to the Virgin in marble. The one he erected was replaced in 1667 by another in marble and bronze which stands there to this day. During the greater part of his reign the Thirty Years' War raged on, becoming fiercer every year till it finally died out for want of more fuel. The peace of Westphalia was concluded on the twenty-fourth October, 1648; but the relief to Germany came too late to be felt by that generation. Germany was exhausted; its fields lay waste; its population gone. Instead of flourishing industrious towns, and cheerful thriving villages, the eye, as far as it reached, only met heaps of smouldering ruins and newly-dug graves. Germany was fast relapsing into its primitive state, covered with bog and forest; the starving men wandered about, preying like wolves, and driven even to the acts of cannibalism.

Ferdinand had realized his ferocious boast, "better a desert than a country full of heretics" — *solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant* — might have been the reflection of a patriotic German on this rest from exhaustion, miscalled a peace.

Central Europe did not recover, it is thought, for a century, the ravages of these thirty years of war; and to this day the backward state of Germany, in comparison with France and England, may be traced to these years of horror, when its plains became the cock-pit of Europe, when the northern and southern nations met to fight out the old quarrel of the previous century between Luther and the Pope.

Ferdinand III. died in 1657, and was succeeded by his son, Leopold I., surnamed by the Jesuits "the Great," perhaps because he was the feeblest monarch that ever sat on a throne, and therefore the most manageable. Leopold was a true Spaniard and bigot, like his father and grandfather, a pupil of the Jesuits, and as docile as a dog to his masters. Leopold was not unlike his descendant, Francis II., occupant of the imperial throne during the long wars of the French Revolution. It has twice been the fortune, or misfortune, as it may be, of the House of Austria to have two of the most imbecile of their race on the throne pitted against the two most vigorous rulers of France. What Leopold was in comparison with Louis XIV. that Francis II. was to Napoleon. Like Francis II., Leopold was fond of correcting the style of the state papers that were laid before him. His whole work as a ruler consisted, in fact, in signing the orders drawn up in his name by his Ministers. He had, like all men of small intellect, a memory tenacious only of trifles; thus, in the disastrous year 1683, when the Turks drove him from his capital, he recorded that eight thousand two hundred and sixty-five dispatches were signed, three hundred and eighty-six letters written, and four hundred and eighty-one audiences given by him. He was a caricature of a king, as seen and described by an Italian Abbe, who in his travels visited Vienna in 1670 and 1680. "The Emperor," he says, "is of small stature and delicate complexion; the hanging lip peculiar to the House of Hapsburg is so marked in him that the eye-teeth protrude, which somewhat impedes his speech; his eyes and brow are

majestic; his beard, which nearly covers his chin, is black, and he wears a periwig. His gait is languid. He is dressed in the Spanish fashion—red stockings and shoes, a red or black plume in his hat, and round his neck the great collar of the Golden Fleece, which is sometimes covered by his mantle."

Leopold's only decisive acts as a ruler were despotical proceedings in the case of political crimes. The little energy that he had he used in attempting to crush Hungary, as Ferdinand II. had attempted to crush Bohemia. The Jesuits had pertinaciously been pursuing the plan of introducing the Spanish rule into Hungary as they had done into Bohemia. To accomplish this their policy was to keep up the closest connection with the Turks, who then held more than half of Hungary, and so keep the Protestants in check, and finally crush them. In this they succeeded. The Hungarians resorted to the *privilege of insurrection*, a strange right reserved to the Hungarian magnates by the Golden Bull of 1222, the Magna Charta of Hungary, granted by Andrew II., one of the native line of kings, and which all the former kings of Hungary, including those of the House of Hapsburg, had sworn to respect. They used this privilege of insurrection against Leopold in 1670, and being defeated, had to pay the penalty in a merciless proscription of their nobility, and the forcible suppression of all Protestant worship. Protestant preachers and schoolmasters were arrested and condemned, some to imprisonment, others to death: two hundred and fifty Lutheran ministers were banished to Bohemia, and then thrown into dungeons without even a form of trial. *Thirty-eight of these pastors were sold at fifty crowns per head as galley-slaves to Naples.* Beaten down, trampled on, their liberties and religion taken away, the Hungarians would have shared the same fate as the Bohemians, when, happily for them, the Turks invaded Austria and invested Vienna. Fortune plays strange freaks with men and principles. The infidel Turks came to the rescue of Protestant Hungary from the grip of Catholic Austria, and John Sobieski, in his turn, rescues Austria from the grip of the infidel. It was characteristic of Leopold that when he met Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna, he only saluted him with chilling coldness, remaining stiffly sitting in the

saddle, nor did he even lift his hat when Sobieski kissed his hand, and the Polish nobles of the first houses were presented to him. Austrian ingratitude is proverbial. Nicholas was the Sobieski of Austria in 1849, and Russia has not forgotten, though Austria has, the debt of obligation then incurred by her. The bloody assize of Eperies, in which Caraffa of Naples played the part of our Judge Jefferies, and about the same year 1687, followed soon upon the deliverance of Vienna. Caraffa once said: "If I were conscious of having within my body one drop of blood that was friendly to the Hungarians, *I would at once bleed myself to death.*" The tortures that he inflicted are too horrible to relate: the rack, the boot, and lighted wax tapers under the armpits, were common punishments; suffice, that Caraffa made good his boast, that he would prove himself to be the Attila, the Scourge of God, to these Hungarians. When the Hungarians asked that they might be permitted to defend themselves, Caraffa replied: "*That their trial should be proceeded with after their execution.*" The Hungarians at last, to get rid of the bloody assize of Eperies, acquiesced in having the crown of their ancient elective monarchy made hereditary in the male line of the House of Hapsburg; and also resigned their right of insurrection. If men have the right to rebel, with whom does the right rest? Who is to decide when the limits of endurance are past? Is it the prince or the people? If with the prince, rebellion is always wrong; if with the people, it is always right; but in neither case can it be a matter of strict right. Rebellion is always a case of necessity, and necessity knows no law.

On the fifth of May, 1705, the Emperor Leopold died at the age of sixty-four of dropsy in the chest. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph, who, though a true Hapsburg in pride and stiff pedantry, was much more tolerant than any of his predecessors of the Illyrian line. Under him the Jesuits, for the first time, began to lose ground at the Court of Vienna. He also despised the saintly Camarilla, who had exercised paramount influence at the court of his father. Joseph went so far as to expel a Jesuit from Vienna for preaching sermons leveled at him, and when remonstrated with for selecting a confessor who was not a Jesuit, he threat-

ened to send the whole order out of Austria, never to return. But Joseph's reign was destined to be short, and the reforms which he had begun were to be carried on by his greater namesake, Joseph II., towards the end of the century. He was cut off by small-pox in 1711, and was succeeded by Charles VI., the sixteenth and last emperor of the old male line of Hapsburg.

The reign of Charles VI. marks the transition between the dull cold bigotry of the Hapsburgs of the seventeenth century, and the more liberal rule of the new branch of Hapsburg-Lorraines of the eighteenth. He continued and carried forward his brother Joseph's ecclesiastical reforms: suppressed useless monasteries, corrected the abuses of the conventual prisons, which, in many cases, were dens of debauchery and cruelty, and forced the regulars into submission to their bishops. But, in other respects, Charles was as great a trifler as his father and grandfather. When in Spain he was pressed by the allies to advance upon Madrid, as it would be a great point to occupy the capital; he refused, because he had no state carriages, and it did not befit him, as King of Spain, to enter Madrid except in state.

Charles VI. had no son; and to secure the succession to his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, he procured the celebrated Pragmatic Sanction, enacted in 1713, and published in 1724. To secure for this sanction the respect of the great powers of Europe, Charles stopped at no sacrifices. It was the labor of his life to make it binding by solemn treaties. To secure this he lowered the dignity of the Imperial crown, and sacrificed the independence of Austria. But no sooner was Charles dead, than the very power who guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction, rose against Maria Theresa: only eight weeks after Charles's death, Frederic had overrun and annexed Silesia.

Maria Theresa, with an empty treasury, a disbanded army, and a disputed title, began her reign on the twentieth October, 1740; yet, before she died, in 1780, she had consolidated the hereditary states of the House of Hapsburg in one consistent and powerful monarchy. She had established that bureaucratic system, which her son Joseph II. carried to perfection. She had crowned one of her sons King of the Romans; seated another on the throne

of Tuscany; married a third to the rich heiress of Este, and so secured to him the Duchy of Modena, and had given away three of her daughters to three Bourbon princes: Marie Antoinette, the celebrated Queen of France; Caroline, Queen of Naples; and Amelia, Duchess of Parma.

Thus Maria Theresa may be considered the foundress of the modern Austrian Empire, not only because this new line of Hapsburg-Lorraine begins with her, but also because from her reign we may date the entire ascendancy of Austria in Italy, which continued unbroken till the peace of Villafranca. Maria Theresa's courageous appeal to the Hungarians, and their chivalrous reply, are well known; but it also deserves to be recorded, to her honor, that she was the only one of the three accomplices in the partition of Poland who felt any reluctance to commit this act of spoliation. When the measure had been forced upon her by her minister, Kaunitz, she signed the deed of partition, writing on the margin of the memorandum: "*Placet: because so many great and learned men wish it; but when I have been long dead people will see what must come from this VIOLATION OF EVERY THING THAT, UNTIL NOW, HAS BEEN DEEMED HOLY AND RIGHT.*"

Honor to her woman's heart: it was a truer instinct to guide her conduct by than all the state-craft of Kaunitz. She added these words on the back of the sheet: "When all my countries were attacked, and I no longer knew where I might go quietly to lie in, I stood stiff, on my good right and the help of God. But, in this affair, when not only clear justice cries to Heaven against us, but also all fairness and common-sense condemns us, I must confess that I never felt so troubled in all my life, and am ashamed to show myself before the people."

Maria Theresa was succeeded by her son Joseph II. in 1780. His reign was short, lasting little more than nine years, yet it was memorable. He is, on the whole, the most remarkable prince of the House of Hapsburg, since the days of Charles V. to the present. His energetic reforms imparted new life to the sluggish rule of the House of Austria. He first brought Austrian policy up to the level of the age, and if he had lived longer, or been supported in these reforms by his successors, the integrity of the Austrian empire might have been saved. As it

now is, it seems that Austria must share the fate of China, to which her policy has conformed with such remarkable pertinacity. She is slowly breaking up under pressure from without and dissension within. Her provinces, like those of China, are centralized only in appearance.

Count Buol told Lord Adam Loftus the other day, that Austria was a Conservative state; so is China, but such Conservatism is a sorry thing for a statesman to boast of. True Conservatism implies progress, for there is a life in a nation as in a tree—if it is not growing it is decaying, and though, for a time, the causes of decay are unseen, they are none the less certain.

There was a better spirit in the rulers of Austria last century. Between Joseph I. and Joseph II., that is from 1705 to 1780, they began to feel the breath of new ideas. Their sacred Apostolic Majesties took the air, and went about and thought as other people. Between the ridiculous Leopold and the imbecile Francis II., there was an interval of common-sense.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay;" and during that fifty years of Europe, French and English ideas propagated themselves so fast in Austria, that English liberalism and French philosophy began to be tolerated, and the Jesuits pronounced a nuisance, even by Apostolic Majesty itself. Joseph II. was the first really liberal Emperor. Maria Theresa, his mother, was better than her predecessors, and showed a reforming spirit in many respects. She deputed her authority to old Kaunitz, to whom, more than to any one else, the general suppression of the Jesuits, at the end of the eighteenth century was due. Pombal, Arunda, and Choiseul, the three ministers who put down the order in Portugal, Spain, and France, had formerly been ambassadors of their courts at Vienna, and had taken their cue from thence. At Rome Kaunitz was only called *il ministro eretico*. The arch-infidel, Voltaire, and the author of the *Tartuffe*, were his favorite authors. The expulsion of the Spanish priests who, for two hundred years, had been the real rulers of Austria, was a revolution, silent but real in the policy of Austria. This was effected by Kaunitz in 1772, Maria Theresa giving her reluctant consent. Joseph was then thirty-one years of age, and already had

begun to display those advanced opinions which brought such a startling change on Austria in a few years. Frederic the Great saw Joseph, for the first time, when he was a young man of twenty-eight. The king then said of him: "He is bred in a bigoted court, and has cast off superstition; he has been brought up in pomp, and yet has adopted plain manners; he has been nurtured with flattery, and yet is modest." Frederic predicted that he would surpass Charles V. Joseph was full of those philanthropic ideas of promoting the happiness of mankind, which had propagated themselves from France to Germany; "and it marks," Vehse observes, "most strikingly the difference between him and Frederic, that during his French journey, in the prime of manhood, he in Paris went to see Rousseau in his garret; but whilst in Switzerland, rigorously, and on principle, abstained from paying a visit to Frederic's great friend, Voltaire, at Ferney—an omission which not a little annoyed the vain philosopher."

If Austria could have produced a Washington, that man was Joseph. At the beginning of his reign he gave a rare example of disinterestedness. He burned coupons—government stock issued after the seven years' war to the value of 22,000,000 florins, which he had inherited from his father, thus making a present to the treasury both of capital and interest. "*Virtute et exemplo*," was his motto through life, and he only expected from others what he was prepared to do himself. He put down jobbery wherever he could, and raised the standard of education at the public offices. He abolished the Spanish ceremonial and stiffness which prevailed at court, and issued a special order forbidding genuflections, as he said that men should kneel only before God. The court struggled in vain against this new Reforming Emperor. Old Polonius, with plentiful lack of wit, predicted the end of all things when Joseph sat himself down on the throne in a military uniform. Joseph would not wear the robes of state, and laughing at the farce of gold stick, ate, drank, and talked as other people. Apostolic Majesty had caught at last the spirit of the times, and Leopold and Ferdinand must have turned in their graves at the reforming pranks of this young Hamlet of Hapsburg. In the first year of his reign he issued two edicts, which, in his ardent enthusiasm, he thought would

liberalize Austria by a stroke of the pen. The edict of the eleventh of June, 1781, abolishing the censorship of the Press; and the edict of the thirteenth October, in the same year, granting entire toleration to all religious dissenters. The edict abolishing the censorship produced a sudden deluge of books. The number of book-writers who crowded to Vienna was estimated at nearly four hundred. This sudden liberty soon degenerated into license, and at last Joseph was obliged to put a check upon the publication of works like the *Wolfenbuttel Fragments* and Voltaire's *Maid of Orleans*. But he would not suppress any attacks of the Press upon himself, "for," said he, "the public will not judge me from pamphlets, but from my acts."

The other important edict of toleration, to all sects alike, Lutheran, Calvinist, Greeks, and Jews, also met with great opposition. Joseph was a sincere Christian. Passing on his journey to Rome, through Bologna, he said to the professors of Theology there: "I am no divine; I am only a soldier; but so much I know that one way and one truth only leads to heaven—and I hope you, in your schools, will keep to it—the truth of Jesus Christ." He struck at the root of all bigotry in the famous Bull against heretics: "*In Cæna Domini*." This he ordered to be expunged from all rituals—the oath to be taken by all doctors of the universities, on the Immaculate Conception, was abolished; nor were people required to kneel to the Host, as it passed by in the streets. The import trade of images and relics from Italy was put a stop to—waxen Agnus Deis, amulets, scapulars, and so forth, were forbidden to be sold—images in churches were stripped of their tawdry dresses, their periwigs, and hooped petticoats, and trumpery of all kinds was swept out of the monasteries, as by our Henry VIII. The theatrical style of church-music was laid aside; the Mass sung in German; processions were put down or limited to a single day; the Corpus Christi and pilgrimages discountenanced.

Joseph, like our Henry VIII., took care to make his reforms profitable as well as pious. He founded a religious chest, in which he deposited the silver and gold of melted images; thus, while he vied with the Ephesians in burning the books of superstition and curious arts, he carefully counted the cost, and, by help of the

melting-pot, he not only purified religion in Austria, but also replenished the exchequer. The Pope, at last, took alarm at these Protestant proceedings. Unable to check these reforms by remonstrances from Rome, Pius VI. resolved to surprise the Emperor in Vienna, and try the effect of personal influence. Pius was a very handsome and affable, but also a very vain old man. He had earned the name in Rome of *Il Persuasore*. So, nothing daunted by the Emperor's coolness, he set out for Vienna on the twenty-seventh February, 1782. Instead of kissing the slipper and holding the stirrups, Joseph embraced the Pope three times *à la Française*. The Pope remained four weeks in Vienna, and was treated outwardly with all respect. Joseph was courteous "as a king to a king," but appeared utterly unconscious of the honor of receiving under his roof the Holy Father of Christendom, and treated him with the same studied respect as if he had been only his good brother of France or Naples, and not His Holiness. Old Kaunitz, *il ministro eretico*, even surpassed his master in cool irreverence. When the Emperor introduced him, the Pope held out his hand to be kissed. Old Kaunitz gave it a hearty squeeze, *à l'Anglaise*, exclaiming: *De tout mon cœur, de tout mon cœur*—as if he had said in plain English: "Delighted to see you, old fellow." When the Pope honored Kaunitz with a visit, which, by the by, the old heretic forgot to return, Kaunitz received the holy father in an easy morning-dress, and took him through the picture-gallery, pushing the vicar of Christ unceremoniously about to place him in the best light to see the pictures, and altogether handling him in so irreverent a manner that the Pope was "struck of a heap"—"*tutto stupefatto*," as he confessed to his chamberlain. The holy father, however, did not forget to suggest to the heretic, Kaunitz, that it was high time in his old age to do something for the church.

So little did the Pope get from his journey to Vienna that Joseph carried on his reforms with a higher hand than ever. He soon returned the Pope's visit, and (strange contrast with Francis Joseph) the streets of Rome rang with applause of the Austrian Emperor. The populace shouted so energetically, "*Viva l'Imperatore re dei Romani. Siete a casa vostra siete il nostro padrone*," that Joseph

himself was obliged to repress these acclamations. The days of the Ghibellines seemed come again. Joseph even had serious thoughts of a formal rupture with Rome, and setting up a national church in Germany. "I hope," said Joseph, to the Cardinal Argara, the Spanish Ambassador, "*I shall be able to convince my people that they may remain Catholic without being Roman*," and the Archbishops of Mayence, Cologne, Treves, and Salzburg met at Ems, and discussed the measures for laying the foundations of a free national church.

So loud was the outcry of the party of reaction that Joseph was denounced as a Lutheran. A fanatical monk at Lemburg attempted his life, and Joseph only ordered him to be shut up in a mad-house. In the Tyrol, the people under priestly instigation, broke out into rebellion. An effigy of Luther was carried about the streets in a wheel-barrow, and afterwards thrown into the river; and Protestants were beaten and insulted.

Joseph was a thorough utilitarian. His habits were active and simple. Economy reigned in his palace. He reduced the expenses from six million florins to half a million. Much work and little play was his habit through life. He rose at five and worked all the morning with his five secretaries, reading and answering dispatches. His fare was frugal; he ate no supper, and if there was any pressing business, could work till beyond midnight. His bed was a sack, filled with maize straw, over which a stag's skin and a linen sheet were spread. His pillow was a leathern cushion, stuffed with horse-hair.

Joseph had not completed his forty-ninth year when he died. His reign was only too short for Austria. Even the party of reaction, to whose entire ascendancy during the last forty years Austria owes her continual downward decline, now admits that Joseph II. saved the empire from the effects of the French Revolution. Count Fiquelmont, the champion of pure absolutism, the most Austrian of Austrian statesmen, acknowledges his great merits. Hormayr, the Saint Simon of Austria, who, as an *employé*, spent his life in quietly noting the symptoms of decay in the empire, in whose pay he was, wrote before the revolution of 1848: "*His memory rises every spring more powerfully from the grave.*"

Leopold II., who had been Grand Duke of Tuscany, succeeded his brother Joseph in 1790, and reigned only two years. But, during that short reign, he decided the policy of Austria for the next quarter of a century. Contrary to the advice of old Kaunitz, he resolved to oppose the French Revolution, and handed on to his son Francis II., as an inheritance, those disastrous wars with Napoleon, which three times brought Austria to the very brink of ruin. Of all the powers that fought with Napoleon, Austria is the only one that can not point to a victory. England has her Peninsula and Waterloo. Prussia wiped out her Jena at Waterloo, and Russia her Friedland at Moscow, but Austria was always beaten. She was brought back on the crest of the wave that swept Napoleon before it; but Austria has no military glory to point to as her own in modern times. She is an excellent jailer, and her troops can take terrible revenge on an unarmed populace. But the united Italians were too much for her in 1848, and the Hungarians in 1849. But for the treachery of the Pope and the King of Naples she would never have recovered her grasp of Italy; and but for the one hundred and fifty thousand Russians that Nicholas marched in to her rescue, she would never have recovered Hungary. As it is, she only holds her provinces together as the planks of a stranded wreck, that will go to pieces at the first storm. Statesmen still put faith in the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg, and financiers still float her loans into the market. But the faith of Jew and Gentile in the solvency and stability of Austria is very nearly at an end. The last exposure of the surreptitious issue of eleven millions of national stock by Baron Bruck, over and above what the government had declared its debts to amount to, is a proceeding on a level with that of Paul, Strahan, and Bates, and calls for the expulsion of Austrian loans from every bourse in Europe. It is impossible that such a system can hold together much longer—it has been living on its capital too long—its credit is now gone also—Russia will lend her no more soldiers, or Holland any more *métalliques*. The concordat and centralization have done their work, and alienated forever the loyalty even of the Tyrolese and Germans, the only loyal provinces Austria possessed ten years ago. Europe must now look out for changes in

the balance of power for the disintegration of Austria into two or three great nationalities. It is not as in Spain or France, where, when the old Bourbon dynasty was effete, a revolution brought in new blood, and with it new ideas, while the nation's life continued the same as before. In Austria the race is effete, and the system as well. There is no homogeneous race to begin a new life for Austria, as in France since the Revolution; but the government will fall to pieces with the family that represent it. *Le roi est l'état*, is true of Austria more than ever it was of France in its most despotic days. Austria is a house, not a nation. When Francis V., ex-Duke of Modena, changed the name of his territories from *Stati Modenesi* to *Stati Estesi*, implying thereby that his subjects were his personal possessions—stock—he acted in the spirit of a true Austrian. The Hapsburg, like the Este States, are looked upon as their estates, and since their subjects have no rights, of course they have no duties. Italy and Hungary will release themselves as soon as they can from all obligations to rulers who are under no obligations to them. The fiction of loyalty without law can not be kept up much longer, and when the last descendant of Rodolph of Hapsburg is reduced to the petty dukedom from which his dynasty take their name, then, at last, Hungary, Italy, and Bohemia may form the nuclei of three independent constitutional states, like Belgium, Sardinia, and Prussia. Europe will be relieved of one great military monarchy, and there will be one obstacle the less in the way of Continental improvement. We do not agree with Dr. Michiels that France is to work the overthrow of Austria. His book, written in May last, was out of date in July, when Napoleon patched up the inglorious treaty of Villafranca. France, as governed at present, will have to win her own liberties before she can think of giving liberty to the enslaved subjects of Austria. One military monarchy may go to war with another, but Satan does not cast out Satan. Despotic kings soon patch up their quarrels in face of the common enemy—a constitutional king. Nor, again, do we anticipate much result from the demands of Panslavism in Hungary and Bohemia. The flame of disaffection is artfully fanned by Russian agents, and, of course, for Russian ends. Russia only uses nationalities as the cat the monkey

to get the chestnuts for its own eating. Constitutionalism has nothing to gain from military monarchy, either in Russia or France. But when the end comes, and it

can not be far off, let us hope that Italy, Hungary, and Bohemia will enjoy their own native dynasties, and with them retain their liberties.

From the Westminster Review.

BONAPARTISM IN ITALY.*

PEACE might now have been concluded, but Austria had, unfortunately for herself and more unfortunately for the West, made a treaty with Russia, and Suwarrow and his Tartars were come to divide the promised spoil. Italy, overrun in turn by Goths, Vandals, Austrians, Spaniards, French, was now to feel the pressure of a barbarous race introduced by Austria, who to her crimes must add the guilt of having opened the door of Western civilization to this dangerous intruder.

Lord Byron's immortal description of the storming of Ismail by Suwarrow has made English readers familiar with the name of the Russian commander. A massacre of men, women, and children, so complete that it amounted to extermination, has given to the siege of Ismail a fearful celebrity, and to the victor an exceptional notoriety. With a levity surpassing that of Nero, who fiddled when Rome was burning, Suwarrow turned the slaughter of thirty-six thousand human beings of both sexes and all ages into a serio-comic epigram. His mistress loved buffoonery. The diminutive hero was as ugly as malicious, and not much bigger than a monkey. His powers of mimicry were peculiar, and were so unsparingly used for the Empress's diversion, that it was only by express command he became serious, and proved himself capable of better things by his remarkable sagacity, expressed with a quaint originality that imparted a pungent flavor to his sayings. His mode of dealing with Ismail marked him out the right man for Poland. He was not likely to mar by troublesome scruples the iniquitous work of partition, and the sack of Praga is said to have out-

horrored even the horrors of Ismail. Catharine died soon after, and was succeeded by Paul, a madman, who asserted a sovereign right of monopoly of eccentricity, and sent Suwarrow home to vent his disappointment on his serfs. Austria had not forgotten her worthy partner in the partition of Poland, and when another blow was to be struck for her Italian possessions, surprised the Russian general with an intimation that he was created an Austrian field-marshal and generalissimo of the allied army. When he arrived at Verona to take the command, he was sixty-nine years of age, yet as active, as vigorous, as full of ardor, tricks, and mischief, and only more hideously ugly, dirty, and slovenly, than when he used to divert Catharine by drilling his soldiers in his shirt-sleeves, with one boot off and his stocking hanging down to his heels. His eccentricities, however, won the heart of his soldiers, whom he called his children, and proved the sincerity of the relationship by inflicting no more lashes than were likely to do them good, while he ate of his children's too savory food, and would sleep only on straw. The preparations made for the commander-in-chief in the city of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" made it doubtful whether the house was not fitted up for the horse instead of the field-marshal. The looking-glasses were all removed lest the general's sense of beauty should be shocked by the sight of his own face. The beds were turned out, and fresh straw laid in. The general was an early riser, and his way of waking up his military flock was quite in keeping with his habits. He uttered a crow like that of an early village cock, and his soldiers immediately sprang up to the familiar sound. When we hear of the Allies separating we must not be surprised that

* Concluded from page 227.

men of the grave bearing and courtly habits of the Austrian staff could not long endure the grotesque superiority assumed by this worthy representative of a master almost mad. The Russians treated their Allies as inferiors. They had beaten the Turks and trampled on the Poles, and were now to show the Austrians the way to beat the French, by whom they had been beaten.

The unfortunate French General Scherer was allowed no peace. His line of defense on the Adda was pierced, and Suwarrow inaugurated his command by the victory of Cassano, twenty-eighth of April, in which a whole French division was cut off, and compelled to lay down its arms. Scherer, on the evening of that fatal day, begged Moreau to assume the command. Moreau hoped to be able to make a stand in Piedmont; but the people, wearied of French oppression, as soon as they felt the chain loosened, rose to assert their deliverance, and Moreau found himself compelled to take refuge in the Apennines, in such a position as would enable him to assail Suwarrow's flank as soon as the latter should advance to intercept the approach of Macdonald from Naples. At length, in the middle of June, Macdonald made his appearance. On the nineteenth of June, the French lost the decisive battle of the Trebbia. Within three months they had lost Germany and Italy. Still the resolution of the nation was represented by Moreau, entrenched in the Apennines, and its daring enterprise by Massena, perched like an eagle above the Swiss lake of Zurich. A vigorous minister-of-war, Bernadotte, was appointed, recruits were raised, and hurried to both theaters of war. The battle of Novi, fought fifteenth of August, 1799, was one of the most obstinately-contested of any that had taken place in Italy. For hours the Allies could not gain an inch, or if they did, were hurled back by the inflexible valor of the French. If Moreau, and the brave, enlightened, and honorable St. Cyr were on one side, Kray, Bagration, and Suwarrow were on the other. Suwarrow, as usual, when bent on business, was without coat or waistcoat, animating by his enthusiasm, which was wild in battle, his followers to fury. Victory wavered as the day advanced, and at length declared against the French, and Moreau was obliged to withdraw the remains of a shattered army within the fast-

nesses of the Apennines. France was now about to be threatened with invasion. All that remained to be done was to dislodge Massena from his position in Switzerland, but that was not an easy matter. If, however, the Austrians and Russians were closely united, and zealously resolved upon acting together, it is more than probable that even the genius of Massena, the patriotism of Moreau, and the unquestionable military abilities of the generals leading soldiers of the highest order, could not have saved France from the pollution of invasion.

With the news of the loss of Italy at Novi the French people heard, at the same time, of the defeat of Brune in Holland, by an English Expedition, under Abercrombie, and the capture of the whole Dutch fleet. Paris became violently agitated. The Directory lost credit and authority. The clubs revived, the Jacobin press called for the revival of the days of terror, and an opposition, numbering two hundred members, inclined to follow the furious passions of the revolutionists, appeared in the Upper Assembly of the Five Hundred. The five directors were quarreling, and the general disorganization was so complete, that the Republic seemed about to fall to ruin. The moment was, in fact, ripe for Bonaparte; but where was he? Mystery hung over the name of him who, whether a victor at the foot of the Pyramids or a lurking fugitive upon the Nile, none could tell, for Nelson was master of the sea, and a French sail dared not come within sight of the British ships.

Disunion between the Austrians and Russians saved France from immediate peril. The Aulic Council at Vienna ordered the separation of the two armies. To the Russians was assigned the invasion of Switzerland. The Austrian troops were to act on the Rhine, and to defend their reconquered ground in Italy. The arrangement was highly pleasing to Suwarrow, who panted to be let loose in pursuit of prey. He was sick of the slow operations of sieges in Italy for the benefit of Allies, whose selfishness he shrewdly penetrated and exposed to his imperial master. The Czar Paul without being absolutely mad, had one of those chaotic brains in which good and bad principles so mingled and crossed, that according as one or other was uppermost for the moment, he might pass for a chivalrous

Quixote, a whimsical tormentor, or a tyrant. His humor, stimulated by the reports of his old lieutenant, as chaotic in conduct as the Emperor was in mind, had taken a generous direction, which alarmed the Austrian Government. Paul proclaimed himself the restorer of things to their right place. If he turned out the French republicans, he did not intend that Austria was to pocket the disgorged spoil. He vowed that Italy should be reinstated, that the Pope should rule in Rome, yea, and that the Republic of Venice should be restored. Now Austria meant to keep Venice, and to keep all she could lay her hands upon, and so she hounded on Suwarrow into Switzerland, saying, with Iago:

"Whether Roderigo kill Cassio, or Cassio Kill Roderigo, I profit either way."

While the necessary military changes were operating in presence of Massena, that consummate general, perceiving something wrong, attacked the arriving Russian divisions before they were solidly in their positions, beat them to pieces, and became master of Zurich.

Suwarrow was painfully ascending Mount St. Gothard, then without a high road, harassed at each step by riflemen hidden amongst rocks, with whom Russian soldiers, accustomed to level plains, and to act in companies, knew not how to deal. The indomitable old man, seeing his children, as he called them, waver, deliberately lay down on the ground, and begged them to dig his grave, as back he would not go. His brave spirit communicated itself to others, and they won their way across the torrent of the Reuss, over planks, in the place where the Devil's Bridge had been, until blown up by the retreating French, and at length stood on that classic ground of Altorf, where the cruel caprice of a former Austrian tyrant turned a William Tell from an outraged father into a great deliverer. Suwarrow reached the head of the Lake of Uri, expecting there to find a flotilla of boats to carry his division to the points where they were to act with the other divisions, already in supposed possession of the country. There were no boats. The eye of the strategist probably saw not the sublime scene before him. Tell's chapel, piously reared on the spot his foot had touched, when, spurning the boat in which

he was a captive, he sprang ashore, and while the boat and the brains of the captors were whirling about in confusion, he was climbing the fifteen hundred feet of almost perpendicular rock which, with the opposite mountain, mingle eternal shadow over the most solemn of lakes. As in a crypt lay the chapel of William Tell, whose spirit might have been supposed to guard the sacred cradle of Swiss liberty, and to warn back the savage lieutenant of a barbarous despot. Suwarrow would have been more perplexed had he known the full horrors of his situation. His subordinate officers were beaten. He stood isolated, at the head of a few thousand troops. There was no road at either side, and nothing remained but to dare the horrible defile of the Schachenthal, leading to the canton of Glarus. Over slippery precipices, where a single traveler could hardly find footing, Suwarrow and his children were obliged to creep in single file, sacrificing artillery, horses, mules, and baggage. When he reached his destination this singular hero ordered his linen to be unpacked and aired. But idle was this affected security. He was surrounded by triumphant enemies, and after some desperate efforts to force his way, found himself obliged to retreat. Although early in autumn, snow was falling, and there was not the trace of a path—not a human habitation visible, but huge billowy wastes of snow, amidst which the sight of a naked rock was a relief and welcome for its shelter. At length they, or rather the survivors, did reach the valley of the Rhine, with about ten thousand men, or little more than one half the division which had found its progress arrested by the Lake of Uri. This miserable expedition dissolved the alliance. France was saved. Suwarrow returned home, to find discomfiture crowned by disgrace. The bitterness of his treatment at the hands of Paul made him turn with more grateful recollections to the memory of Catharine. He begged, as a last favor, that the portrait of his revered mother (as the Empress was called by her subjects) might be laid on his breast as his body descended into the grave. It was the only favor accorded to a man whose crimes against humanity were not those which counted. He had committed the one deadly sin of being unfortunate. The evil fit being uppermost in the head of Paul, he ordered that no military honors

should mark the funeral of the greatest of Russian soldiers. Attendance was prohibited. One foreign ambassador braved imperial anger. He was an Englishman. Lord Whitworth was the only person of distinction who followed Field-Marshal Suwarrow to the tomb.

Bonaparte was in Egypt a whole year in utter ignorance of the events passing in Europe throughout that long period. At length, on the seventeenth October, having escaped the British cruisers, he landed at Frejus in Provence. His appearance electrified the town. They had been living for some time in constant apprehension of invasion. Often they had said, Oh! if Bonaparte were here, the Austrians would not be threatening the frontier of the Var; and lo! here he was, a glorious fugitive, encompassed with the light of Eastern victories, and led safely home by his good genius, through the watchful vessels of his enemies. The people sprang from depression to joy. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds. It communicated itself to every town through which he had to pass on his way to the capital. Flowers rained by day on his path, banners waved above his head, and at night the streets blazed with illuminations. To all eyes he had appeared as the morning star of hope—the dawn of a new day. He himself believed that he was no less. He knew that he had only to let fortune come to him. In Paris he hurried away from the enthusiastic demonstrations of the people, and the caresses of parties, and half hid himself in his modest dwelling, cheered by his own beloved Josephine. Immediately the street lost its prosy old name, and at every corner was written *Rue de la Victoire*, Street of Victory. His house became the rendezvous of officers. His saloons blazed with uniforms. His rooms could not hold his military friends, who, flowing over, as it were, the threshold into the garden, were watched by an ever-waiting crowd, chained by the charm of some mystery of which the explanation was not far away. So far from appearing in Eastern magnificence of costume, Bonaparte assumed a negligent demeanor. He dressed with a sort of loose simplicity, like one sick and out of spirits. People said he was mourning for France. Renewing the mournful cry of the Roman—Where are my legions?—he asked, “Where are my victories—where are all

my conquests?” With the usual credulity of parties, each believed that Bonaparte would be its instrument. The Government of the Directory fancied that his sword would be at their service against the Jacobins; while the latter merged their wild theories in the common passion of the whole people, all having but one thought for the time—the recovery of the tarnished glory of France. The Directors, divided amongst themselves, sought to turn that powerful sword against rivals. The Houses of Parliament, if we may be allowed so to name the Council of Ancients and the Council of the Five Hundred, were the only bodies who seemed not to have dreamt it possible that Bonaparte was to play the part of Cromwell. The generals of the army, who attributed their failures to babblers, as they contemptuously called their rulers, held possession of the great soldier's ear. The means for effecting the *Coup d'Etat* were very inartificial. A review was arranged; the troops surrounded the houses. Bonaparte entered the Council of Ancients with a couple of grenadiers, intending to parody the famous “Take away that bauble!” but assailed by cries of “Traitor!” the courage which had been proved in tempests of fire, quailed before an indignation with which his own conscience conspired. His head drooped on the shoulder of a grenadier, to whom he murmured: “Take me out of this.” Once more in his saddle, and with his soldiery around him, he was himself again, and he gave orders to have the houses cleared by bayonets, with as much resolution as he had mown down by cannon the sections which arose to anticipate the crime he was now committing. The *Coup d'Etat* of the eighteenth Brumaire was effected, and Bonaparte, under the name of First Consul, became, in fact, master of France.

Here arises a question which it behoves us not to pass over. Was Bonaparte justifiable in taking advantage of the unfortunate condition of his country to destroy her liberties? True it is that he did nothing to prepare a state of things which, as it were, conspired of themselves for his advantage. He was away from France, and for a whole year in ignorance of occurrences at home. It required his strong hand, resolute will, and the prestige of his name to restore order in the Government, and turn the tumults of factions

into confidence in his power to restore the tarnished glory of France. But dissatisfied as all parties were with themselves and with one another, opened as their eyes were to the defects of their constitution, no one was prepared to part with civil freedom. The proof is afforded by the general cry of the time: Is he to be a Cromwell or a Washington? A Cromwell, without his intensity of conviction, his lofty fanaticism, and his visionary aims. A frigid, selfish Cromwell, without the truth and purity of the English prototype; or was he to be a Washington, whose temporary exercise of the dictatorial power was to be a passing darkness intended to throw into most magnificent relief his supreme disinterestedness? Was he to stand for all time, and highest above all patriot names, an example of the greatness and goodness, the sublimity of virtue to which it is possible for human nature to raise itself? Talk not of the difficulties in his way. The easiest course is not always the best. He who would not allow the word impossible to be final when physical difficulties were to be overcome, ought to have had as much faith in resolute purity of purpose, to abash and shame factions and to lift up the honest and intelligent to their due place in the councils of a free nation. Bonaparte was neither a Cromwell nor a Washington. He had not the faith which made the one, or the equity which made the other. Greatest of soldiers, he knew no rule but that of the sword. Having become master of France, it must be confessed that he accomplished with marvelous genius the immediate desires of the nation. The whole machinery of administration was set in order and worked to perfection. His first aim, coinciding with that of the people, was the reconquest of Italy. How was an army to be sent there? The English held the sea. Between the frontiers of France and Italy swarmed the victorious legions of Austria. In one corner alone of the Italian peninsula the tricolor still floated. Genoa the superb, the city of palaces, covered by mountain bastions on the overhanging and protecting Apennines, was yet occupied. Massena was sent there, with private assurances of timely relief, and bound by pledges not to surrender until famine had brought the people and the garrison to the last gasp. A pledge kept with a fidelity that brought horrors on

the Genoese unsurpassed by all that has been written of the siege of Jerusalem. While famine and pestilence were consuming Genoa, Bonaparte was collecting an army at the foot of the Alps; but it became essential to his purpose that the enemy should be kept in ignorance of his designs. He calculated that the best way to deceive diplomatists would be to tell them the truth. So he publicly avowed that he was forming an army of reserve at Dijon for the relief of Genoa. But he had only told them a piece of the truth, not the whole. He did collect some troops at Dijon, but they were so few and inadequate for the proposed attempt, that the spies employed to make reports, comforted the Austrians with the assurance that they had nothing to apprehend. Sixty thousand men were so secretly assembled at the foot of the Alps that no power in Europe had the slightest inkling of the expedition that was preparing.

Having nothing to fear on the side of Germany, on the thirteenth day of May he appeared at Lausanne, where he reviewed the Army of the Alps. It was over the Great St. Bernard he resolved to conduct the main body, forty thousand men, directing twenty-five thousand over the Little St. Bernard, St. Gothard, and Mount Cenis. The distance over the Great St. Bernard, from the Lake of Geneva to the plains of Piedmont, was forty-five leagues, yet the great points of difficulty were of only ten leagues extent, but they were extraordinary. It was necessary to bring sixty pieces of cannon, with three hundred ammunition wagons, over paths a couple of feet broad, bordering fearful precipices, where winter reigned eternally, and avalanches threatened to overwhelm hosts, in their fall. The soldiers were obliged to carry not only their provisions but even forage for the horses. A large number of mules were hired. The gun-carriages were taken to pieces, numbered, and put on the backs of mules, and the cannons drawn up by means of sledges. The cavalry in their painful ascent suffered more than the infantry, for they were obliged to lead their horses by the bridle.

The descent proved still more difficult and dangerous. How to get down the artillery was the greatest difficulty of all. It took one hundred men to draw a single gun; but ingenuity and dexterity

were now required as much or more than force, and ingenuity and dexterity were never wanting to the French soldier. Their spirits, too, were enlivened by martial music, wildly, strangely, and beautifully ringing up the echoes of the answering rocks. Labor was lost in delight. Out of the trunks of pine trees cases were hollowed, in which the guns were enveloped, and slid down to the appointed place, when the carriages, taken off the mules' backs, and put together again, were ready to receive them. On the morning of the twentieth, Bonaparte before daybreak began the ascent of the mountain to the monastery of St. Bernard. In our days the melo-dramatic picture of David, representing the hero on a sort of Pegasus, in an impossible gallop, up jagged acclivities, has been stripped of its audacious exaggeration, and reduced to the simple sublimity of all great truth. David painted for men whose full-dress Republican costume was the Roman toga; and for women whose sandaled naked feet would have spurned crinoline. People at all times, and especially in times of enthusiasm, love to see their prevailing passion expressed in outward symbols. With the costume of Brutus and Portia, Parisian fashionables fancied they caught the spirit. They only succeeded in producing a sort of theatrical effect, bad in taste. When David had to bring a horse upon the stage, he made it a circus-horse, mounted by a dashing performer. A late artist of equal taste and genius has given the true picture. Bonaparte as represented by Delaroche, was mounted on a vigorous mule, sagacious and sure-footed, led by a mountaineer. The story is as beautiful as a poetic legend of the time of Charlemagne. The young muleteer was a lover, with whom the stranger, buttoned to the throat in a plain gray surtout, entered freely into conversation, for Bonaparte, who despised men, despised no means of satisfying his insatiable thirst of inquiry. The simple muleteer believed that the interest his answers excited, was on his personal account, and so he told his story. It is an every-day one, and yet seems never commonplace. He was a lover too poor to marry. His ambition must have set Bonaparte's active imagination making strange contrasts. He had marched as a conqueror over the three great scenes of ancient and modern civilization. He had

conquered Italy, the inheritor of Greek and Roman learning, the creator of Christian art. He had deposed the head of the second and greater Rome. He had then passed into Egypt, the land of the Ptolemies, the source of Pagan science and philosophy — and having spread a hecatomb of Egypt's oppressors at the base of the colossal tombs of the Pharaohs, eclipsed the deeds of the Crusaders in the land of Palestine, and here he was now thinking of the burning glories of the desert amongst the snows of the sublimest country of Europe, and subduing nature to his will, as he had bowed down empires. He with that expansive elasticity of spirits which dilates the breast breathing mountain air—he following the footsteps of Charlemagne, already felt his brow encircled with the Iron Crown of Lombardy, while his hand grasped the scepter of the Empire of the West. As he thought so, a fellow-creature by his side, fashioned in the same Almighty image, sighed after the apparent impossibility of a *châlet*, with its overhanging roof casting off the winter snow, and garnering the fruits of harvest under its eaves, and a dear wife making the window musical with the sound of the spinning-wheel, while his whole empire was bounded by a little black stream, and all his subjects the winged and four-footed denizens of the farm. The poor man's tale, like low music, rather aided than impeded the hero's reflections. When he alighted at the monastery of St. Bernard, Bonaparte dismissed his guide with a note to the administrator of the army. Although the poor fellow did not in the least divine its contents—the reader may. The hand of the modern Charlemagne endowed the muleteer with the means of living more happily than the divorcer of Josephine, and the baffled son-in-law of an Austrian Emperor. Bonaparte who declared himself a Mussulman in Egypt, and carried his hypocrisy so far as to imitate the movements of the muftis at prayer, affected towards the monks of St. Bernard the same appearance of pious conviction. It was his way of being polite, when so disposed, which was not always.

There was no force sufficient to impede the march of Bonaparte, who to the joy and astonishment of the people of Milan entered that capital June second. When he had before entered Milan, it was

through the fiery passage of the bridge of Lodi—this time it was a mountain of the Alps, one of the grandest scenes of nature, which formed as it were the avenue to the Imperial city. In either case the conqueror had heralded his way by an achievement of unusual greatness. When the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian forces heard that between the besieging army of Genoa and Milan there stood a French army, with Bonaparte in person at its head, he could not have felt more surprised had they descended from the clouds. The superstitious illusion of past ages, which beheld over doomed cities warrior hosts marshaled in the air, seemed to have been realized. An order was sent to raise the siege of Genoa; but Genoa had already surrendered. On the fourth June, the stock of provisions had sunk to two ounces of food per man—and hear what that food was: after every thing eatable had been consumed, after nothing had been left even of the most repulsive substitutes for food, a sort of bread had been made out of a mixture of ground cocoa and starch. It was of this stuff that two ounces a man remained the day that Massena, listening for the sounds of guns coming to his relief, was excited to joy by a distant roar of artillery, which proved to be a deceptive peal of thunder in the Apennines. The hospitals were crowded, the streets choked with the dying. The last desperate effort made by Massena to open a way for the admission of relief had been foiled by the elements conspiring with the besiegers. After he had sallied forth, and was face to face with the enemy, a thick darkness fell on both armies, and it was when the lightning for a moment revealed each other's positions, that the artillery confounded its thunders with the awful moaning of the heavens.

Massena was obliged to withdraw, and wait patiently the promised succor. Compelled to negotiate on his last two ounces of starch and cocoa, the heroic Massena nevertheless threatened, that unless he and his famished soldiers were allowed to march out free, they would attempt to cut their way and sell their lives dear. The Austrian general, aware of what Massena knew not, that Bonaparte was nigh at hand, and with orders to raise the siege, the execution of which was prevented by capitulation, accorded the required conditions. Half the garri-

son had perished, and of the population the difficulty would be to calculate how many of the survivors recovered from the effects of a famine so prolonged as to have driven savage men to dispute the spoils of the graveyard with the hyena. It was the same Austrian division, which, after its successful operations before Genoa, was hastening to join the main body of the army, was met at Montebello, the ninth June, by Lannes, and defeated with heavy loss. Then followed Marengo, turned from a defeat by the timely arrival of Dessaix and the charge of Kellerman to a victory so decisive, that, by a convention signed the following day, all the fortresses of Piedmont, with the city of Genoa, were surrendered to the conqueror, Lombardy evacuated as far as Mantua, and the river Mincio declared the Austrian boundary.

Hastening to Milan, where an enthusiastic reception awaited him, Bonaparte there proclaimed the restoration of the Cisalpine Republic. At Turin he established a Provisional Government under one of his Lieutenants, General Jourdan. As, much to the diversion of his free-thinking soldiery, he thought it good policy to act the pious Mussulman at Cairo, so, to please the Italians, he, in defiance of the wrath of the atheistical Government at home, attended the *Te Deum* chanted in the cathedral of Milan; and then it was that this extraordinary man, as quickly alive to immediate impressions as he was profoundly calculating, resolved within himself to revive respect for religion as a security for government by reconciling, as he said, Rome with the French Revolution. There remained no more for General Bonaparte to do in Italy. At a blow he had shattered three years of Austrian triumph. By a single effort he had, as it were, reconstructed the power which had been the fruit of twenty victories, lost more by corruption and extortion of his successors than by yielding valor or unequal skill. The blow indeed was from a thunderbolt gathered in the Alps. The restorer's hand was his, who had converted chaos at home into order and power. He returned to Paris through cities wearing the look of enchantment for their own and his delight, and the laurels he carried from Marengo hid, save from discerning eyes, the imperial crown, and wreathed the scepter which he felt already within his grasp.

Bonaparte once more master of Italy, arises the question, what did he do for that fine country? Let us recollect that France is still a Republic, and that the First Consul is a removable magistrate, his power being for ten years only. Well, the first use which the head of the French Republic made of his decisive victory over the despotic court of Vienna was to convert the duchy of Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, and sell the crown to the degraded court of Spain. The Queen was ambitious of seeing her daughter, the Duchess of Parma, elevated to a throne, and Bonaparte, on the part of the French Republic, resolved upon gratifying her wishes. Spain was still a maritime power, and Bonaparte wanted ships to replace the fleet destroyed by Nelson at the Nile; he wanted also to turn Spain against Portugal, and by menaces oblige that country to abandon her old ally, England. For these and other considerations the First Consul exhibited to the world the singular spectacle of a republican general, who being victorious, in the name of liberty, equality, fraternity, over the armies of an old oppressive empire, not merely disposes of crowns, but creates kingdoms and hands over an emancipated people to foreign rule. If he could do such things in the green tree, what would he not do in the dry? When he a few years afterwards put the imperial crown on his head, he kidnapped the same royal family of Spain, and sent his brother Joseph to play the king at Madrid. But we must confine ourselves at present to Italy. As for Italian republics, he had already resolved in his own mind to extinguish them. Brutal and tyrannical exercise of strength can not, however, be exercised without danger. Bonaparte might despise governments whose mercenary immorality he had measured; with respect to such he had only to bribe and bully; he might also despise the loose and wild revolts of ill-armed and unorganized populations, because he had steeled his conscience for any necessary amount of massacre; but there is a class of fanatics who, daring not to express the feelings with which they are consumed, or to relieve their oppressed spirits with language, allow those feelings to ferment into deadly hatred, while their minds corrupt into sophistry, until from dallying with the idea of assassination, they reach, through palliation and excuse, to the false sublimity of staking life against life. An

Italian sculptor, named Ceracchi, resolved to avenge the betrayed Roman Republic by the sacrifice of the First Consul. He was joined by Topino Lebrun, a pupil of the famous painter David, and by a Corsican representative, who could not forgive his having been obliged to jump out of a window the day of the perpetration of the *Coup d'Etat* of the eighteenth Brumaire. They chose a night for the execution of their plan when the First Consul was to assist at the representation of a new opera. The police got inkling of the plot; Ceracchi and some of his companions were arrested; the foolish men were sacrificed, and, as usual, failure turned to the advantage of the intended victim. Addresses of congratulation were poured in, and, as usual, the pamphleteer was not wanting to point so much good zeal to a practical effect. The man whose well-acted indiscretion was to burst out into the venial sin of a premature suggestion for turning a temporary dictatorship into permanent despotism, was nominally a M. de Fontanes; but although he blew the beautiful bubbles that were to fall into the eyes of mystified gazers, it was Bonaparte's own brother who in reality held the soap-lather. Bonaparte, apparently angry, punished Lucien with an embassy to Madrid, and this assumption of self-denial and republican virtue helped the suggestion to work its way in the public mind. Troops were ordered to march into Tuscany to take possession of the newly-made kingdom of Etruria. They were encountered on their march—by whom? By the poor people of the town of Arezzo, and the town, as it had been once before, was taken and punished, for its audacious love of independence, by fire and slaughter. During these proceedings, an Austrian envoy and Joseph Bonaparte were sitting at Luneville haggling about poor Italy. Bonaparte's exactions grew every day more and more excessive, until Austria, in sheer desperation, resolved to hazard another campaign. While the fighting was going on in Italy, and on the Rhine and the Danube, the two commissioners sat, as it were, looking on at the terrible game of war, of which one or the other was to have the stakes. The Austrians were beaten in the decisive battle of Hohenlinden, by Moreau, whose way to misfortune, by no unusual perversity of things, lay through success. His glory excited the jealousy of one who spared no

rival. Although combating with less disadvantage in Italy, the Austrians could not counterbalance the effect of the blow at Hohenlinden, and the treaty of Luneville was signed February ninth, 1801. By this treaty the boundary of Austria in Italy was limited to the Adige; Tuscany was turned into a Spanish monarchy; two republics, the Cisalpine and Ligurian, were for the moment, and with certain mental reservations, allowed to stand, and certain mental resolutions obnoxious to Piedmont, Naples, and Rome, were kept in the dark.

The treaty of Amiens, signed the following year, left Bonaparte in a position to accomplish for Italy all conceivable good. He was at peace with the whole world; he had suppressed opposition; he had no fears to stimulate the evil within him. On the contrary, the surrounding influences were all good. The English, on peace being proclaimed, swarmed over to France full of admiration for a man in whom they were determined only to see the brightest manifestation of human genius. He had sealed differences with the Church by the concordat, and had nothing to dread from the religious apprehensions of the Italians. On the throne of Russia sat Alexander, a young prince of an enthusiastic disposition, whose warm feelings and somewhat mystical turn of mind indisposed him to the brutal trial of the sword, which for the settlement of the rights of nations ought, as he fondly believed, to give way to the precepts of religion and the voice of equity. If Bonaparte did wrong, the evil would have come spontaneously from the depths of his own selfishness. He appeared to begin well, for he reestablished the Cisalpine Republic, but his motives assumed a suspicious aspect when he contrived to have himself declared its president. Before he could think of carrying out his ambitious projects, it became necessary to have his own position at home determined. He was only Consul named for ten years. If his power was to be extended, it could only be legally done through the senate with the consent of the popular body. By artifice he contrived to have hostile members removed; he next tried an experiment on French vanity by the institution of the Order of the Legion of Honor, which, so strong was still the existing repugnance to the old order of things, he carried with much difficulty. Professing

disinterestedness and moderation, while in reality conducting himself with impene- trable dissimulation, the simple were led to believe that an extension of the consulate to ten years beyond the period originally fixed, would be received by the modest hero with gratitude. The senate adopted a decree in that sense, and some zealous senators hastened away to congratulate the First Consul on this distinguished mark of his country's consideration. To their surprise they were received with sulky looks of disappointment. Then was invented the happy idea of an appeal to the people, on the plea, that owing his position to their votes, it was for them to express their will. The question put to the popular suffrage was at last in frank conformity with the Consul's secret aspirations. Would they have him for life? Yes! and by universal suffrage a successful military general was, by the people's voice, made absolute master of the Republic.

Here let us mark the value of institutions. The senate and the tribunate, although packed bodies with only a remnant of freedom, could find force enough in the personal dignity of educated members to set limits to an ambition which the headlong masses, in their blind admiration of success, pushed to the dizzy pinnacle of forgetfulness of every right and duty. Woe was the day when Bonaparte could assume the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, with the virtual attributes of imperial power and authority. By this act the peace of Amiens being placed in the hands of one man who had risen by war, and to whom war was in his own mind necessary as the fiery pathway to an imperial crown, amounted to a mere armistice. By a stroke of the pen the King of Piedmont was stripped of his kingdom, which was cut up into departments of France. This unscrupulous proceeding did not, however, excite so much indignation as Napoleon's invasion of the Swiss Cantons. By intrigue he had stirred up strife and according to the old wicked system of greedy rulers, had created a pretext for interference through a suggested invitation from the weaker party. The British Government, in the hope of calling Napoleon to his senses, refused to give up Malta according to the treaty of Amiens, unless he renounced his encroachments on other States. A rupture followed; the spirit of the tyrant now showed itself in the ab-

solute ruler. The English traveling in France were all arrested, and many kept incarcerated until delivered by the Allies in 1814. Strenuous preparations were made for a descent upon England, when the same spirit of tyranny breaking out in the most revolting form, the murder of a surprised and kidnapped man shook the whole Continent with horror; and Austria, encouraged by general sympathy, drew off the thunder-cloud from Boulogne to burst on her own head. The circumstances connected with the seizure of the Duke d'Enghien on neutral territory, and his murder in the ditch of the fortress of Vincennes, lie too deep in the memory of all to need more than a general allusion. Horror at home and abroad was more deepened when Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, was banished, and Pichegru, the hero of Holland, found strangled in prison. The reality of a Royalist conspiracy was the pretext for getting rid of dangerous rivals. An Englishman, Captain Wright, who had been compromised by landing malcontents in Brittany, was also found dead in prison, said, without sufficient proof, to have died by his own hand. Wielding now the whole military power of France, in fear of a threatened general war, what was to prevent the machinery by which the head of a Republic had been turned into a Consul for life, being worked again to turn the same Consul into an Emperor? It was only to set a few senators talking about the wickedness of parties, and the prudence of investing the head of the State with greater personal prestige and authority, for courtiers and place-hunters to take the bait. And so the registry-books were opened, and universal suffrage ground an Emperor out of the ballot-box, and rejoiced in the bestowal of a grander name upon their accepted master. Crowned Emperor of the French by the Pope at Notre Dame, it was only natural to expect that Napoleon would at once abolish the Cisalpine Republic; but he did something more, which could not have been so easily foreseen, he proclaimed himself King of Italy.

But as even a Napoleon could not be in two places at once, he appointed, not an Italian, but the son of that poor Josephine whom he was in a short time to divorce, Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy — and thus that beautiful country, whose hopes had been raised to expect a revival of its ancient glory unhampered by local,

and distracting, and weakening jealousies and divisions, and unclouded by foreign mastery, was now sunk, by the applauded victor of Lodi and Arcola, into a Lord Lieutenancy, and the Lieutenant dared not, amidst his shadowy splendor and mock ceremonials, to question the commands of his imperial master. The Pope thought that Napoleon, having abolished the Cisalpine Republic, would now restore the provinces formerly belonging to the Church, which had been given to that Republic. The modern Charlemagne, as he loved to be called, rather differed from his prototype in this respect, that he preferred taking from, rather than making presents to the head of the Church. The Pope and Napoleon set out for Italy about the same time, the one discontented and disappointed, the other preparing for his second coronation at Milan, and preparing also to break his promise to the senate not to annex any more provinces to his empire, for he had hardly put on the Iron Crown of the Kings of Lombardy, when he abolished the venerable Republic of the Dorias by decreeing the annexation of Genoa to the French Empire. Immediately he inaugurated the system of cutting up the Continent into kingdoms, principalities, and duchies for his family, by creating the Dukedom of Lucca for his sister Elisa. These acts, although they determined Russia and Austria to enter into a coalition with England, were only the leisure amusements of a great monarch, whose serious attention was otherwise directed. His eye was upon Great Britain. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar settled the project of invasion of England.

If England was not taken by surprise, Austria was; for while her eyes were fixed on Boulogne, the French legions were moving with such rapidity that they were already on the Rhine before it was suspected at Vienna that they had left Boulogne. Prussia, which might have opposed a powerful barrier, had been lured into inaction by an offer of Hanover, and had soon to atone for her unprincipled cupidity at the hands of a man who punished lukewarmness more vindictively than open hostility. Ulm, surprised by an unexpected influx of troops enveloping that fortress on all sides, was compelled to surrender, leaving Vienna stripped of its strongest outpost, and by the following victory of Austerlitz the Continent was

laid at the feet of Napoleon. Master of the Continent, what did he with Italy?

As Austria had surrendered Venice, all that remained independent was the kingdom of Naples. Forthwith his brother Joseph was sent, with forty thousand men, to turn out the royal family and put the crown on his own head, and inaugurate his reign by a system of terror which would be incredible if not attested by his own letters. Joseph, to do him justice, became sick of his brother's ruthless tyranny. And his brother Louis, father of the present Emperor of the French, abdicated the crown of Holland, rather than submit to be the degraded instrument of the Dutch people's oppression. In fact, Napoleon was thwarted by the milder nature of the members of his own family, whom he chose to reproach with ingratitude. So much for Naples. The twice confiscated State of Venice was attached to the ex-Cisalpine Republic, now called the kingdom of Italy. It was thought that on the restitution of Italy the Pope would have got back, if not the confiscated Legations, yet a duchy or two; but Napoleon had too large a family of relations and needy soldiers to provide for to think of restoring the papal provinces. Elisa was already provided for with Lucca and Massa, but poor Pauline had got nothing, so he gave her the Duchy of Guastalla, which she soon after sold for ready cash. Talleyrand received the principality of Benevento, which belonged to the Pope; but as Talleyrand had formerly been a bishop, his scruples were probably the less. Then followed a number of duchies divided amongst his marshals, twenty-two in all, who were endowed from the confiscated lands of the conquered Italian States. Thus the aristocracy of the Empire—the new nobility—was reared on the ruins of Italy. The same system was pursued in the German States, but we confine ourselves to Italy, the greatest victim of all. The sacrifice is not yet consummated. Republics have vanished, the new as well as the old. Venice sits a forlorn slave on the Adriatic which her Doges wedded with a ring glittering with the jewels of the East. The proud and superb Genoa, the city of palaces, great in arts, arms, commerce, and freedom, with the Apennines for bulwarks, and the sea at her feet for a pathway, is the dwelling of a French prefect, and head-quarters of a brigadier of gendarmier. Fierce

soldierly despotism has at Naples replaced the ineptitude of the Bourbons. The whole of Central Italy has sunk from the semblance of a Cisalpine Republic into that other semblance of royalty which is personified in a deputy-king holding his viceregal court in the capital of the old Lombard monarchs. The pontiff, whose ancestors were waited on by emperors of the West, honored by being preferred to hold their stirrups—the pontiff, stripped of those provinces which gave to the head of the Church the questionable dignity of a temporal prince—is still a sovereign; so poor, however, that he has actually pawned his tiara for money. A rival has arisen more formidable than that of the Ghibelens—nay, one who is ready to snatch the tiara which Ghibelens assailed and Guelph defended, and become in his own person Pope without belief, and universal ruler without law. Before the final struggle with the head of the Church could take place—rather say at the time when the subjection of the Continent left no ground for contest—greater battles than any we have yet named had been fought and victories not less wonderful won. The army of the great Frederick had succumbed at Jena. Obstinate Austria had resumed her arms only to lay them down with no dishonor, for she fought gallantly on the field of Wagram. Would that we could say as much of her political conduct. We have seen how abominably she had consented to receive from the hands of the spoiler the confiscated Republic of Venice. As she on that occasion renounced her principles of conservator of the public law, so is she now about to become a party in the meanest manner to a family conspiracy against a weak woman, and to violate a law which the Church, in whose name she had herself so often persecuted unto death, has ever held sacred. It was from the imperial palaces of Vienna that, on the seventeenth May, 1809, the conqueror of the Hapsburgs issued a decree abolishing the temporal power of the Pope and annexing the States of the Church to the French Empire. The Pope replied by fulminating an excommunication; but the time had gone by when a thunderbolt from Rome would have made a wilderness about king or emperor. Timid consciences were, no doubt, disturbed, but none dared speak, and the crowned soldier was only irritated to further violence. The Pope and his secretary, Cardinal Pacca, were

dragged by French soldiers from the Quirinal. To the Cardinal was assigned a solitary prison among desolate and savage rocks, in the neighborhood of Grenoble, from which he was not liberated until Providence had declared against his persecutor. The Pope himself was immured at Savona. Having, as he thought, silenced the tongue of the Church on the subject of divorce, Napoleon forthwith resolved upon carrying into execution his resolution to repudiate the universally beloved Josephine. Here we come to the meanest of mean pages in the history of monarchs. While the project of divorce was pending, Napoleon was carrying on negotiations with the Court of Russia for the hand of Alexander's sister. She was to bring no dowry to the master of the Continent; on the contrary, he was expected to pay the purchase with a piece of Turkey. While the match-makers were haggling and Napoleon losing his temper, Austria glides in with an offer of an archduchess to take the place of Josephine, who makes way for Maria Louisa. The divorce was pronounced by the senate. The only person who could have furnished proof of Bonaparte's marriage with Josephine was Cardinal Fesch, who married them. He was silenced by threats. But as the Emperor was not without apprehension, a commission of seven prelates was formed, and they found a flaw in the religious contract which rendered reference to the Pope unnecessary. At the marriage ceremony, Napoleon, who was a great calculator, totted up the number of cardinals present. The sum total made fifteen. After this sum in addition, the happy bridegroom tried one in subtraction. Twenty-eight was the number of cardinals in France—take fifteen from twenty-eight and thirteen remain. If his first kiss was to the bride, his first whisper was to the minister of police to arrest the thirteen cardinals, strip them of the purple, seize all their property of every kind, and allow them only to walk out followed by policemen. This proceeding exposed the captive Pope to a new sort of persecution, because his Holiness refused to sanction the Emperor's bishops. The Emperor throws the Pope aside, calls a council as if he himself was pope, is again thwarted by finding that he can not coerce the bishops into compliance with his views, and he packs off a lot of them to Vincennes under a sergeant's guard, his ele-

meny sparing their wrists the pain of hand-cuffs. Rome was declared the second city of the Empire, of which the son he decreed to be born should bear the title of king. While these miserable proceedings were taking place—while monarchs of the earth were playing the most ignoble parts in the wretched spectacle, in which even the hero did not rise to ordinary dignity, the destiny of the world was turned by the peasantry of Castile. The mountaineers of Spain and Portugal lay, as it were, out of Napoleon's direct way. He had trampled down Italian insurrection; he had bullied the Swiss; he was obliged to conquer anew the heroic Tyrol after Austria had let go her hold of the most faithful of her provinces; he had proved his utter want of magnanimity by giving over Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, to execution. Having by a base trick got hold of the Spanish sovereign, he transferred his brother Joseph from the throne of Naples, which he gave to Murat, to that of Spain. The Spanish people rose in insurrection, were cut up by thousands, but the insurrection spread. At length a great disgrace befell the arms of Napoleon: a French division had been compelled to lay down their arms at Baylen. The world rang with acclamation; nations began to ask, had they been under some delusion? French arms were not invincible; bold hearts were what was wanting. Even kings rubbed their eyes and dared to look at the conqueror's *prestige* and not feel blinded. The English people, especially, responded to the Spanish cry of independence with enthusiasm. Providence had raised up the right man to organize resistance and support Spanish fire with British unconquerable steadiness. Napoleon, presumptuously despising the Peninsular contest, marched on Moscow; but before setting out on that fatal expedition, there was one man who caused him uneasiness; the poor, feeble, old prisoner of Savona; but that man was a power whose legions were the traditions of eighteen centuries hovering over the sentiments of living millions. The Pope was transferred from Savona to Fontainebleau, out of the reach of ships of war and British sailors, disposed to afford to the successor of the excommunicator of Elizabeth an asylum in that island which has been open at all times to fugitives of every rank and creed, and their protector alike against the threats of tyrants or triumphant fac-

tions. When, in January, 1813, the Emperor came face to face with the Pope in the prison palace of Fontainebleau he had left nearly half a million of soldiery under the snow shroud of the north. The university students of Germany were rising in burning wrath, and Wellington was sweeping on victorious wing from Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees. Napoleon, the calculator, who could deduct fifteen cardinals from twenty-eight and find thirteen remaining to form a quotient in the brackets of a jail, took his usual business view of the catastrophe. So many ciphers had been rubbed out, but the senate had obsequiously decreed fresh levies, and with

half a million fresh cohorts he would soon set Europe to rights. But before setting out, the business-like Emperor did not like to leave arrears behind, so he resolved to finish with the Pope. Between wheedling and threats, he wrung from his prisoner a consent to a ratification of the abolition of his temporal power. The following year, in the same Palace of Fontainebleau, Napoleon, deserted by his marshals and courtiers, and surrounded by a victorious coalition, which was retaliating on French soil the indignities to which every Continental capital had been exposed, had with the rejected pen of Pope Pius to sign his own abdication.

From the British Quarterly.

HISTORIC PHENOMENA OF HUMAN RACES.*

THERE are few problems presented to the scientific investigator of more absorbing and world-wide interest than those connected with the mutual inter-relations amongst the various divisions of humanity; divisions not due to the artificial regulations of government or political institutions generally, not altogether due to geographical distribution or climatic agency; but to those differences of physical development, social state, language, and moral progress which afford lines of demarkation so broad between certain sections of our species, as to cause them to be classed as belonging to different types, races, or varieties.

These problems are not of speculative interest merely. Perhaps it would be

premature to state it as an established fact, but it is certainly a suspicion, rapidly growing into a conviction in the minds of thoughtful men, that the mighty contests that from time to time convulse the world, are less wars of nation against nation, than wars of peoples (or races) against peoples; indicating laws of antagonism which have their root much deeper in human nature than is implied by the development of the ambition or passions of individuals or governments. It is certain, also, that the influences exercised upon the history of the world by various sections of its inhabitants have been widely diverse; some races having exerted little or none, at least during historic periods; others having exerted chiefly a material, and others a moral influence; whilst the European races have manifested both in a much greater degree than all the others combined. The phenomena of aggression, on the one hand, and retrogression of frontier on the other, without apparently adequate force; the contrast of the indomitable energy and intrusiveness of the European, with the quietism and passive resistance of the Asiatic; of the utilitarian and progressive civilization of the one, with the stationary character of that of the other; the persistence of type, whether physical or moral; whether in color, in formation, in

* *Descriptive Ethnology.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., etc. 2 vols. London: 1859.

The Varieties of Man. By Dr. LATHAM. London: 1850.

Researches into the Physical History of Mankind. By JAMES COWLES PUICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., etc. 5 vols. London: 1836-47.

The Races of Man, and their Geographical Distribution. By CHARLES PICKERING, M.D. London: 1850.

The Races of Man: A Fragment. By ROBERT KNOX, M.D. London: 1850.

Ethnology of the British Colonies; [and] Ethnology of the British Islands. By Dr. LATHAM. London: 1851-2.

superstition, in political tendencies, or in intellectual development during many ages; the perpetual antagonism between the different varieties; the apparent and probable result of this antagonism in the disappearance of some races, and the predominance of others; perhaps, above all, the different relation manifested to the spread of Christianity: all these are so significant as to bear weightily upon all the prominent political and religious questions of the day.

Hence arises a series of questions with which it is the province of ethnology to deal. Is the human species *one*—that is, descended from one original pair? If so, how, when, and where have these striking varieties originated? Where was the probable center or cradle of the species? What is its present geographical distribution? What is its probable antiquity, and what its future destination? Interesting and important questions, upon which mere history throws but little light, tradition still less. The history of each nation or tribe, so far as can be gathered from within, is tolerably uniform. The inhabitants came, some generations or centuries back, from the north or south, or elsewhere; displaced some previous inhabitants, and took possession of their country. In confirmation of this, frequently some remains of previous works, records of human labor, are shown; perhaps human remains are found, the skulls of which exhibit marked differences from those of the present people. And what of these people?—Were they the aborigines, or first dwellers on this soil; or was their history the same? History is silent on such points in the great majority of cases, in all perhaps. And even where history is most complete its revelations as to ethnology are most unsatisfactory; thus, we have histories of ancient Greece and Rome, and we have their modern condition before us; yet, to trace the connection of the ancient with the modern races is a most intricate problem, and one which the most learned ethnologists leave in an unsatisfactory state of non-solution. Above all, history contains no trace of any change in physical constitution, such as would be implied by the conversion of one race into another; on the contrary, so far as ancient records witness, the Negro, the Mongolian, the Egyptian, and other types remain now as they did in the days of the Pharaohs. The sacred records

are sufficiently precise upon the origin of man, but, being intended rather to teach man that which by wisdom he could not find out, than any science, there are no data whereon to found a plausible history of race, even during the limited periods of which they give any detailed account.

If history be thus imperfect in its results, tradition is much more so; for this reason—that tradition, so called, is but rarely the handing down of a *fact* from one generation to another, but rather the transmission of an inference or invention, intended to account for certain phenomena. Thus many of the Tibetan tribes attribute their relation to some distant ones, to their ancestors having passed as an army over the country, and they were the stragglers and tired ones who fell asleep and were left behind. On which Dr. Latham remarks: "Child's play this. Child's play, but still dignified by the name of tradition. Traditions do not grow on every tree." And, again: "Does any one believe this, namely, that one of the forms of tribute to one of the conquerors of one of the branches of the Khyens was the payment of a certain number of beautiful women? To avoid this, the beautiful women tattooed themselves and became ugly. This is why they are tattooed at the present time. So runs the tale. In reality they are tattooed because they are savages. The narrative about the conqueror is their way of explaining it. Should you doubt this, turn to Mr. Turner's account of Tibet, where the same story repeats itself, *mutatis mutandis*. The women of a certain town were too handsome to be looked at with impunity. . . . So a sort of sumptuary law against an excess of good looks was enacted; from the date of which to the present time the women, whenever they go abroad, smear their faces with a dingy dirty-colored oil and varnish, and succeed in concealing such natural charms as they might otherwise exhibit."*

From these errors and short-comings of history and tradition has arisen the necessity for the comparatively modern science of ethnology; divided into ethnography, which records facts as existing, and ethnology proper, which reasons backwards from these facts, as effects, to

* *Descriptive Ethnology*, vol. i. p. 351.

former facts, as causes; and thus bears the same relation to the former that geology does to geography. Ethnology is, therefore a paleontological science, the tendency and result of which is history.

The one great question concerning which ethnologists war is this: Did all the varieties of man proceed from one common stock? or were there three, five, eleven, or more district centers of our species?—The monogenists, who support the former view, point to the broad lines of demarkation between man and all other creatures—to the closeness of resemblance in anatomical structure between all the superficially separated varieties—to the similarity of mental constitution when placed under similar conditions—to the identity of passion, tastes, and impulse—in short, to all those well-marked features in which man resembles man. The polygenists look upon the differences of color and form as indices of specific differences of origin. They consider the differences of intellectual and moral aptitude as marked and significant as those of physical nature. They deny the possibility of mixed races becoming permanent, and affirm that they return to one or other parent type, or perish. They point also to the apparent impossibility of the earth, as now known, having been peopled from any one center; and allege such fundamental distinctions in the various languages as can have originated from no one common origin.

As we propose at present to concern ourselves chiefly with the *differentiæ* of the various tribes of man, it is better to state in the outset that our creed is monogenic—that we believe that the whole family of man is *one*. The contrasts are on the surface; the fundamental accordances have to be sought for scientifically. In the paper on *Physical and Moral Heritage*, in January last, we gave a full exposition of the mode in which color, form, moral, and intellectual constitution might be modified, according to the physical conditions in which the various groups of the dispersed human family might be placed. Color corresponds in intensity very closely to latitude, elevation above the sea level, and the nature of the soil. In hot, low, and swampy regions the color is always dark; and nearly in proportion as these conditions are reversed, the color becomes lighter. Amongst the tribes inhabiting the southern slopes

of the Himalayas, we find with tolerable uniformity, that there is little color on the hill-tops, more on the hill-sides, and most in the swampy bottoms, and low jungles. For the origin of permanent varieties, however, we refer the reader to the paper mentioned, merely adding this—that as our most ancient history tells us of an original homogeneous race, “of one language, and of one speech,” and alludes to a confusion of speech, and a dispersion of this race in consequence over the whole earth, we do not conceive it impossible that other physical changes might occur at the same time in certain families, destined to certain districts; but as this is necessarily but the vaguest hypothesis, we merely allude to it in passing.

Without venturing to pronounce upon the mode in which the earth has been peopled from one common center, it may be noticed that there is no impossibility involved in the hypothesis, that remote islands and continents have been accidentally colonized by parties carried out of their intended course by ocean currents and storms. In his *Views of Nature*, Humboldt says: “There are well-authenticated proofs, however much the facts may have been called in question, that natives of America (probably Esquimaux from Greenland or Labrador) were carried by currents or streams from the north-west to our own continent. . . . In the year 1682, a Greenlander in his canoe was seen on the southern extremity of the island of Eda by many persons, who could not, however, succeed in reaching him. In 1684 a Greenland fisherman appeared near the island of Westram. In the church at Burra there was suspended an Esquimaux boat, which had been driven on shore by currents and storms. . . . In the year 1508 a small boat, manned by seven persons of a foreign aspect, was captured near the English coast by a French ship. The description given of them applies perfectly to the form of the Esquimaux (*Homines erant septem mediocri statura, colore subobscuro, lato et patente vultu, cicatriceque una violacea signato.*) No one understood their language. Their clothing was made of fish-skins sewn together. On their heads they wore *coronam e culmo pictam, septem quasi auriculis intextam*. They ate raw flesh, and drank blood as we should wine. . . . The appearance of men called *Indians* on the coasts of Germany under

the Othos and Frederick Barbarossa in the tenth and twelfth centuries. . . . may be explained by similar effects of oceanic currents, and by the long-continuance of north-westerly winds." (Bohn's edition, pp. 123-4.)

And yet it can not be denied that, on a superficial view of the phenomena of human existence, and ignoring or modifying the testimony of revelation, the believer in the plurality of origin for the tribes of man would appear to have much reason on his side. The well-dressed Parisian or Englishman, and the naked Kuki or Naga; the fair European, with erect profile and silky hair, and the prognathous, woolly-locked black of Senegal; the alderman feasting with the Lord Mayor, and the Australian eking out a precarious meal of raw fish with ants, grubs, and gum; the red man of the Americas and the yellow Mongolian; the hardy, adventurous, quarrelsome dweller in the mountain passes, and the apathetic, dreamy, stationary inhabitant of the tropical plain; the fishy Esquimaux, gorging himself with incredible blubber; the swarthy Numidian chasing the lion under a tropical sun, and the South-Sea Islander making his choicest meal on a conquered enemy; the progressive, spreading, and encroaching white man, the becalmed Asiatic, and the receding, vanishing, disappearing red and black man; the Christian sending out the good tidings of salvation to the whole world; the quietist Brahmin or Buddhist, and the miserable truster in fetich and Shaitan; all these seem, at the first glance, to suggest any thing rather than a community of origin. We may go still further, and confess that, even when somewhat more closely examined, they present differences both of physical and moral nature as marked as those which in natural history are sometimes allowed to separate species; and that it is occasionally difficult to account for these on natural principles; and would be more so, were not the transition forms present.

Proposing to examine in some detail the various contrasted points in the different tribes of men, we commence with their physical conformation. "If," says Dr. Latham, "we were to take three individual specimens of the human species, which should exhibit three of the most important differences, they would, I think, be (1) a Mongolian, or a Tungus, from

Central or Siberian Asia; (2) a Negro from the delta of the Niger; and (3) a European from France, Germany, or England." Upon these this author founds his classification; not, so far as we understand, from any other motive than convenience of description; and because the varieties found under each *appear* to be probably allied by descent or affiliation. The Mongolidæ form a very large section of the human species; under this division including nearly the whole of the inhabitants of Asia, part of northern Europe, the whole of America, and almost all the islands of the Indian and Southern Oceans. The Atlantidæ comprise the natives of Africa; and the Iapetidæ those of Europe, speaking in general terms.

The typical Mongolian has a broad flat face, with prominent cheek-bones, and generally depressed nose; the forehead is retreating, rarely approaching the perpendicular. The eyes are often oblique, and the jaws or teeth generally rather projecting. The skin is rarely either white or black, but red, yellow, and brownish. The hair is "straight, lank, and black, rarely light-colored, sometimes curly, rarely woolly."*

The Atlantidæ are characterized chiefly by a jet-black skin, and jaws so projecting in some tribes "as to give the head the appearance of being placed *behind* the face rather than *above* it, . . . and so as in extreme cases to be a muzzle instead of a mouth."† The hair is crisp and woolly, and generally dark; the nose is flat.

The Europeans (Iapetidæ) have a nearly vertical profile, with a white or brunette skin; the characteristics are, however, well-known.

As we not propose to describe in detail the physical characters of the various tribes, we shall select one which is generally acknowledged to depart most markedly from any supposed original type—the Hottentots. Of them, Dr. Latham remarks that, "the Hottentot stock has a better claim to be considered as forming a second species of the genus *homo* than any other section of mankind." They are characterized by low stature, slight limbs, brownish-yellow color, prominent cheek-bones, depressed nose, and tufty hair. They have a Mongoliform cranium, with wide orbits, and a long, thin, forward chin. There are also very marked ana-

* *Varieties of Man*, p. 14. † Latham, *loc. cit.*

tomical peculiarities, for which we refer the reader to systematic works on the subject. They live chiefly on elevated, dry, hard clayey table-lands, on which rain rarely falls, at the southern extremity of Africa; at war with, and encroached upon, by the Kaffirs, and the Dutch and English of the Cape.

The social condition of various peoples is as diverse as their physical attributes. We are accustomed to consider man as essentially a gregarious animal; yet we are told of people who know of no such institution as *society*. According to the different aspects in which theorists view man, whether as fallen from a high estate, or as working out his own progress and civilization from an original unmitigated barbarism, these people are considered as "Original Man," or as men degraded by unfavorable physical and moral influences almost to brutes. In whatever aspect, their ontology can not fail to be of the deepest interest. Dr. Pickering quotes the following description from Dalton, of the WILD PEOPLE OF BORNEO:

"Further towards the north are to be found men living absolutely in a state of nature, who neither cultivate the ground, nor live in huts; who neither eat rice nor salt, and who do not associate with each other, but rove about some woods, like wild beasts. The sexes meet in the jungle, or the man carries away a woman from some campong. When the children are old enough to shift for themselves, they usually separate, neither one afterwards thinking of the other. At night they sleep under some large tree the branches of which hang low. On these they fasten the children in a kind of swing. Around the tree they make a fire, to keep off the wild beasts and snakes. . . . These poor creatures are looked on and treated by the Dyaks as wild beasts. Hunting parties of twenty-five and thirty go out and amuse themselves with shooting at the children in the trees with the sumpit, the same as monkeys, from which they are not easily distinguishable."

The same authority gives an account of what are called the "ORIGINAL PEOPLE," a forest tribe of the Malay peninsula:

"The Original People live in the dead of the forest. They never come down to the villages for fear of meeting any one. They live on the fruits of the forest and what they take in hunting, and neither sow nor plant. When a young man and woman have engaged to marry, they proceed to a hillock; the woman first runs round it three times, when the man pursues; if he can get hold of her, she becomes his wife, otherwise the marriage does not take place, and

they return to their respective families. Their language is not understood by any one; they lisp their words, the sound of which is very like the noise of birds, and their utterance is very indistinct. . . . They have no religion, no idea of a Supreme Being, creation of the world, soul of man, sin, heaven, hell, angels, day of judgment. . . . When one of them dies, the head only is buried; the body is eaten by the people, who collect in large numbers for that purpose."*

If these accounts were true, it would be difficult to define in what these tribes, especially the former, differed from wild beasts, except in possessing some rudimentary, semi-articulate form of speech, and the casual accomplishment of kindling a fire. They bear, however, internal evidence of having been loosely drawn up; for if it be true that "their language is not understood by any one," it is difficult to understand how any one can arrive at the knowledge of their creed, or absence of one. Perhaps we may safely gather from all this that certain of these people are as far sunk in barbarism, and as hopeless problems for the philanthropist or missionary, as can well be imagined. We have, nevertheless, some credible sketches of a condition not very much higher in the scale of civilization than these. Mr. Hodgson describes two broken tribes dwelling amid the dense forests of the central region of Nepaul, which seem to him like fragments of an earlier population. They live entirely by the chase and the wild fruits; they have no fixed dwelling-place, but wherever they roam they put boughs of trees together for temporary shelter. "It is due, however, to these rude foresters to say that, though they stand wholly aloof from society, they are not actively offensive against it. . . . They are not, in fact, noxious, but helpless; not vicious, but aimless, both morally and intellectually; so that no one without distress could behold their careless, unconscious inaptitude."†

The condition of the Saab Hottentot, or Bushman, is not much better; after a period of some communion with civilized tribes, where they become decently clothed, it is not unfrequent for them to return to their wild haunts, to their nakedness and indigence, apparently rejoicing that they can be free to live as they please in

* Pickering, pp. 305-6.

† Quoted from Mr. Hodgson, by Dr. Latham; *Descriptive Ethnology*, vol. i. p. 67.

the indulgence of their sensual appetites. Yet of these poor outcasts, it is said by Mr. Martin, a writer on the *British Colonies*, that some of them "have shown eagerness to become acquainted with the way of salvation. The children of such as are inhabitants of the settlement attend the school diligently; and of them we have the best hopes."

Between these and the civilized European, with his representative governments and other highly elaborated institutions, we have all possible grades of social condition; but, as we are merely giving illustrations of the departure from type, high or low, as this may be supposed to be, we content ourselves with these sketches, and state the conclusions which a general survey of the gradations suggest. Early separation from a parent stock appears, *ceteris paribus*, to favor degradation of type, when this has been accompanied by increased isolation; man appears to require the face of man, "even as iron sharpeneth iron." Whatever physical conditions, then, tend to prevent the free association of man with his neighbor, appear not only to retard any advance in civilization, but actually to induce decided, and ultimately complete retrogression to barbarism. Hence forests, mountain-passes, and deserts are generally found to harbor the rudest of tribes. Dr. Latham remarks of the natives of the Marquesas, that they are "most at war with one another of all the Polynesians. Their chief island is intersected by a mountain ridge, and the mountain ridge, like most mountain ridges, supplies a fierce body of quarrelers."* The same class of causes acts in another way: amid such physical conditions food is proportionately difficult of systematic access; hence, on the one hand, a deterioration of body, and, on the other, a tendency to the development of a low moral sense.

Closely connected with the social condition of the varieties of man is the nature of the food they eat. In the rudest state, man eats the produce of the country where he lives, as he finds it, generally cooked in some form, sometimes raw. As a general rule, the diet is more animal (azotized) in cold climates than in hot ones, where the vegetable diet prevails. This is strictly according to physiological law; and wherever we meet with a law in con-

nection with the religion of a country, the commands as to eating and abstinence are in accordance with it; the physical development is also correspondent. What can differ more than the enormous quantities of fat consumed by the Greenlander, from the rice-diet of a great part of Asia; or than the *physique* of the two races; or the date-fed African from the oily Esquimaux. Buddhists and good Brahmins are forbidden to use animal food; whether the recognition of the physiological propriety came before the giving of the law, or *vice versa*, we can not tell. It is, however, supported by their doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls—they must eat no flesh, lest they eat their fellow-men or relations. The cow, also, is a sacred animal with the Brahmins—an additional reason for not eating it. Amongst the Buddhists there is greater regard for animal life in general, and less *special* regard for that of the cow. One of their rules is "to kill no living creature." The wild tribes bordering upon India and China assume greater latitude of diet; there is still generally found some form of restriction, varying without any definable reason. Some eat the cow, but will not kill it; some will kill it, but only eat it under conditions; others, again, have no prejudice against treating it as may seem most convenient. The Kasia, Garo, and many other tribes have a prejudice against milk, but will not object to any thing else. The Khyens have an impression that the souls of good men transmigrate after death into oxen and pigs; hence they will eat neither beef nor pork. The Yakuts will eat any thing but pork. As to the eating of raw food, there is abundant evidence that such is the practice in many parts of the world, and that from preference, even where cooking is, to some extent, practiced. Nathaniel Pierce relates of the Abyssinians, who are a sort of imperfect heathen Christians, that they have certain prescribed fasts, with a great feast at the end of each. Then the assembled guests take the sacrament, and kill a cow; and "before the animal has done kicking, and the blood still running from its throat, the skin is nearly off one side, and the prime flesh with all haste cut off, and held before the elders of the church, who cut about two or three pounds each, and eat it with such greediness that those who did not know them would think they were starv-

* *Varieties of Man*, p. 198.

ed; but at all times they prefer the raw to the cooked victuals." By some ancient accounts of the Kamtschatkans they eat their meat either raw or frozen, and their messes of fish putrid. Of the Athabaskans it is related,* that "they are fond of unctuous substances, and drink immense quantities of oil, which they obtain from fish and wild animals. They also besmear their bodies with grease and colored earths. They like their meat putrid, and often leave it until the stench is, to any but themselves, insupportable. Salmon-roe are sometimes buried in the earth, and left for two or three months to putrify, in which state they are esteemed a delicacy." And so it would appear that the extremes of civilization meet over the dinner-table; for our game would probably be as intolerable to an unsophisticated nose or palate, as these disgusting dishes.

Great are the varieties of national food—with which we have at present no concern, but there is one point in which the rudest and the most polished nations agree—they will have something narcotic and intoxicating. This is one of the most universally diffused practices with which we meet—more universal than dress—as universal as a creed or superstition. Spirits, chong, distilled rice, dacka, opium, bang, hachish, betel-nut, tobacco—something to chew, drink, or smoke, universal man will have—and with it, systematically, or on state occasions, he will get very intoxicated.

Perhaps we ought not to conclude this brief notice of dietetics without some remark on cannibalism. On the subject of this horrible practice much has been said on both sides, and high authorities have asserted its existence in the fullest acceptance of the term; whilst others, equally high, have denied it, except under much limitation. Dr. Latham, who is exceedingly cautious in *weighing* as well as accumulating testimony on all points, grants that there are three different influences under which savage tribes may taste or eat human flesh. 1. As a mark of honor—Sir Walter Raleigh writes of the Arawaks, that this was showing posthumous respect. 2. In the way of revenge, as eating a conquered enemy. 3. "Human flesh is eaten, as *food*, under incipient famine only; in others, from ab-

solute appetite, and with other food to choose from. This last is true cannibalism. Of cannibalism so gratuitous as to come under the last of these categories, I know of no authentic cases; that is, I know of no case where the victim has been other than a captured enemy; but then I believe that the feast is one of the *certaminis gaudia*. The evidence is, in my mind, in favor of the Battas of Sumatra being cannibals in the most gratuitous form in which the custom exists."*

From social condition and diet, the transition is natural to a brief review of the most striking differences in manners, morals, and customs. On so extended a subject nothing in the way of an exhaustive or systematic account can be expected. We shall necessarily be fragmentary; and first on marriage relations. In Europe it is the custom, almost throughout, for one man to have one wife; in other parts of the world the rule seems to be that one man may have many wives; and this is very general. A singular variety of polygamy exists in Tibet—namely, polyandria; for whereas, in the East generally, one man has many wives, in Tibet one woman has many husbands: for the most part, she marries a whole family of brothers. The precise nature of this institution is not well known, nor, in consequence, is its bearing upon the country in general. Dr. Latham remarks upon it:

"I am slow to believe that polyandria can be an institution of any kind in its normal state. I was once slow to believe that the evidence in favor of a number of brothers having but one wife amongst them at the same time was unexceptionable. I must take it, however, as I find it. Turner especially states that women in Tibet, with their three or four husbands, were just as jealous as a Turk polygamist could have been of his harem. One woman he saw who had five brothers, all alive, and all her husbands. At the same time he shows that the chief, perhaps the real husband, was the elder brother. He it was who chose; he it was who went through the marriage ceremonies; he it was who represented the union."†

In Europe it is the custom for a husband to receive property with his bride; in the East, wives are frequently purchased either by money or by actual service, as was the case with Jacob in his transactions with Laban. In many instances, wives thus purchased become

* *United States Exploring Expedition.*

† *Varieties of Man*, p. 146. † *Desc. Eth.* vol. i. p. 45.

heritable property. Amongst the Mongols, a son inherits all the wives of his father except his own mother. Amongst the Kaffres, the wife is purchased as a slave, and is such. Side by side, however, with the purchase of wives, we meet, in isolated instances, with the custom of receiving a dowry with them, as amongst the Sheraunis.

A savage custom exists in Borneo and Sumatra, thus noticed by Dr. Latham:

"In Borneo, *head-hunting* is one of the essential elements of courtship. Before a youth can marry he must lay at the feet of his bride-elect the head of some one belonging to another tribe, killed by himself. According, then, to theory, every marriage involves a murder. . . . A morbid passion for the possession of human heads is a trait of the Dyak character. Skulls are the commonest ornament of a Dyak house; and the possession of them the best *prima facie* evidence of manly courage. Hence warfare, marauding and internecine, is the normal state of these islands."^{*}

A curious custom prevails in Australia, some parts of Africa, and we believe in other parts of the world—namely, when a young man becomes of marriageable age, he undergoes a ceremony of initiation, the details of which are unknown, except that, as part of it, two of his front-teeth are knocked out.

According to Dr. Pickering there is one caste amongst the Hindoos, the Manabhawa, in which marriage is strictly forbidden; the children are regularly killed, and the caste kept up by purchase. In general, however, it is an institution in much favor, and greatly encouraged. In some districts an awful fate awaits old bachelors who persist in their solitude to an advanced age. Thus in Kumaon, one of the sub-Himalayan districts, it is believed that "the bachelor who, without getting married, dies at an advanced age, becomes a will-of-the-wisp, or *tola*, whose society is shunned even by his brother-spirits; for which reason he is only seen in low places." The sanctity of the marriage-tie is very differently regarded, in the most heterogeneous manner, amongst half-civilized tribes. Sometimes its disregard is viewed as of no consequence whatever. In a neighboring tribe it may be punished with instant death; it is,

however, generally considered as a serious crime.

There is one point connected with this subject that we should not have expected, *a priori*, from nations so far behind Europeans in civilization. Throughout the greater part of what we consider the uncivilized world it is absolutely forbidden to marry near relations; and in some even of the rudest tribes the strictest pedigrees are preserved, in order to prevent the possibility of the union of any related even remotely by consanguinity. Writing on the Magars, Dr. Latham remarks:

"All individuals belonging to the same thum (or tribe) are supposed to be descended from the same male ancestor; descent from the same great mother being by no means necessary. So husband and wife must belong to different thums. Within one and the same there is no marriage. Do you wish for a wife? If so, look to the thum of your neighbor; at any rate, look beyond your own. This is the first time I have found occasion to mention this practice; it will not be the last. On the contrary, the principle it suggests is so common, as to be almost universal. We shall find it in Australia; we shall find it in North and South America; we shall find it in Africa, we shall find it in Europe; we shall suspect and infer it in many places where the actual evidence of its existence is incomplete."

We occasionally meet with complications of the marriage-tie, in the Eastern regulations, that are quite incomprehensible to the European mind. Prichard states, that "the marriages of the Nayrs, (the caste in dignity next to the Brahmins,) so termed, are contracted when they are ten years of age; but the husband never lives with his wife, who remains in the home of her mother or brother, and is at liberty to choose any lover of a rank equal to her own. Her children are not considered as her husband's, nor do they inherit from him. Every man looks upon his sister's children, who alone are connected with him by ties of blood, as his heirs."^{*} Perhaps this would admit of further investigation.

The inheritance of property out of Europe is subject to very singular varieties. In the Kooch tribe, when a man marries, he goes to live with his stepmother, and his property is made over to his wife, and becomes her daughter's when she dies. Amongst the Boda the sons inherit equally; but amongst the Singpho (both Ti-

^{*} *Varieties of Man*, p. 166.

^{*} Prichard, *op. cit.* vol. iv. p. 161.

netan tribes) the eldest and youngest sons divide the property; the rest get nothing. In another allied tribe the youngest son takes all; and amongst the Garo, the youngest daughter inherits every thing. It would be extremely difficult to trace these varieties to any special law of human thought; they are also quite independent of geographical interpretation. The same irrelevancy will be found in our next notices, those of death and burial.

We bury our dead—above all, we wait until they are dead. Some other nations and tribes burn them; others eat them, as we have seen; and if we may believe both ancient and modern authorities, some of the Sumatran tribes kill the sick man, because they consider that a long illness "spoils the meat." He was killed and eaten, so Herodotus and some modern writers relate, let him say what he would about being in health. It would appear also that illness was not always a necessary preliminary. Marsden, in the *Asiatic Researches*, states that they themselves (the Battas) "declare that they frequently eat their own relations when aged and infirm, and that, not so much to gratify their appetite as to perform a pious ceremony. Thus when a man becomes infirm and weary of the world, he is said to invite his own children to eat him, in the season when salt and limes are cheapest. He then ascends a tree, round which his friends and offspring assemble; and as they shake the tree, join in a funeral dirge, the import of which is: 'The season is come, the fruit is ripe, and it must descend.' The victim descends, and those that are nearest and dearest to him deprive him of life, and devour his remains in a solemn banquet." Major Canning confirms this and other still more horrible practices, having made "the most minute inquiries" during his residence there in 1814. Yet, without throwing discredit upon the whole subject of cannibalism, we can not but think that this and other tales require further confirmation. Doubtless the authorities are credible so far as they know, but the chief part of these relations depend upon hearsay; and we know that many savage tribes have the cunning, not only to appear more docile and moral, but also much more fierce and disgusting, as well as stupid, in their practices than they really are. In short, they give such ac-

counts to inquirers as will suit their present purposes. It is to this principle that Dr. Livingston attributes the generally received opinion concerning the stupidity of many African tribes, who really are endowed with a fair amount of intelligence. Some of them have been stated to be unable to count further than five, which he attributes altogether to their unwillingness to give information.

But to return; some burn their dead first and bury them afterwards; some bury them first and afterwards burn them. The inhabitants of Kumaon have a general burning at one period of the year, when they dig up all they have buried before. The custom of human sacrifices on the death and burial of persons of rank is very common. The Indian suttee is well known. A partial suttee is found amongst a tribe of the North-Americans, the Athabaskans, as mentioned in the *United States Exploring Expedition*:

"If the deceased had a wife, she is all but burned alive with the corpse, being compelled to lie upon it while the fire is lighted, and remains thus till the heat becomes beyond endurance. In former times, when she attempted to break away, she was pushed back into the flames by the relations of her husband, and thus often severely injured. When the corpse is consumed, she collects the ashes and deposits them in a little basket, which she always carries about with her. At the same time she becomes the servant and drudge of the relations of her late husband, who exact of her the severest labor, and treat her with every indignity."

Wherever a Mongolian prince dies, he must be buried on the Altai. His best horse is killed, and his favorite servant, and buried with him. Whoever is met on the road is also killed, with the formula: "Depart for the next world, and attend upon your deceased master." It is related that when Prince Mongu "was followed to the Altai burial-ground, no less than ten thousand persons whom fanaticism, or fate, or bad luck threw in the way, are said to have been killed." In the same work we find it related, on the authority of Clapperton, that amongst the Yoruba, an African tribe, with a king are buried certain women and slaves. These last are poisoned; if the poison fails to take effect, the victim is no gainer, for he is presented with a rope, and sent home to hang himself. Amongst the Ashantis there is a similar custom, but

often great numbers of women and slaves are buried alive in one pit. The butcheries amongst other African tribes on such occasions are too horrible to dwell upon; often many thousand persons are destroyed during the awful rites that succeed a funeral. According to Pickering, the M'Knafi tribe have a very summary method of saving trouble with their dead friends—they put them in the bush for the wild beasts to eat. "The friends afterwards cry for ten or twenty days, and then kill three bullocks and make a feast." *Perhaps* some of these customs are related without sufficient investigation. We can imagine an utter stranger to our customs visiting England, and conveying a very incorrect impression to his friends in Africa by hasty induction from a limited number of observations, as thus: "When a rich man dies in England, his friends meet and feast, and rejoice greatly; his widow wears for a year an unbecoming garb, but does not appear otherwise affected. When a wife dies, the husband buries her, and goes to his club; he soon marries again."

Wherever we meet with funeral ceremonies we see indications of a belief in a separate state of spirits; perhaps no tribes believe actually in annihilation, although some have no definite notions of a future life. The victims that are slain at the tomb are not without some alleged purpose. The horse, the servant, the wife, are all intended to serve their master in his changed estate. In many tribes particular places are kept sacred for some time, for the use of the spirit that still haunts the scenes of his former life. Thus Dr. Latham says of the Ho, an Indian tribe: "Dead bodieds are interred, and gravestones placed over them. This, however, is insufficient to keep down the spirits, which are believed to walk about during the day, and to keep within doors at night. A certain spot, upon which is placed an offering, is kept clean for them." In many parts of the East, euhemerism, or a worship of departed spirits, chiefly heroes, is an important part of the religion. This all but universal belief in a future life would of itself afford a strong argument for the unity of the species, such psychological phenomena being very significant.

The same observation might apply to the universal, or all but universal, existence of some form of worship—some re-

cognition of a power higher than man—*greater*, certainly, if not higher. Is there any tribe or nation without a religion? It is so asserted by some; but is the authority indisputable? We can not affirm positively; we have seen some reason to doubt this from internal evidence, in the case of the "Original People" of the Malay peninsula; the same doubts may extend further with reason. According to Pickering, the M'Knafi tribe, already mentioned, "have neither prayers nor religion, but they eat and sleep;" yet he mentions that even they have a deity, called Angayai. We have never met with any history of a tribe with which the narrators could hold any intercourse, that had not some kind of creed, some recognition of a spiritual power, gross though it might be—some idea of a *cultus*. That these ideas vary is not to be wondered at; that they are often the grossest burlesques upon worship is inevitable. The refined mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome were little else than coarse embodiments and caricatures of human emotions, affections, passions, and vices; what are we to expect, then, from races whose highest hopes and aspirations are centred upon the supply of to-day's food, with an occasional or habitual longing for the skull of his neighbor? Man by wisdom has not found, can not find, God; but he has the divine idea within, obscured, hid, almost lost, it may be; but degraded as he may and can become, he can never shake himself loose from the conviction that there is a God that besets him around and before. Him, in his way, under some name or other, as a benevolent or a malevolent being, he recognizes and propitiates to obtain his favor, or to avert his wrath; this he does, waiting until the Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to him, and the fullness of the Gentiles be brought in.

The primary forms in which this deep-rooted instinct of our nature develops itself, are the endless varieties of paganism and schamanism—these being but two names for the same thing—the former usually used with respect to Africa, the latter to Asia and some parts of Europe. Perhaps its most unmodified, or purest, consequently its grossest, form is found amongst the Gold-Coast tribes. "We are in the region of snake-worship, medicine-men, obi-sorcerers, superstitious ordeals, devil-drivers, and Mumbo-jumbos.

The inhabitants of a Fanti village meet at nightfall, with sticks and staves, to yell and howl. By doing this, they fancy that they have frightened the devils from the land, which when they have done, they feast." Snake-worship appears to have been one of the most generally diffused forms of *cultus*, from the earliest known times; in Cashmir it appears to have been very ancient, and also to have been diffused over the whole of India. In many instances it is found associated with legends, which bear more or less the traces of the original temptation by the Serpent; some of them certainly traces so strong as almost absolutely to preclude the idea of coincidence, and to suggest that even this benighted Paganism is not the *earliest* development of human religious sentiment, but a falling away from a previous higher state.

The fundamental idea of Paganism seems to be *dread*—dread of evil from natural objects, directed by unseen maleficent powers; which powers have to be propitiated by sacrifice, or counteracted by charm or formula. It is destitute of any literature, traditionary creed, or doctrine; unattended by any moral teaching. The fetich-men, obis, or sorcerers are the media of communication between men and the spirits; they alone see and hold communion with them; they alone appease them or compel them to their sway. Endless are the forms of development of these ideas, so much so as to render impossible any classification or analysis; yet, in whatever form they are met with, they are fundamentally the same in type, but differing in each tribe, village, nation, or community, in the gods worshiped, and in the forms with which they are worshiped. This applies equally to Africa and Asia. The degree of respect with which the gods are treated, varies much; to some the best of every thing must be rendered; to others the most worthless objects are sacrificed. Thus amongst the Nagas, the chief evil spirit is Rupaiba, blind of one eye; but his assistant, Kanquiba, is blind altogether, very bad-tempered and very malicious. "He must, however, be propitiated; and this can be done cheaply. A fowl is the sacrifice, but the sickliest and smallest of the roost will do. He can only feel what room it takes; so the crafty Nagas put the little bird in a big basket, and so deceive Kanquiba the sightless."

Yet it seems to be the opinion of those writers who have most attentively studied the subject, that fetichism or schamanism is not altogether a system of willful imposture, but one involving curious and recondite psychological principles. The following remarks of Baron von Wrangell, who, according to Prichard, has given the best portrait of schamanism extant, are worth attention:

"Schamanism has no dogmas of any kind; it is not a system taught or handed down from one age to another; though widely-spread, it originates in every individual as the fruit of a highly-excited imagination, acted upon by external impressions which are every where similar through the vast wilderness of northern Siberia. Schamans are not mere impostors, they are persons born with excitable feelings and ardent imagination, who grow up amidst a general belief in ghosts, wizards, and mysterious powers in nature, wielded by sorcerers. The youth conceives a strong desire to partake in these supernatural gifts. No one teaches him. His enthusiastic fancy is worked upon by solitude, by contemplating the gloomy aspect of surrounding nature, by long vigils, fasts, and the use of narcotic drugs, till he becomes persuaded that he has seen the shadowy beings who dwell in the obscurity of forests and mountains, and whose voices are heard in the winds of the desert. He then becomes a schaman, and is instituted with many ceremonies, which are held during the silence of the night, and receives from his order the magic drum. Still, his actions are those of the individual mind. The schaman is not a cool deceiver, but a psychological phenomenon of a wonderful sort. When I have seen them perform, they have always left a permanent gloomy impression on my mind."*

Most Pagan tribes carry on their worship through recognized ministers of some sort; some few have no such office, but, as amongst the Khumia, each man worships and sacrifices as he thinks proper. Although some tribes recognize spirits that are rather good than bad, they sacrifice to the bad ones only; the Lepcha say: Why should they sacrifice to the good spirits, they are harmless enough? The same ideas are found in some mixed religions. The Kurds are Mohammedans, at least more Mohammedan than any thing else, yet they confess to conciliating the devil; they mention him with respect, if compelled to mention him at all; and object to hearing his name taken in vain.

* Prichard, vol. iv. p. 610.

There are six existing lettered religions or creeds, that is, founded upon and supported by a literature of written and recognized doctrines and dogmas. Three are monotheistic, and belong rather to the West than the East — Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism. Three are polytheistic, and belong rather to the East than the West — Parsiism, Buddhism, and Brahminism. Paganism is more or less found in connection with all. Even the Christianity of Europe is more tinctured with it than we are always inclined to admit. In many northern tribes they are intimately interwoven; in some the Paganism overlies the recently-introduced Christianity; in others, this barely tempers the other. For details, we refer the reader to Dr. Latham's notices of the Laps, the Udmurt, the Voguls, the Samoyeds, the Rumanyis, and many others. As yet, Christianity has only spread where the influence of the European races has been felt. One very important fact may be noticed, namely, what may be called the varying receptivity of true religion by different tribes of men. Paganism receives Christianity much more readily than any of the literate religions, whether Buddhism, Brahminism, or Mohammedanism;* how little effect it has, thus far, upon Judaism, as now existing, is well known.

It must be remembered that we are speaking only of phenomena as at present observed. Thus far in the history of man there seems to be a persistent appropriation of certain creeds to certain geographical localities, or perhaps to certain great divisions of men. Christianity belongs as yet chiefly to the Indo-Germanic tribes, and numbers about 120,000,000 of

adherents. Judaism is confined, nearly without exception, to the Abrahamidae, comprising not less than four, probably not more than six millions. Mohammedanism has appropriated the Turkish stock, and part of Africa; perhaps 250,000,000. Parsiism is unimportant in any calculation, not being a living influence, although surviving as a fact. Brahminism belongs essentially to India, and has, perhaps, 120,000,000 of adherents. Buddhism, first fully developed (although perhaps not *originated*) in India, has left its soil altogether; it is now the religion of vast tracts in Central and Eastern Asia; including China, Tibet, Japan, and many of the islands of the Indian Archipelago: it comprises considerably above 300,000,000 of followers.

That the knowledge of God shall cover the face of the earth ultimately we have the highest authority for believing; as yet, however, he is worshiped by but a small section of mankind; and, although some slight inroads are made here and there into the country of the enemy, the most enthusiastic must confess that the difficulties in the way of the spread of Christianity over vast tracts of country, and amongst immense hordes of people, seem to be not quite, but nearly insuperable. For this, plausible and elaborate reasons have been given, and may still be alleged — plausible, but unsatisfying. Perhaps it will only be when these difficulties are in course of being fully surmounted, that we shall clearly recognize and understand them. From mystical systems like Buddhism and Brahminism, perhaps there is a repugnance to descend, as it would seem, to the simplicity of the religion of the cross. From creeds whose morality is theoretically good, but whose practices are abominably bad, the constraint of the pure moral law, resulting from a changed and purified nature, would doubtless appear irksome. The characteristic apathy and immovability of the typical Eastern would also afford a strong obstacle to any change of creed. But to a deeper cause, underlying all these, perhaps we have a key in the phenomena of certain European nations. Ask where the Reformation has spread, and we are told amongst the proper German or Saxon tribes and their kindred. Ask where it has been rejected, and we find it to be, almost without exception, amongst the Celtic tribes and their kin-

* The following passage is suggestive and instructive: "Farewell, for a while, Buddhism, and welcome Paganism. We may say this and mean it; for Paganism is both more instructive than Buddhism, and more practicable. It is more instructive, because it exhibits the thoughts and feelings of an earlier period in the history of humanity. That it is more practicable is known to every commercial man and every missionary. It presents fewer obstacles to those who look for work; fewer obstacles to those who would make proselytes to Christianity. This is because its hold on the mind is weaker, and its prejudices fewer. Asia tells us this, speaking through the mouth of Parsia, Brahmins, and Buddhists. Africa tells us as much. A Pagan country is a promising, a Mohammedan a hopeless, field for the missionary."—Latham's *Descriptive Ethnology*, vol. i. p. 92.

dred. The different psychological tendencies and development of these two stocks, which lead us to trace this phenomenon to its probable proximate cause, may perhaps indicate to us the source whence we shall ultimately derive our knowledge of why the Mongolian tribes are Buddhist and Pagan—why the Hindoos are Brahminic and Pagan—and why the Turks and Africans are Mohammedan and Pagan.

The rite of sacrifice is almost as universal amongst men as the existence of a religion; of course excepting Christianity, where the sacrifice has been once and for all offered. This rite attains its maximum of importance and significance, when the sacrifice is human. In one form we have met with it already, in the single or wholesale butcheries accompanying funeral proceedings; but we meet with it also as an expiatory offering, in a most deliberate and revolting manner. The most striking instance of this is found amongst the Khonds, a tribe of the Rajmahal hills, on the southern bank of the Ganges. Condensed from Captain Macpherson's account, it seems to be somewhat as follows: The goddess Tari is malevolent, and must be propitiated with human sacrifice. On a great misfortune occurring to a family, its head pledges himself to find a victim, (called Tokki, or Kaddi,) within a year. Such victims are purchased from another tribe, who have kidnapped them from the Hindoos; though sometimes they will sell their own offspring. The victim is brought blindfold to the village, and is allowed to live there sometimes for years, honored as a consecrated being. He may bring up a family, who then become amenable to the same sacrifice. At length, however, the time arrives; and, after a day and night of horrible obscenity and drunkenness, on the part of the whole village, the unfortunate victim is immolated amidst dreadful tortures, lasting three or four days; his limbs being first broken, for he must die unbound, and yet be prevented from escaping. There is an elaborate ritual established for this sacrifice, containing a long invocation by the priest, a still longer address to the victim on his happiness in having been thus selected, an expostulation from the victim, still in prescribed formula, and a prolonged dialogue between him and his executioners. It terminates by the quivering body being torn

to pieces by the fanatic and maddened crowd around him; the fragments are burned, and the ashes sprinkled over the fields or plastered on the barns. Such is man when left to the exercise of his own devices, untempered by civilization, unsanctified by the Gospel. Yet, after this hideous performance, a prayer is offered up to Tari, which terminates in these words, "We are ignorant of what it is good to ask for. You know what is good for us. Give it to us;" a petition which might be extracted from a Christian prayer. Along with this practice of human sacrifice, we meet with the custom of female infanticide; if the mother's first child be a female, it is allowed to live; any subsequent ones are destroyed. Sometimes villages containing above one hundred houses may be seen without a single female child. The superstition connected with it is, that Bura had so much trouble with his wife, the aforementioned Tari, that he resolved only that number of females should be permitted amongst his worshippers as would carry on the population.

Amongst some tribes where *à priori* we should least expect it, we meet with legends on which their mythology is founded, bearing the very closest resemblance to the Mosaic records. This is the case amongst the Karens, where the names being changed, we have a sufficiently accurate account of the creation, the temptation by the Serpent, the eating of the forbidden fruit by the woman, her temptation of the man, his fall, and all the subsequent consequences. Probably where this close coincidence obtains, it is the result of early and forgotten missionary labors. There is also a legend of the fall of the angels.

In bringing to a close one section of our long list of *differentiæ* amongst men, it is necessary to inquire whether we have met with any phenomena incompatible with unity of species. We have taken only, or chiefly, the extreme departures in physical, social, and moral development, from any supposable type; and we have thus far seen nothing that would of necessity suggest diversity of origin. As to manners, customs, ceremonies, and religions we see them changing, decaying, and originating, almost daily, in communities where difference of race is never suspected; so that, could these by possibility be even more diverse than they are, a common origin would not be to be discredited

on that account. The one point on which a stand might be made would be the physical differences in color, formation, etc. That these present difficulties is indisputable; and yet it is susceptible of proof, that the extreme differences, say between the Bushman and the typical European, are not greater than those which we see frequently induced, as *permanent varieties*, in domestic animals, by the sum of the influences comprehended under the term *domestication*. Now, domestication of animals is, so far as the animal physical nature is concerned, strictly analogous to civilization in man. We have elsewhere dwelt upon this subject, and shall here adduce but one illustration—not a dignified one from which to judge humanity, but very conclusive. From the year 1493, when the island of St. Domingo was discovered by Columbus, pigs were at various epochs introduced there. A great number of these from various causes have returned to the wild state, and anatomical changes of a noteworthy character have supervened. The form of the skull has changed in a manner which to a transcendental anatomist would suggest the difference between a European human skull and one of some of the Negro tribes; the proportions of the limbs have altered, and, what is perhaps still more decisive, they have lost the varieties of color which the domestic pig presents, and have become *uniformly black*. They have, in short, resumed nearly the formation of the wild boar, from which they were doubtless originally descended. "No naturalist," says Blumenbach, "has carried his skepticism so far as to doubt the descent of the domestic swine from the wild boar. It is certain that before the discovery of America by the Spaniards swine were unknown in that quarter of the world, and that they were first carried there from Europe. Yet, notwithstanding the comparative shortness of the interval, they have in that country degenerated into breeds, wonderfully different from each other, and from the original stock. These instances of diversity, and those of the hog kind in general, may therefore be taken as clear and safe examples of the variations which may be expected to arise in the descendants of one stock."* Blu-

menbach further remarks, that "the whole difference between the cranium of the Negro and that of a European is by no means greater than that equally striking difference which exists between the cranium of the wild boar and that of the domestic swine."

On the varying intellectual and moral aptitudes of the different races of men, we have but incidentally touched. It is an undoubted fact that there are great differences observable—different capacities for receiving instruction, and for the recognition of the moral law. But these differences are all of *degree*, not of *kind*. As yet we have seen no races of men differ from Europeans (whether as men or as Christians) more than the Esquimaux, the Bushman, or the Negro; yet by cumulative evidence it has been fully proved that all these are amenable to the influence of the Gospel, and to intellectual development. If only *one* of each class had been found to be so, this of itself would assert a claim on behalf of the whole race to at least a possible brotherhood in psychical development; and there are many undeniable instances of this, for a collection of which we may refer the reader to Dr. Prichard's encyclopædic work. As a general rule, the intellectual status of a race will be found to depend upon, or correspond with, the facilities of intercourse with other nations; combined with the sum of the influences exercised by climate, soil, food, and the energies therefrom resulting. It will also be remembered that disuse of the intellectual faculties through a series of generations lowers the mental aptitudes and capacities in each succeeding generation; and that a corresponding time must be required to counteract this retrograde influence. Whatever, then, might be found to be the resistance to, or incapacity for, the reception of truth of any kind, in any given race, this would only become a valid argument for diversity of origin, when attempts at restoration had been made over a lapse of time, bearing some proportion to that during which the race had been deteriorating. Even then it would barely amount to a possibility until it had been proved that these differences were greater than those which we daily witness, both in individuals and families, clearly of the same race. And we think it safe to affirm, in conclusion, with Dr. Prichard, "that the phenomena of the human mind, and the moral and intelleo-

* See Prichard's *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*, vol. i. p. 353.

tual history of human races, afford no proof of diversity of origin in the families of men; that, on the contrary, in accordance with an extensive series of analogies, we may perhaps say, that races so nearly allied and even identified in all the principal traits of their psychical character, as are the several races of mankind, must be considered as belonging to one species."

But questions yet remain still more difficult of investigation than those already noticed, and likely in all probability to afford doubtful problems, practically important to solve, for many generations. These relate to the special adaptation of races to soils and climates, and to the permanent isolation or possible mixing of races amongst each other.

It has generally been a received dogma that the whole earth is the domain of man; that, whereas animal and vegetable tribes have their geographical and climatic limits, which they can not pass with impunity, man may become a denizen of any latitude. Such is the truth in words; but when we examine facts, there are striking modifications necessary. Some varieties of men live and thrive, where others only die or wither. To take a familiar illustration, Europeans can not colonize a tropical country; to some extent they can *live* there, subject to a variety of diseases and a deterioration of constitution. But they can not even live there without assistance; they can not cultivate the soil; for this a tropical race is required. To this rule we know of no valid exception. England can not colonize, properly speaking, India nor tropical Africa; Spain, in the same sense, could not colonize South-America; France can hold Algeria as a military colony, but in what other sense? None of these can become inhabitants of the country invaded, in the proper sense of the term — independent, self-supporting. Their very numbers can only be kept up by immigration; let this cease, and probably in a century the invading race would die out.

It is strongly suspected that this law is more general in its application than this, that difference of latitude is not the only bar to colonization. The mightiest colony the world has ever seen is that of the United States; its progress has been most marvelous; yet, as an Anglo-Saxon race, its future at least admits of doubt. An impression is growing that this race languishes in North-America, all its apparent vigor notwithstanding. There are unmis-

takable signs in the people of premature maturity and premature decay; and another certain mark of a tendency to decay is that the average number of children in families is small. Up to the present time, mighty masses of population, Saxon and Celt, are daily pouring fresh blood into the Union, rendering population returns of no value whatever, ethnologically considered.

"But when this stream shall stop, as stop it must; when the colony comes to be thrown on its own resources; when fresh blood is no longer infused into it, and that, too, from the sources whence they originally sprung; when the separation of Celt, Saxon, and South German shall have taken place in America itself — an event soon to happen — then will come the time to calculate the probable result of this great experiment on man. All previous ones of this nature have failed; why should this succeed? Already I imagine I can perceive in the early loss of the subcutaneous adipose cushion, which marks the Saxon and Celtic American, proofs of a climate telling against the very principle of life — against the very emblem of youth, and marking with a premature appearance of age the race whose sojourn in any land can never be eternal under circumstances striking at the essence of life itself. Symptoms of a premature decay, as the early loss of teeth, have a similar signification. The notion that the races become taller in America I have shown to be false; statistics, sound statistics, have yet to be found; we want the history of a thousand families, and of their descendants, who have been located in America two hundred years ago, and who have not intermingled with fresh blood from Europe. The population returns now offered us are worthless on a question of this kind. The colonization, then, of Northern America by Celt and Saxon, and South or Middle German, is a problem whose success can not be foretold, can not reasonably be believed. All such experiments have hitherto failed."

This is the extreme view; we quote it as such. Allowance must be made for the theory, to support which Dr. Knox pledged himself, namely, that "race is every thing;" all other influences — religion, politics, literature — nothing. Yet many more patient investigators than Dr. Knox hold similar doubts to these on the subject of colonization. Acclimatization is not well understood; at all events, within historic times we have no account of any people that have become so far acclimatized to a *materially different* climate to their own, as to be able to colo-

* Dr. Knox: *Races of Men*, p. 14.

nize it in the sense above mentioned. The fact remains unimpeachable that, as a general rule, certain peoples are specifically adapted to certain climates and soils. Perhaps it does but cut the knot to say that they have, by circumstances, been forced upon these localities, and have become accustomed to them. Why, then, can not Europeans become accustomed to them now? All experiments show that they can not. There is no self-supporting European colony any where within the tropics, notwithstanding all the attempts hitherto made. And *when* were these changes accomplished? Figured in the tombs of Egypt we find representations of Jew, Negro, Copt, Persian, and Sarmatian, distinct as now; doubtless adapted each to his climate, even in so short a period, comparatively speaking, after the dispersion of mankind. The whole subject is obscure and full of mystery. We shall not attempt to theorize upon it, but merely test by one instance how far it bears upon a diversity of origin:

"We are in India, and not in the best parts of it. We are in a belt of forest fatal to Europeans, fatal, in many cases, to even the Hindu of the healthier localities.

"Upon the extent that these unfavorable conditions affect the human frame, the evidence is conflicting. The Saul forest, full of malaria every where, but fullest to the east of the Kosi, is endured by no human being save and except the remarkable individuals that have for ages made it their dwelling-place. Yet the Dhimal, the Bodo, and others thrive in it, love it, and leave it with regret. When others show in their fever-stricken aspects the inroads of the poison of the atmosphere, these breathe it as common air. Nay, they prefer it to the open and untainted air of the plains, where the heat gives them fever. So writes Mr. Hodgson, and so his communicants informed him. Yet they may easily have been exceptions to their countrymen, stronger in body, more patriotic in spirit. They may also have exaggerated. It is certain that all our testimony is not to this effect. It is certain that other writers have noticed the unhealthy complexion and undersized limbs of the foresters of the Saul belt, the so-called aborigines of the district."^{*}

Now, these people are related closely in other particulars to those that surround them: they are not suspected, even by the polygenists, to be of a different race. They have become acclimatized; and of the same principle we meet in many parts

of Europe, and the world generally, many illustrations. And thus, whilst the fact remains undisputable, that some men can live, and cultivate the soil, where others infallibly perish, it proves nothing as to diversity of origin. What it does prove is this, that we know little of the circumstances upon which the success or failure of acclimatization depends. In the case of the European attempting vainly to colonize tropical countries, a great part of the non-success probably depends upon his carrying with him the habits and manners, and above all the diet, of Europe, and its vices, into these lands. In more similar latitudes there have doubtless been migrations of masses on to foreign soil; yet, on a broad view, there still seems a strange tenacity of possession by some races, and an equally strange incompetence to eradicate them on the part of others, of which we give an illustration below.*

But the great question upon which the positive proof of the unity of origin depends, is that involved in the crossing of races. Individuals are supposed to be of *one species*, descended from *one pair* of protoplasts, when they can unite to propagate a prolific offspring, capable of indefinitely perpetuating the race. Individuals of two closely allied species can occasionally have offspring; and in one or

† "Of the Slavonian race I have already spoken; they occupy their original ground, nor has any other race been able to supplant them. Trodden down by the Sarmatian, the German, the Turcoman, the Roman, the Hun, they occupy still the same ground they did before all history. Their Eastern origin is a fable. Twice did the Hun and the Turcoman penetrate to Vienna, across and through the great mass of the Slavonian race; and twice has the Crescent returned from the Slavonian native land, leaving no trace of their passage.

"Now this great race, the most intellectual of all, occupy, as I have said, as nearly as may be, at the present day, the same countries as in the remotest periods; at times advancing, at times receding; assailed by Roman power; overrun by the terrible Attila and his Cossagues; crushed down by the Mongol; oppressed by the Turcoman; cruelly butchered in Bohemia, and Posen, and Prussia, by the Sarmatian and German races; decimated by the Russ in Poland—there they still remain, aboriginal occupiers of the soil; no change in feature or form, but always recognizable from the surrounding nations. Gothic, no doubt; high-minded, original, inventive, mystical, transcendental. The Turcoman left in Hungary a portion of his race, the Magyars, but they can not hold their ground, noble though they be; nor can there be a doubt that their existence depends on the admixture by marriage with Slavonian families."—Dr. Knox: *Races of Men*, p. 124.

* Latham: *Descriptive Ethnology*, vol. I. p. 93.

two rare instances, these are prolific for another generation, under certain limitations; none of them permanently so. The bearing of this law is this—acknowledged by all—if the various races of men can unite and cross, so as to propagate a prolific, permanent, mixed race, then is the whole family of man *one*. If, on the contrary, races unite, and produce an offspring which, left to its unaided resources, and unreplenished from either parent race, dies out, or returns in a few generations to one or other original type, then the family of man is probably not one, but has various origins, or protoplasts.

Extreme views are held by anthropologists on this question. Some assert positively that permanent mixed races are impossible; that they must continually be reinforced from one or both parent stocks, or they will infallibly perish. Others point to various apparently conclusive facts, proving the actual existence of such races, and therefore their possibility. At the first glance the subject would appear easy of settlement. What more easy than to point to the populations of Western Europe as a proof that races do amalgamate. And yet, on a closer inspection, the subject is indeed beset with difficulties of an order almost insurmountable. Even in Europe, even in England, or rather in Great Britain, distinct races exist side by side, unmixed and unmixing. The Scandinavian and the Celt are still as distinguishable, not only physically, but morally, as within any historic period: Ireland does not become Saxon; nor England Celtic. That there is a mixed population can not be doubted; but it does admit of contest what this mixed population is. Is it descended from the mixed population of a century or three centuries back? or is it continually and necessarily supplied from the parent stocks, whilst generation after generation the veritable mixed race dies out. We have no data on which to settle this question. Prichard himself, the strongest supporter of the resultant monogenic doctrine, so far recognizes the insufficiency of any proof derivable from this argument, that he scarcely appeals to it.

The question has, almost of necessity, to be contested on other grounds; namely, where the races are so distinct in physical attributes, as to make the tracing of their history and that of their offspring both more easy and more conclusive. It must

be acknowledged that the undeniable instances of genuine intermixture are but few. Where history treats of type, we find it but little changed from then until now. The Mongolian and the Hindoo closely correspond to their formation as in the days of Herodotus; and the vast tracts of lands inhabited by them, present but few hints of a mixed race. The Negro, the Jew, the Copt, (a small relic,) the Persian, exist still as distinct races, corresponding in type to their portraits on the tombs of Egypt. The Jew and the Gipsy still live apart, mixed with all nations, but amalgamated with no race. The *rule* of race is evidently isolation; it is the exceptions, the possibilities for which we have to look. Of these Prichard points to three, as proving that races may and do mix, and propagate a self-supporting hybrid race; the Griquas, the Cafusos, and the Papuans.

The Griquas result from a mixture of Dutch and Hottentot blood; as a nation they have aggregated, during the present century, around a Moravian mission station. The time is too short to decide the question whether they can be considered as, or will ultimately become, a permanent mixed variety of the species. The Cafusos are a tribe of Brazilians, supposed to result from a mixture of the indigenous Indian with Negroes. Our information concerning them is too slight to be conclusive on so important a point. As to the Papuans, that they are a mixed race was originally but an hypothesis of MM. Quoy and Guimard; but has since been quoted from them as an authoritative fact.

Such is the state of uncertainty in which this very important question at present stands; very much further investigation will be required before any hope of a settlement can be reasonably hoped for. Ethnology, as a science, is still in its infancy; making rapid strides it is true, both by observation and by philological investigation, a part of the subject which we have necessarily omitted in this brief notice; *race* as existing, however originating, exerts a most powerful influence over the affairs of the human family; and we can conceive no more fruitful and promising field for the labors of such cautious and learned investigators as Dr. Latham, who feel that "the proper study of mankind is Man," than to analyze and accumulate whatever may elucidate those striking varieties called marks of Race.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE EARTH'S OLD AGE.

A FANCY SKETCH.

BY J. G. HARGREAVES.

THE knell of another year will have tolled when these paragraphs meet the reader's eye. We grow older with every beat of the pendulum. The human structure is an apparatus which has been wound up for a brief run of three-score years and ten. For each of us, whose bodily machinery is permitted to play out its task without interruption, there must come a time when the vital force will begin to languish; when our capital of strength will appear to be exhausted; when the nervous power, which now works the limbs with such splendid efficiency, will trickle from its source in penurious dribbles; when the gateways of sensation will be obstructed, or some of them entirely closed; and when the mind, participating in the frailties of the frame, will perhaps squander its little remnant of vigor in the dreams and inanities of dotage.

Now, if old age produces its effects upon man and beast—upon tree and flower—why should it not tell upon the earth we inhabit? After sixty centuries of historic existence, to say nothing of the previous geological eras, would it be any wonder if the world had lost something of its sprightliness and vitality? Or, if burdened with a load of infirmities, it were now sinking into a state of hopeless decrepitude?

Let us venture to sketch a few of the consequences which might be supposed to result, were the great forces of Nature—the agencies which give activity to the phenomena of our globe—subject to the law of decline and decay. For the purposes of this waking dream, we will put forward the clock of Time some hundreds of years, at the least.*

* In a fancy sketch like this, it is scarcely necessary to say that some license of language, not admissible in a purely scientific subject, may be fairly

Look up. The sun has nearly reached the zenith; but, instead of flooding the earth with the fine golden radiance of former days, it bathes it with a feeble twilight, even at high noon. The glowing disk upon which men could not gaze without burning the delicate balls of vision, or raising a crowd of phantom suns to haunt the trembling retina, may now be eyed with perfect impunity. In the most cloudless sky the luminary shines with a dull red glare, such as it exhibited in better days when battling with the morning mists, or when its beams were plowing their way through sheets of fog. Why is this? The fountain of light is obviously failing. And is it surprising that such should be the case? For ages the great orb of days has been pouring out its streams of splendor without a moment's intermission. Not only has it lit up the group of globes for which it was specially constructed, but its emanations have occupied so huge a sphere of space, that not a single cosmical chip, not a stray atom of world-dust floating between us and Sirius, has been left in positive darkness. What artificial luminary could support such a prodigal issue of brilliancy, and not be beggared in a day? The sun is a lamp. All lamps and fires, as far as we know, require to be periodically recruited. Sir Isaac Newton thought that comets might be intended to serve as solar fuel; and that some of these wanderers, after fluttering round the sun like gigantic moths, fell into the furnace, and supplied it with fresh luminous material. All lamps and fires, too, demand occasional dressing. Why should not the sun? If that body is never trimmed

claimed and as courteously conceded. The reader is also requested to excuse certain incongruities which are almost inseparable from a topic of conjectural treatment.

from age to age, is it any marvel that its light should at last begin to wane? Great spots, we know, frequently make their appearance on its surface. Some of these have been distinctly perceptible to the naked eye. In the first year of Augustus, according to Plutarch, its brightness was so much impaired, that people could look it in the face without effort. In the ninth year of Justinian, it is said to have suffered under some peculiar obscuration for upwards of fourteen months. The acreage of some of these macule is enormous. In certain cases they have been calculated to extend over several hundreds of millions of square miles. Many persons have attributed them to the smoke and fumes arising from the body of the orb, and overcasting its fair front like the carbonaceous clouds which so often disfigure our landscapes at home. By others, as by Galileo and Maupertuis, they have been ascribed to the scoræ floating on the liquid matter of which the sun was supposed to consist. The better opinion, however, is, that these solar stains are simply openings in the atmosphere, or photosphere, of the orb—rents which are easily made, and as easily healed; for they sometimes appear very suddenly, and usually close up in the course of a few days at the furthest. Would it be extravagant if, in our ignorance of the precise cause of these variations, we inferred that the luminary was subject to internal changes which might seriously impair, and in the end wholly extinguish, its lustre? Might not fancy be justified in suspecting that the hour will come when the sun shall lie on the bosom of space—a burnt-out orb—a huge blackened cinder; and when the planets shall perform their rounds, draped in sack-cloth, like a funeral procession of worlds weeping for some starry chieftain, some leader amongst the hierarchy of light, who has gone down to darkness and death?

Or if, adopting the undulatory theory, we remember that, in order to produce a red ray, the sun must throw the ether into such rapid motion that it will vibrate four hundred and fifty-eight billions of times in a second, could we expect that this prodigious activity would be maintained forever? Once let the powers of the luminary fall below that mark, and his disk would be blotted out from view,

for his influence would cease to be visible to eyes constructed like our own.

Let this be as it may, however. Now—that is to say, at the time to which we have transported the reader in imagination—the Lord of Day no longer comes forth from his Chamber in the East like a bridegroom radiant with gladness, or like a strong man rejoicing to run a race; but with saddened face and blunted beams—his golden smiles all gone—he pursues his weary way across the heavens. Nature has suffered sympathetically from the change. The earth has thrown off its green vesture, and the landscape wears a sickly garb, in place of the rich livery of the sun. The flowers are no longer steeped in vivid dyes, and the plants that continue to grow are pallid in hue and consumptive in texture. There is no gorgeous petaling in the garden—no glittering plumage in the grove; gone is the bloom on beauty's cheek, and dim the fire in valor's eye. And since all organic life is in some degree dependent upon "holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born," the fading efflux of brightness from the central orb intimates too plainly that the earth's years are numbered, whilst the blanched vegetation shows that it is already putting on the white hairs of senility. It would seem to be quite true that—

"This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss."

Concurrently with this change, the temperature of the globe is also reduced. For the larger portion of the year, you can not venture out without furs or mantles to protect you from the cold. The icy caps of the Polar regions are gradually expanding, and, having invaded the mid-zones, are threatening to overlap the whole earth. Mountains, once green to their summits, are now crested with perpetual snow. Glaciers are crawling down with deadly step into tropical vales, where these gelid monsters were anciently as unknown as snow on the burning sand. Rivers once fluent as the winds, and as untamable by frost as the plunging cataract, are now bound in fetters of indissoluble ice. Numerous families of birds and beasts, which formerly spread themselves over the temperate latitudes, have been compelled to migrate, and are

huddling under the equator; while various species, which required a glowing climate, have perished for lack of warmth. Let savage Winter thus continue to extend his sway, and the time may eventually arrive when

"Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
And bid to roar no more."

And then, if not previously, the few survivors of the human race may encounter a fate like that of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his comrades, whom the cold of the northern main

"Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

But still, may not man contrive to keep the enemy at bay for some period at least, and at the same time find compensation for the sun's waning lustre in the use of artificial fires and flames? Alas! another symptom of decrepitude has supervened. What is combustion? Simply the union of some fuel element with another substance, mostly oxygen; but a union effected so energetically, that heat and light are freely disengaged. Let the combination, however, be lazily accomplished, and in that case no sensible caloric is evolved; still less is any visible flame exhibited. Now, considering that chemical action implies the exertion of force, not only at the moment when a change occurs, but also at every instant during which the connection continues, ought we to be astonished if we discovered that this same force was gradually decaying in vigor? Why should two substances rush together with as much intensity now as they did thousands of years ago? Oxygen, in particular, is the hardest-used element on the face of the globe. It combines with almost every thing in creation. It forms a large part of the sea, the atmosphere, the solid rock, the metallic ore, the fruitful soil, the succulent vegetable, the living animal. It is wanted in almost every process in art and nature. It is called for whenever a creature breathes, a plant grows, a taper burns, or a weed decays. We might almost fancy that its atoms would long ago have been worked to death, or that, if not altogether exhausted of vigor, at any

rate their powers would be seriously enfeebled after centuries of incessant service.

And just such a result we will suppose to have occurred. The oxygen of the air now combines so languidly with most combustibles, that the heat which the process affords is scarcely felt, and the light which it ought to supply is still more rarely seen. If a common candle requires a week to consume, what sort of illumination can we expect from such an attenuated flame? If a bushel of coals, thrown upon a common fire will last for months, is it not vain to expect that the caloric engendered will yield the same quantity of comfort which it would have done when poured out in a concentrated form in the compass of a few hours? Small profit, indeed, can those who are destined to live in the earth's declining years, derive from the splendid felony of Prometheus! In an era when gunpowder burns as sluggishly as small coal, many arts must necessarily be crippled; for how can glass be fused, copper melted, or iron cast? And if all the operations of cookery must be conducted over a slow fire, and demand many weary waiting hours for their achievement, can we imagine that a sirloin of beef will be particularly tender when roasted, or a plum pudding remarkably dainty when boiled?

In many other ways, too, this decay of chemical force has led to melancholy results. Why is it that both men and beasts are constantly gasping for breath, and that the lungs appear to heave with such frightful labor? Why this universal asthma which seems to prevail? It is because the absorbent power of the blood for the vital oxygen of the atmosphere has been considerably reduced. The competency of this gas to combine with the effete carbon of the tissues has been so far diminished that longer and larger inspirations are needed, in order to secure the requisite amount of aëration. The balance once so happily established between man's pulmonary work and his physical resources—a balance so beautifully maintained that his organs played unconsciously under all ordinary circumstances, though any undue exertion instantly told upon his frame—has now been broken, and consequently much additional duty is thrown upon the lungs. These extra drafts upon the fountains of energy must of course tend to drain them

at a premature age. The traveler who has quartered himself for a short time on the top of a high mountain, or who has simply slept on the Grands Mûlets for a night, knows how the toiling organs of respiration suffer whilst foraging for additional supplies of the life-sustaining element which the thin air so grudgingly affords.* Besides, the blood when imperfectly ventilated, produces a mischievous effect upon the brain and the system at large. Stop the flow of oxygen to the lungs altogether, and the venous current, loaded with carbon, would poison the individual as certainly as if the heart were a reservoir of prussic acid or serpent's venom. Precisely to the same extent that the process of vital aëration is obstructed, must the delicate adjustments of body and mind be vitiated by the change. Hence, in the races who people the earth when its latter days have arrived, one prominent feature is the dreamy, drunken look they exhibit, the staggering gait they assume, and the sense of stupefaction which appears to becloud the brain.

Then, too, the atmosphere is laboring under another species of disorder. It has become well-nigh stagnant. The winds that blow are few and feeble. Instead of the bluff healthy breezes of olden times, there are only languid, timid zephyrs. And what is the result? The smoke collects over such large towns as still survive, increasing in density, until the air becomes almost opaque, and the flakes of soot are drawn into the lungs with every breath. Fogs also hang over the place of their birth for days or weeks together. The carbonic acid exhaled from the respiratory organs, or developed by means of combustion and in other processes, rests like a deadly pall over the spot, or tumbles to the ground in a mephitic sheet. Whatever noxious odors or emanations may arise, whatever elements of pestilence may make their appearance in the air, will cling like the shirt of Nessus to the doomed locality, and probably sweep away its inhabitants by the hundred. No longer churned by the winds which kept the atmosphere in a state of salubrity, the foreign

materials poured into the aerial sea, soon engender a host of evils; and though the law of diffusion still operates to some extent, yet, as the force of chemical action is also declining, it can not counteract the mischiefs which those great scavengers of the air, the breeze and the tempest, were intended to prevent. Nor does the ocean suffer much less than the land from the failure of ventilating power. Without gales to plow up its surface, the waters grow torpid, and in quarters where currents do not exist, "the very deep" appears to "rot"—

"A thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.
I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay."

And the vapor, also, which formerly supplied the land with the great element of fertility, when hurried away by the winds, and deposited on the soil in pleasant showers, now falls idly back into the reservoir from which it was scantily lifted.

The means of irrigation being thus abridged, it follows that the desert tracts of our globe must constantly increase. Like spots of baldness appearing on the head of age, these patches enlarge until they overrun whole kingdoms, and threaten to convert the planet into a herbless wilderness. Besides, vegetation has already sickened under the decay of light and decrease of temperature. Tropical plants like the palm and sugar-cane, have been expelled by the cold, and the natives of each zone are crawling up towards the Line in concentric ranks, leaving the higher latitudes wholly denuded of botanic life. In our own country corn is never reaped from the open field, and in the once sunny South of Europe the grapes no longer hang in purple clusters from the trellised vine. The noble oaks and elms which formerly adorned our glades have been displaced by the shivering pines and puny birches of Northern climes.

And man, too, how does he fare in a world over which the snows of age are falling fast? Declining light, declining heat, declining vegetation, declining resources generally, have told upon the once lordly being who walked the earth with pride in his port and defiance in his

* Some persons are painfully affected on these occasions. M. Fornerot, who ascended Mont Blanc in 1802, said that the agony he endured "could only be compared to that of a man whose lungs were being violently torn from his chest."

eye. Wan in countenance and shrunken in muscle, his frame has become stunted like that of the children of Frost. Let this degeneracy be prolonged, as it must if the race is perpetuated, and may not the world be ultimately occupied by a tribe of pigmies? The length of individual life has also greatly diminished. Amongst the Buddhists there is a tradition that the duration of existence has been constantly lowering from a period of eighty thousand years, at which it originally stood, down to its modern span, and that it will continue to contract until it reaches seven years; whilst in point of stature men will gradually dwindle away until they are no larger than your thumb.

The intellect, as well, has kept pace with the body in its decay. Suffering not only from the cramped *physique* with which it is now associated, but also from the adverse external conditions under which men exist, and withering, too, under the decline of arts and social comforts, it has become so dwarfish in its development that little of its civilized brilliancy still survives. No more Platos, Miltons, Bunyans, Newtons, Davys, Humboldts, are born. No great books are composed. Not a single discovery is effected in the course of a year. The Houses of Parliament are occupied by small statesmen, whose sublimest efforts are not equal to the eloquence of an African Palaver. Royal Academies and National Operas have become extinct institutions. In the pulpits, sermons are heard which would not have done credit to a six-year-old schoolboy when the race was in its prime. The writings and the inventions of former ages are becoming quite unintelligible. Youths at school get as far as vulgar fractions in arithmetic, or the *pons asinorum* in geometry, and then pull up under the impression that their education is complete. To master a single language fully is deemed a sufficient occupation for a whole life. And when poor fallen humanity casts its eye upon some relic of by-gone grandeur—a ruined railway, a crumbling cathedral, a dilapidated picture, a moldering volume which tells of the great feats the race has performed—it might well parody Swift's melancholy exclamation upon opening the *Tale of a Tub*, as the shadows of lunacy were falling around him: "What a genius I must have had when I wrote that work!"

Let us not prolong this somber speculation, however, by picturing the unhappy results which would ensue were the principle of decay admitted into other departments of nature. If, for example, the magnetism of the earth were to become so feeble that the needle responded but faintly to its calls, or so eccentric that no dependence could be placed upon its movements, it is enough to ask how commerce would languish when ships were deprived of their trusty guides across the deep. If the electric force were now so superannuated that it could not even produce a few flashes of mild sheet lightning such as we are accustomed to witness on a summer's eve—or if its stormiest manifestations were as delicate as the tremulous pulses of the *Aurora Borealis*—who can tell how the earth would suffer from the change in her vegetative processes and in a variety of important phenomena? Were the cohesive properties of matter to alter, would it not be miserable to know that iron was becoming brittle as glass, marble soft as clay or putty, and that ultimately granite itself would crumble into dust? Or, perhaps, the gravitating tendencies of the earth towards the sun might be slackening, and, in that case, provided the primitive impulse continued unabated, our planet would recede in space, and travel round its primary in a larger and drearier orbit than we could afford to pursue.

This, however, or something like this, might have been the appointed destiny of our planet. Doomed to decay, like the beings by whom it is inhabited, all its great agencies might now be suffering from the infirmities of senescence. Why they are not so we can not comprehend. To keep them in ceaseless activity—for it must be remembered that they are "perpetual motions"—implies an inexhaustible stock of energy which none but a power that is truly divine could supply. If some of them, at least, had flagged in their labors—if, after undergoing the drudgeries of innumerable years, they had grown tired of their tasks—what could we have expected but that the machinery of Nature should break down, and all her phenomena fall into irreparable confusion? But it is not so. Ransack the whole creation, and not a single symptom of unquestionable decay, not a single token of absolute death, can be detected. The

"greater light" still sparkles in the firmament with "unsuffering splendor," for, fortunately—

"It is no task for suns to shine."

The atmosphere has not become turbid with the fumes it constantly receives, nor fetid with the noisome effluvia which are emptied into it incessantly, as if it were a huge cesspool. Far above our heads the clouds are continually conveying the rich moisture from the sea, and dropping it upon the needy land. Yet these fleets of vapor have not lessened in number, nor have the showers they discharged been reduced in quantity. The soil has not deteriorated in its produce, still less has it sullenly refused to yield its fruits. Thousands of crops have been extracted from its bosom, millions of men have fed on its corn, myriads of animals have fattened on its herbage. Forests, with tons of timber in many of its trees, and green leaves countless as the sands on the shore, have risen and fallen, and yet the ground has gone to its work as gladly as if the toil of rearing oaks or banyans were nothing but simple play. Fire burns as cheerfully as ever, and the mean temperature of the earth continues precisely the same, for aught we know, as it was at the commencement of the human era. The winds never forget to blow, and the waves are rarely at rest. Nor has man yet yielded to his forefathers in point of

stature, or fallen below them in point of strength; his imagination is still as brilliant as theirs, and his intellect not less searching and profound.

Yet the Psalmist tells us, in a fine figure, that, compared with the eternity of God, the whole universe shall wax old like a garment, and like a vesture shall it be changed. And the Apostle Peter declares "that the heavens (the atmosphere) shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein (thereon) shall be burnt up." What this transformation may be, no one can confidently predict; but that it will be preceded by a season of physical decrepitude and disorganization we have no right to assume. At the beek of the Creator, those mighty ministers of his will which now keep the world in action, will fulfill the task which may then be assigned them, and when the fires of purification have swept over its surface, and the memorials of man's art and man's iniquity have alike been destroyed in that avenging flame, the earth shall come forth, not consumed, but simply changed—not re-placed, but re-modeled—not groaning in bondage because of the curse, but rejoicing in its primal freedom—not with the guilty drapery of human depravity still clinging to its form, but clothed in the beautiful garments of righteousness and of peace.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BATTLE-FIGHT ON THE PEIHO.

ADMIRAL JAMES HOPE received his commission as Commander-in-Chief in the East-Indies and China when his predecessor had completed his period of service. Nothing could have been more decorous. He left England by the overland mail in March, 1859, and, on arriving at Singapore, found Admiral Sir Michael Seymour awaiting his arrival there, in order that he might take his passage home in the next mail-boat. Here those two officers met, the one with the acquired knowledge of

three years' command in those remote seas, and thoroughly conversant with Chinese tactics, military, naval, or diplomatic; the other, though well known as an officer of great ability and unflinching firmness, still perfectly ignorant of the nature of the country and people with whom he had to deal, the constituent parts of his force, its adequacy or otherwise for the task assigned it, and the amount of moral or physical support he was likely to get from our fond and faithful allies, the French

Admiral Hope, upon all these points, must have looked to Admiral Seymour for information.

Yet, strange to say, within a few hours—it appears to us, only forty-eight hours—after Admiral Hope arrives in Singapore, Admiral Seymour is steaming home in a Peninsular and Oriental boat.

By the treaty of Tientsin, ratifications were to be exchanged in Peking by June twenty-sixth. On or about the eleventh June, 1859, Admiral Hope and his squadron sailed from Shanghai for the Gulf of Pechili; and the Sha-liu-tien, or Wide-spreading Sand Islands, fifteen miles off the entrance of the Peiho river, was given as the general rendezvous.

Mr. Bruce and Monsieur Bourboulon sailed four days afterwards for the same destination; they had found the Commissioners Kweiliang and Hwashana merely “armed with pretexts to detain them, and prevent their visit to the Peiho;” and from all they had learned at Shanghai, there could be no doubt that every obstacle awaited the diplomats as well as executives of Europe, in their forthcoming visit to Peking.

Yet we can not see that either Mr. Bruce or Admiral Hope would have been justified in any misgivings as to the issue of measures that might be deemed necessary to enforce their Treaty rights; and had it been possible for them at this juncture to have telegraphed the state of affairs to either Downing Street or Whitehall, we solemnly believe that the Ministry would have said: Proceed to Tientsin—these impediments have been anticipated; a treaty wrung by force of arms from an Eastern despot can not be expected to be ratified without some demur—and as no one, we believe, had taken the trouble to ascertain the nature of the new fortifications of Taku, it was a very natural inference that they would not differ, to any great extent, from all the many fortifications which the British had fought and taken elsewhere in China.

On June seventeenth, H.M.S. Chesapeake, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Hope, arrived at the anchorage under the Sha-liu-tien Islands, and on that day and the next, his squadron assembled round him; but without waiting for all to arrive, the Admiral embarked on the seventeenth on board a gun-boat, the Plover, and escorted by the Starling, proceeded over the bar of the Peiho river, to inform

the authorities of the anticipated arrival of the Plenipotentiaries, and to ascertain what obstructions, if any, existed at Taku. Admiral Hope found a number of earth-works standing upon the site of the old forts destroyed in 1858, and the river was rendered quite impassable by a triple series of booms and stakes. The fortifications seemed well constructed, singularly neat and finished in outline for Chinese earth-works; but there were few guns seen; most of the embrasures looked as if filled up with matting; and for the first time at a military post in China, there was a total absence of all display, and no tents or flags were seen to denote a strong garrison within the works. The officer who was sent on shore with the Admiral's communication was refused permission to go farther than the beach, and the men who met him said, that they were militiamen in charge of the earth-works; that the booms and stakes were placed as a precaution against rebels or pirates; that the ambassadors ought to go to another river ten miles further north, which was the true Peiho river; and concluded by assuring the English officer that they acted upon their own responsibility in all they said and did, as no high officers were at hand. Some expostulations which were offered against the existence of the barriers in the river, as obstacles to the Ambassador's friendly visit to Tientsin, were received in good part, and they promised within forty-eight hours to set about removing them. Such was the result of the Admiral's first reconnaissance, and decidedly there was nothing seen to excite alarm, or awaken suspicion of the admirable ambushade which he was being drawn into. In fact, an examination of one face of well-masked earth-works must always lead to a very erroneous estimate of their strength—Sebastopol, to wit. The only way in which true information could have been gleaned was by keeping an intelligent officer in the Gulf of Pechili, and letting him watch the Peiho river subsequent to the cessation of hostilities in 1858; but that was a duty for which Admiral Hope can in no way be held responsible.

We will, however, proceed to describe the scene of the coming battle, and give that information of which Admiral Hope ought to have been put in possession.

The Peiho, or North river, has its source in the highlands of Manchouria, at no very

great distance from Pekin, and passes within twelve miles of that capital. The velocity of the stream, arising more from the altitude of its source than from its volume, has scoured out a narrow tortuous channel, to the south-east, through the deep alluvial plain of Pechili, and cut into the stratum of stiff clay beneath it. As the stream approaches the sea, it flows for the last five miles through a plain, which is little, if at all, above the level of high water of spring-tides; the consequence is, that instead of cutting a channel for itself fairly out into the Gulf of Pechili, the force of the current becomes very much weakened by being able to inundate the adjoining banks whenever there is a freshet in the river, and the waters discharge themselves over a great bank, known as "the Bar." This bar, of hard tenacious clay, extends in a great curve out to seaward, of which the are is fully six miles, and the distance at low water, from a depth of ten feet water within it, is nearly four geographical miles. Over this bar, at high tide, a channel exists, in which there is eleven feet of water; but at low water there is only twenty-four inches in most places, and extensive dry mud-banks on either hand.

Immediately within the bar there is anchorage for small vessels and gun-boats, where they can float at low water; but they are then only two thousand yards from the fortifications, and necessarily under fire from heavy guns and mortars; whilst vessels outside the bar can neither aid them, nor touch the fortifications; and with all the marvelous qualities imputed to Armstrong's guns, we do not believe that they will, by a horizontal fire from without the bar, do much damage to mud-forts.

Within the bar, the channel of the Peiho winds upward for a mile between precipitous banks of mud, which are treacherously covered at high tide, and render the navigation at that time very hazardous. The seaman then finds himself between two reed-covered banks which constitute the real sides of the Peiho river, and at the same time he is surrounded on every side by earth-works, which, from the peculiar configuration of this last reach of the Peiho, face and flank him on every side. These fortifications stand either upon natural or artificial elevations of some ten or twelve feet general altitude, and even at high water look

down upon a vessel in the channel—an advantage which becomes all the more serious when the tide has fallen, as it does fall, some ten or twelve feet. The actual channel of the river is never more than three hundred feet wide until the forts are entirely passed, and the current runs from two to three miles per hour.

The left-hand bank, looking up the stream, projects more to seaward than the right-hand one, and on it stood in former days three mounds of earth thirty feet high, well faced with solid masonry; a double flight of stone steps in the rear led to their summits, and within them was a hollow chamber admirably adapted for magazines of powder. The summit was a level space two hundred yards square, capable of fighting three guns on each face, except in the rear, which was perfectly open. Upon these *cavaliers* men and guns looked down at all times of tide upon the channel of the river, and fought in comparative security from any thing like horizontal fire. Round these *cavaliers* heavy mud-batteries were constructed, of twenty-two feet vertical height, so as to screen their basements from any thing like a breaching fire. These batteries had guns perfectly casemated, and were connected into one great work by a series of curtains, pierced, like the bastions, for casemated guns, and covered by flanking fire, and wet as well as dry ditches. This Grand Battery was pierced for fifty guns, and with the exception of those on the *cavaliers*, every embrasure was fitted with an excellent mantlet. Above and below the grand work, though probably connected with it by a covered-way, were two waspish-looking flanking forts. Each had a *cavalier*; and the one to seaward was excellently constructed, and looked like a three-tier earthen battery. On the right-hand bank stood another series of works, only inferior in importance to those on the opposite side, and finished with equal care. The right-hand works almost raked any vessels advancing beyond the seaward angle of the Grand Fort.

Apart from these fortifications, three barriers had been constructed where the channel was narrowest, and admirably calculated to detain vessels immediately under the fire of the works. Hitherto, however, in Chinese warfare, it had invariably been observed that, although they constructed massive fortifications, and

placed ingenious impediments in their rivers, the guns' crews would not stand to their guns at close action, and that they did not understand the art of concentrating their guns upon the point at which our vessels were checked by booms or rafts, and, consequently, it was always easy to outflank or turn their works in any way we thought proper.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth June, the squadron moved from the Shaliu-tien Islands to the anchorage immediately off the bar of the Peiho river, the smaller vessels passing within it for security against the seas and winds of the Gulf of Pechili; and on the latter day the English and French Ministers arrived in H.M.S. *Magicienne*, and H.I.M. corvette *Duchayla*. The advent of this foreign force, and their passage of the bar, did not excite the slightest notice, or appear to give any alarm to the Chinese. All was as quiet and sleepy as the most fastidious admirer of Chinese scenery might desire. The great broad plain of Pechili spread away to the north and south; the upward portion of the river could be traced (until lost in mirage) by the masts of the countless trading-junks which annually arrive at Tientsin from all parts of China. The long and straggling village of Taku was hid by the mound-like outline of the southern forts, except the Little Temple, from which, in 1858, the Governor-General of Pechili, one T'an, had made an ignominious flight before our dashing little gun-boats *Banterer*, *Leven*, and *Opossum*. Its quaint turned-up roof, with its cockey little air, was the only thing, inanimate or animate, that gave the slightest sign of defiance to the "red-haired barbarians."

Mr. Bruce, it is thus shown, arrived at the entrance of the Peiho river exactly six days before the expiration of the period for the ratification of the Treaty at Peking; and in that land of ceremony and etiquette Mr. Bruce well knew that if our Envoy did not make a strenuous effort to fulfill his engagement, and appear at Tientsin or Peking within the stipulated date, the war-party, which had done, and was doing, all in its power to subvert the treaties of 1858, would immediately magnify the breach of contract into a premeditated slight to the Emperor, and an indignity to the Court of one whom five hundred millions of souls actually worship. When Mr. Bruce, therefore, hastened to an-

nounce his arrival, and requested to be allowed to pass through the barriers at Taku to Tientsin, he was simply told to go elsewhere; and the barriers were obstinately kept closed, whilst the apparently stolid militiamen declared they did so on their own responsibility.

What was Mr. Bruce to do under such circumstances? There were but two measures open to him—the one was to remove the barriers placed, as they declared, by local authorities, without the cognizance of the Imperial Government, and proceed to Tientsin, where a high officer was always resident; the other course was to go to some place mentioned by these pretended militiamen, as one likely to lead the Minister to Peking.

Mr. Bruce very naturally, and very wisely, as the issue proves in the American's case,* determined to go to Tientsin; and as he could not reach it except through the barriers, and past the forts which watched them, he and M. Bourboulon, on the twenty-first of June, after recapitulating their reasons, tell Admiral Hope that they "*have therefore resolved to place the matter in your hands, and to request you to take any measures you may deem expedient for clearing away the obstructions in the river, so as to allow us to proceed at once to Tientsin.*" This is plain and straightforward language—a simple request; and with its policy the Admiral very rightly must have felt he had nothing to do. He was called upon to open the road to Tientsin; he had around him such a force as his masters at home considered ample for any emergency; it was his duty to endeavor to carry out the task assigned him.

Admiral Hope at once wrote a formal note to the authorities, informing them that, should the obstructions in the river not be removed by the evening of the twenty-fourth June, so as to allow the Allied Ministers to proceed to Tientsin, as they indubitably had a right to do under the sign-manual of the Emperor, he,

* The American Minister, after the repulse of Taku, adopted the second course; his triumphal entry into Peking in a cart, his close confinement whilst there, the attempt to make him worship the Emperor, the insult of ordering him back to the seashore for a worthless ratification, and the entire question of the readjustment of the tariff being referred back to a subordinate at Shanghai, is conclusive proof of what we should have gained by adopting such a course.

Admiral Hope, should proceed to clear the road. The force at Admiral Hope's disposal was as follows: Outside the bar, and incapable of crossing it, Chesapeake, Captain G. Willes; Magicienne, Captain N. Vansittart; Highflyer, Captain C. F. Shadwell; Cruiser, Commander J. Bythesea; Fury, Commander Commerell; Assistance, Commander W. A. Heath; and Hesper, (store-ship,) Master-commander Jabez Loane; the French corvette Duchayla, Commander Tricault; and tender Nosogary.

Vessels capable of crossing the bar and engaging the forts:

	Guns.	Howitzers.	Commanders.
1. Nimrod,	6	0	R. S. Wynniatt.
2. Cormorant,	6	0	A. Wodehouse.
3. Lee,	2	2	Lieut. W. H. Jones.
4. Opossum,	2	2	C. J. Balfour.
5. Haughty,	2	2	G. D. Broad.
6. Forester,	2	2	A. F. Innes.
7. Banterer,	2	2	J. Jenkins.
8. Starling,	2	2	J. Whitshed.
9. Plover,	2	2	Hector Rason.
10. Janus,	2	2	H. P. Knevit.
11. Kestrel,	2	2	J. D. Bevan.

30 g. 18 howit., and a combined rocket-battery of twenty-two 12 and 24 pounders. The total crews of these gun-vessels amounted to about five hundred officers and men.

A gale of wind and heavy rain prevented much being done on the twenty-second, but by the night of the twenty-third all the vessels capable of crossing the bar were assembled within it; and early on the twenty-fourth June, the marines from Canton, under Colonel Lemon, as well as those of the larger vessels, and the armed boats and small-arm-men, were assembled on board certain junks placed on the bar to receive them. This force, seven hundred strong, was intended as an assaulting party, under Colonel Lemon and Commanders Commerell and Heath. The Admiral, moreover, placed the Coromandel and Nosogary as hospitals, as far out of range as it was possible to anchor them.

The delight of the gallant little force under Admiral Hope was very great when the sun set on the twenty-fourth June, and no letter in reply to his communication of the twenty-second had been received. It augured well for resistance, and all felt assured of a fight and victory. There was not a single misgiving as to

the result of a combat; and if any was expressed, it was a fear that all they would have to do, would be to pull up the stakes instead of the Chinamen doing it themselves. As yet, nothing had occurred to excite the Admiral's suspicions of the nature of the opposition to be encountered, although he had, ever since the day of his arrival, especially deputed Commander John Bythesea and Lieutenant W. H. Jones in the Lee, to narrowly watch the forts and river, to see if any thing like an increase of garrison, or the nature of the armament, could be detected. But in order that a charge of want of preparation for battle might not hereafter be imputed to him, the gallant chief made every arrangement for taking up positions exactly as he would have done had he been at war, instead of at peace, with China. The first thing to be done was to see whether the stakes or rafts could be destroyed in the night by boats. Accordingly, when it was quite dark, three boats' crews, under Lieutenant Wilson, Mr. Egerton, (mate,) and Mr. Hartland, (boatswain,) commanded by Captain Willes, started to make the attempt. Anxiously were they watched for. At last two loud explosions, the flash and report of a gun or two from the forts, the return of the boats, and the cheers of the excited crews of the gun-boats, told the joy with which was hailed the double act of hostility—a pledge for the morrow's fight. Captain Willes brought back full information of the stubborn nature of the obstacles opposed to the flotilla, and that it was impossible to make a dash up the stream to take the works in reverse.

The barriers were three in number. The first extended across the channel, at an elbow where the curvature of the mud-banks, and direction of tide, placed vessels ascending the stream stem on, or in a raking position to the face of the Grand Battery. It consisted of a single row of iron stakes, nine inches in girth, and with a tripod base, so as to preserve an upright position in spite of the velocity of the stream. The top of each stake was pointed, as well as a sharp spur which struck out from its side, and at high water these dangerous piles were hidden beneath the surface of the river. This barrier was five hundred and fifty yards distant from the center of the Grand Battery on the left, and nine hundred yards from the forts on the right hand.

The second barrier was placed four hundred and fifty yards above the iron piles, and immediately abreast the center of the fortifications. It consisted of one eight-inch hemp and two heavy chain-cables, placed across the stream, at a distance of twelve feet from each other: they were hove as taut as possible, and supported by large spars placed transversely at every thirty feet; each spar was carefully moored both up and down stream.

The third barrier consisted of two massive rafts of rough timber, lashed and cross-lashed in all directions with rope and chain, and admirably moored a few feet above one another, so as to leave a letter S opening, above which were more iron stakes, so placed as to impede any gun-boats dashing through the opening, supposing all other obstacles overcome. The ingenuity of the arrangement here was most perfect. The force of the current would only allow the passage at this point to be effected at top of high water; at that time the iron piles were covered with water, and their position being unknown, the chances were all in favor of a vessel becoming impaled upon them.

Captain Willes passed through the interstices between the iron stakes in his boats, and leaving two of them to secure the explosion cylinders under the cables, he and Lieutenant Wilson pushed on to the third barrier, or rafts. They crawled over it, and although they could see the sentries walking up and down at either end, and they must have been seen by the garrison at the forts, which towered above them at the short distance of one hundred and fifty yards upon the right and left, neither party molested the other. Satisfied of the solid nature of the obstacle, and that a mere gun-boat pressing against it would never force away all the anchors or cables with which it was secured, Captain Willes returned to the second barrier, and exploded his charges, occasioning a breach apparently wide enough for a vessel to pass; but a carefully-directed fire from a gun or two in the forts warned him to desist. There was, however, no general alarm on shore, and the works did not, as might have been expected, open a general fire, or develop their formidable character.

It was evident that Admirable Hope had now but one resource left, namely, an attack upon the enemy's front; a flank

attack was impossible; for it would have been simple folly to have landed seven hundred marines and sailors outside the bar, either to the northward or southward of Taku; the force was far too small to risk such a maneuver. The Commander-in-Chief's plan was simple and judicious. He had eleven gun-vessels; nine of them were to anchor close to the first barrier, as nearly abreast as possible without masking each other's guns. Captain Willes in the Opossum was to secure tackles to one of the iron piles, ready to pull it up when ordered, and then, under cover of the anchored gun-vessels, the Admiral and Flag-Captain in the Plover and Opossum were to pass on to the destruction of the second and third barriers. Whilst the Admiral thus carefully made his plans to meet a strong resistance, few in the squadron thought of any thing but the fun and excitement of the coming day: many a witty anticipation was expressed as to promotion for another bloodless Chinese victory, mingled with jokes at the foolish obstinacy of John Chinaman. Daylight came; the forts were deceitfully calm; some thought an embrasure or two had been added during the night, but it was only certain that the second barrier, where it had been broken during the night by Captain Willes, was again thoroughly repaired. Every thing had the appearance of simple obstinacy. With cock-crow all was activity in the squadron; at half-past three in the morning, a chorus of boatswains' mates' whistles had sent all hands to their breakfasts, and by four o'clock the vessels commenced to drop up into their assigned positions. The flood-tide was running strong, a muddy turbid stream flowing up a tortuous gutter; gradually that gutter filled, and the waters, ruffled by a fresh breeze, spread on either hand over the mud-banks, and eventually washed the border of the reed-covered plain, and touched the basements of the huge masses of earth which constituted the forts of Taku. These lay silent and lifeless, except where at the flag-staff of one waved two black banners, ominously emblematic of the bloody day they were about to witness.

The Admiral commenced to move his squadron into action thus early, anticipating that by the time the flood-tide had ceased running, every vessel would have reached her position, the distance in no case being more than a mile; but the

narrowness of the channel, the strength of the breeze, and force of current, occasioned great delay by forcing first one gun-boat and then another ashore on the mud-banks; added to which, the great length of the Nimrod and Cormorant caused them, when canting or swinging across the channel, almost to block it up. The consequence was, that the squadron was not ready for action at 11.30 A.M., or high water. Prior to high water it would have been folly to have commenced action. No judicious naval officer would engage an enemy's works whilst a flood-tide was sweeping in towards them. Had Admiral Hope done so, every disabled vessel and boat, as well as every wounded man, would have fallen into the hands of the Chinese; and, moreover, the difficulty of anchoring by the stern in gun-boats, in so strong a tideway, can only be appreciated by seamen, and would have probably resulted in the whole force falling aboard of one another, and being swept by the tide, in one mass, under the concentrated fire of all the batteries. By one o'clock the ebb-tide was running strong; all the vessels were by that time in position, except the Banterer and Starling, and they were hopelessly aground, though in positions which enabled them to coöperate to some extent. The Admiral prepared to remove the barriers, and issued his final instructions.

At 2 P.M. the Admiral, whose flag was flying on board the Plover, signaled to the Opossum to remove the iron pile to which she was secured, and thus to make a passage through the first barrier. This the Opossum's officers and men, by means of tackles and steam-power, succeeded in accomplishing in thirty minutes. The Commander-in-Chief now led up to the second barrier, followed closely by the Flag-Captain in the Opossum. These were moments of intense excitement for those on the covering flotilla, as well as for the impatient assaulting party anchored on the bar of the river. Every eye was directed upon the batteries under which the gallant Rason was bearing the flag of his chief. The oft-repeated question of "I wonder whether the rascals will fight!" was about to be answered; and that moment of eager expectation, which all men feel before they join in combat, made every heart beat quick, and silenced every tongue. As the stern of the Plover touched the barriers, a single gun served as a

signal to all the works, and in a minute a concentrated fire of forty heavy pieces opened upon the little craft. In the words of the seamen, "it seemed as if the vessels had struck an infernal machine." The Plover and Opossum were wreathed in fire and smoke, above which the red flag of the gallant leader waved defiantly.

A rush and stamp of men to their quarters sounded through the flotilla, and as the Admiral threw out the signal, "*Engage the enemy*," with the red pendant under, indicating as "*close as possible*," the cheers of the delighted ships' companies mingled with the roar of that first hearty broadside. All day long, through that stern fight, that signal, simple yet significant, flew from the mast-head of the heroic Admiral. Never was the need greater that every man should do his duty, and nobly they responded to the appeal. So well concentrated was the enemy's fire upon the space between the first and second barriers, that the Plover and Opossum appeared to be struck by every shot directed at them. The flagship was especially aimed at. Within twenty minutes both these vessels had so many men killed and wounded, and were so shattered, as to be almost silenced. Lieutenant-Commander Rason, of the Plover, was cut in two by a round shot. Captain McKenna, of the first Royals, on the Admiral's staff, was killed early, and the Admiral himself was grievously injured by a gun-shot in the thigh. The Lee and Haughty, under Lieutenant-Commanders W. H. Jones and G. Broad, now weighed, by signal, and advanced to the support of the Admiral.

The shattered Plover almost drifted out of her honorable position, having only nine men left efficient out of her original crew of forty. The Admiral, in spite of wounds and loss of blood, transferred his flag to the Opossum, and the battle raged furiously on either hand. A little after three o'clock, the Admiral received a second wound, a round-shot knocking away some chain-work by which he was supported in a conspicuous position, and the fall breaking several of his ribs. The Opossum had by this time become so disabled, that it was necessary to drop her outside the iron piles of the first barrier, where both she and the Plover received fresh crews from the reserve force, and again took their share in the fight.

There was now no false impression upon

the mind of any one, as to the work they had in hand, or the novel amount of resistance they had to overcome. Retreat was disgrace, and in all probability total destruction; for the bar would be impassable long before the vessels could reach it—and who was going to think of retreat thus early? who wanted to be hooted at by all the world as men who fled before a Chinaman? No, strip and fight it out, was the general feeling from Captain to boy, and in a frenzy of delight with their chief, they went into their work like men, who, if they could not command success, would at any rate show that they deserved it. A pall of smoke hung over the British flotilla and the forts of Taku; under it flashed sharp and vividly the red fire of the combatants; the roar of great guns, the shriek of rockets, and rattle of rifles, was constant. No missile could fail to reach its mark; the dull *thung* of the enemy's shot as it passed through a gun-boat's side, the crash of wood-work, the whistle of heavy splinters of wood or iron, the screams of the wounded, and the moans of the dying, mingled with the shouts of the combatants and the sharp decisive orders of the officers—all were "fighting their best!" And it was a close hug indeed, for the advanced vessels were firing at one hundred and fifty yards' range, and the maximum distance was only eight hundred yards. Every officer and man rejoiced in this fact; for forgetful of the enormous thickness of the parapets opposed to them, our gallant sailors fancied that all was in favor of a race who had never been excelled in a stanch fight at close quarters. The Lee and Haughty were now suffering much; the fire of the forts had been most deadly, and was in every respect as accurate as ours. The Admiral in his barge, although fainting from loss of blood, pulled to these vessels, to show the crews how cheerfully he shared the full dangers of their position; and they who advocate a British commander-in-chief being in the rear, instead of, as Nelson and Collingwood ever placed themselves, in the van of battle, ought to have witnessed the effect of Hope's heroic example upon the men under him that day; even the wounded were more patient and enduring owing to such an example.

By four o'clock the Lee had a hole knocked into her side below the bow-gun, out of which a man could have crawled:

both she and the Haughty had all their boats and top-works knocked to pieces, and many shot had passed through below the water-line, owing to the plunging fire of the forts; their crews were going down fast; and the space between the first and second barriers was little better than a slaughter-house from the storm of the enemy's missiles, which in front and on both flanks swept over it. The Admiral had fainted, and was being taken to the rear for medical aid by his gallant secretary, Mr. Ashby, when he recovered sufficiently to order the barge to conduct him to the most advanced vessel in the line. That post was now held by the Cormorant, Commander Wodehouse; for the Lee and Haughty had been obliged to retire for reinforcement and support. On board the Cormorant the flag of the Commander-in-Chief was hoisted; and he, though constantly fainting from loss of blood, was laid in his cot upon the deck to witness the battle, which still raged with unremitting ardor upon both sides, fresh guns' crews being brought up from the rear to replace the killed and wounded on board the vessels. First excitement had been succeeded by cool determination, and the men fought deliberately, with set teeth and compressed lips: there was no flinching the fight there were no skulkers; and had there been any, there was no safety any where inside the bar of the Peiho: blood was up, and all fought to win or fall; even the poor little powder-boys did not drop their powder-boxes and try to seek shelter, but wept as they thought of their mothers, or of their playmates Dick or Bob who had just been killed beside them, and, with tears pouring down their powder-begrimed countenances, rushed to and from the magazines with nervous energy. "You never see'd any fighting like this at Greenwich School, eh, Bobby?" remarked a kind-hearted marine to a boy who was crying, and still exerting himself to the utmost. "No! Bombardier," said the lad, "but don't let them Chinamen thrash us!" School-boy pluck shone through the novel horrors of a sea-fight.

The enemy, whoever they were, Manchous or Mongols, men from the Amour, or, what is far more likely, renegades, deserters, and convicts, swept up from the frontier of Russian Siberia, fought admirably and most cleverly. We have every good-will towards the Mongolian Prince

Sungolosin: we are quite ready to allow that, though at the head of the ultra-conservatism of China, and representative of that formidable section who prefer fighting England to submitting to her demands, he yet may be a progressionist in the art of attack and defense. Nevertheless, it does startle us to find that, between July, 1858, and June, 1859, Prince Sungolosin should have learnt to construct forts and block up a river upon the most approved principles of European art; that, for the first time, the embrasures were so arranged as to concentrate a fire of guns upon particular points; that mantlets, hereafter to be described, improvements upon those used at the great siege of Sebastopol, were fitted to every casemated gun; that guns in the bastions swept the face of the curtains; that the "cheeks" and "soles" of the embrasures were most scientifically constructed with a view to direction of fire; that reserve supplies of guns and carriages had been provided to replace those dismantled or disabled by our fire; and lastly, that the reinforcements were so cleverly masked, that our gun-boats could only see that, as fast as they swept away a gun and crew in the fort with a well-directed shell, a fresh gun and fresh men were soon found to have replaced them; and we must distinctly express our firm belief, that upon all these points the Chinese received counsel and instruction, subsequent to the signing of the Treaty of Tientsin, from Russians, whether priests or officers matters little; and that, during that fight of the twenty-fifth June, it was evident to all who had ever fought Asiatics, that no ordinary tactician was behind those earth-works.

As the tide fell, so the fire of the forts became more plunging and destructive, whilst our gunners, though quite close, had to aim upward at the enemy. The experience of Sebastopol has shown that a horizontal fire will not dislodge a brave opponent from behind earth-works; of course it would be much less likely to do so when the assailants were so low as to have to fire in an oblique direction upward; and such was the relative position of the two antagonists at Taku. The body of the forts was soon found to be invulnerable, and the embrasures became the targets of our gun-boats. Those on the *cavaliers* were subjected to a terribly accurate fire, yet, strange to say, the guns

at these points were seldom silenced for any length of time. The Cormorant's bow-gun, on one occasion, in four successive shots, fairly knocked over the three guns in the face of the *cavalier* of the center bastion—the whole squadron witnessed the fact, and saw the guns and crews shattered by the terrific effect of her solid sixty-eight pounders—yet in a quarter of an hour other guns were there and stinging away as waspishly as ever.

At 4.20 p.m., the Admiral was obliged to yield to the entreaties of the medical men, and to the faintness arising from loss of blood: he handed over the immediate command of the squadron to the second in seniority, Captain Shadwell, who, supported by Captain Willes and Captain Nicholas Vansittart, carried on the battle.

Of the individual acts of valor and devotion with which such a combat is replete, how many escape observation! whilst the mention of others often gives pain to the modest men to whom the writer would fain do honor. At any risk, however, we must narrate an anecdote or two illustrative of the zeal and devotion displayed in this glorious fight.

When the Cormorant's bow-gun did the good service of silencing, in four shots, the center *cavalier*, the Admiral, lying on his cot, was so struck with the accuracy of the aim that he immediately sent an aide-de-camp forward to obtain the name of the captain of the gun. The messenger found worthy Corporal Giles at the full extent of his trigger-line, the gun loaded and run out; his whole mind was intent upon one object—hitting his enemy. "Muzzle right," said the honest marine. "Who fired those shots?" interposed the messenger; "the Admiral wants to know." "Well!" shouted the man to his crew, adding, "I did, sir," (to the officer.) "Elevate!" "What's your name?" rejoined the messenger. "John Giles," said the marine, leaning back, shutting one eye, and looking along the sights of the gun, his left hand going up mechanically to the salute—"John Giles, corporal. Well!" (this to his crew) — "Second company" (to the officer) — "Ready! Woolwich division! Fire! Sponge and load! I beg your pardon, sir, No. 1275." We need not add that the worthy corporal was far more intent upon his work than mindful of the kind compliment his Admiral was paying him, and his best reward was the hurrah of his

gun-mates, as they watched the shot plunge into the enemy's embrasure.

"Opossum ahoy!" hails a brother gun-boat captain; "do you know your stern-frame is all on fire?" for smoke and flame were playing round one end of the little craft, whilst from the other she was spitefully firing upon the foe. "Bother the fire!" was the rejoinder; "I am not going to knock off pitching into these blackguards for any burning stern-posts. No men to spare, old boy!"

"Werry hard hit, sir!" remarks the boatswain of the Lee to her gallant commander; "the ship is making a deal of water, and won't float much longer; the donkey-engines and pumps don't deliver one bucket of water for ten as comes into her!" "Can not do more than we are doing," replies the Commander; "it is impossible to get at the shot-holes from inside, and I will not *order* men to dive outside with shot-plugs, in this strong tide-way, and whilst I am compelled to keep the propeller revolving."

"There's no other way to keep the ship afloat, sir!" urged Mr. Woods, "and if you please, sir, I'd like to go about that 'ere job myself."

"As you volunteer, I'll not object, Woods," said the commander; "but remember it is almost desperate work; you see how the tide is running, and that I must keep screwing ahead to maintain station. You have the chance of being drowned, and if caught by the screw, you are a dead man."

"Well, sir!" said Woods, looking as bashful as if suing for some great favor, "I knows all that, and as far as chances of death go, why, it is 'much of a muchness' every where just now; and if you will keep an eye upon me, I'll try what can be done."

Woods accordingly brought up a bag of seaman's clothes, tore it open, wrapped frocks and trowsers round wooden shot-plugs, tied a rope's-end round his waist, and dived under the bottom of the Lee to stop up the shot-holes. Again and again the gallant fellow went down, escaping from the stroke of the screw as if by a miracle; for he often came up astern at the full length of his line, having been swept there by the tide. His exertions, however, were not successful, although he stopped as many as twenty-eight shot-holes; and the noble little Lee was soon found to be in a sinking condition. The

Kestrel, with colors flying, and still fighting under the gallant Lieut.-Commander Bevan, went down in her station at 5.40 P.M., and affairs began to look very serious; yet the last thing thought of was defeat. One gun-boat swings end on to a raking battery, and a shot immediately sweeps away all the men from one side of her bow-gun, as if a scythe had passed through them. "This is what they call a ratification, Billy; an't it?" remarks the captain of the gun to one of the survivors; and raising his right arm, red with the blood of his slaughtered comrades, he cursed in coarse but honest phrase the folly and false humanity which in the previous year had allowed these mandarins to march off almost unscathed, "whilst we was a *looting* brass-guns for the Tooleries," (Tuileries.) Phirr! came along a bar-shot, and a mass of wood-work and splinters knocked over and almost buried a commander and master of one of the gun-boats. The remaining officer, a warrant-officer, rushes up and pulls them out from under the wreck. Though severely bruised, neither was, happily, killed. "All right, I hopes, sir!" rubbing them down—"legs all sound, sir—ah! you will get your wind directly—but you *must* keep moving, sir; if you don't, they're sure to hit you. I was just telling the chaps forward the same thing—shot never hits a lively man, sir! and, dear me, don't they work our bow-gun beautifully—that's right, lads! that's right!" urged the enthusiastic gunner; "keep her going! Lor! if old Hastings could have seen that shot, Jim, he'd have given you nothing to do at the *Admiralty* for all the rest of your born days."

Thus manfully went the fight; explosions occurred now and then in the works, but nothing to indicate a destruction of any of the garrisons—the two black flags in the upper battery still waved gently in the light air, and no sign of surrender or distress appeared the Chinese side, except that all the embrasures showed a severe punishment must have been inflicted upon the men working the guns within them, and there seemed to be an inclination to cease firing upon the part of the enemy, or only to fire in a deliberate and desultory manner. Exhaustion was beginning to tell upon our men, just at the time that the shattered condition of their vessels called for most exertion. By six o'clock all probability of forcing the bar-

riers with the flotilla was at an end. The Kestrel was sunk, and the Lee obliged to be run on the mud to prevent her going down in deep water; many other vessels were filling, owing to shot-holes—the Starling and Banterer aground—Plover disabled; and if the Nimrod or Cormorant, by any accident to their anchors or cables, fell across the stream, the channel would be blocked up, and all the squadron be lost. The senior officers saw that nothing now remained but to withdraw, if it were possible, the squadron from the fight; the difficulties, however, in the way of such a maneuver were almost insuperable. It wanted yet nearly two hours before darkness would set in—the passage over the bar could not be effected before dark, on account of high water not occurring until midnight—the night was moonless—the probabilities great against the vessels being able to find their way in the dark, down so narrow and tortuous a channel—and so long as the vessels remained within the bar, so long also must they be within range of those hard-hitting long guns, of the effects of which they had had that day such bitter experience. The reserve force of six hundred fresh men had not yet been brought into action—they were begging to be allowed to retrieve the trembling fortunes of the day; even the crews of the sinking gun-boats only asked to be allowed to land and grapple with the foe, who skulked behind his earth-works, whilst they (stripped to their trowsers) had fought upon their exposed and open decks. There was yet another reason, which doubtless had its weight: out of the eleven hundred men and officers selected by the Admiral from his fleet to carry out the service which the representative of his Sovereign had called upon him to execute, only twenty-five were killed and ninety-three wounded at 6.20 P.M., after four hours' close hard fighting. That loss was simply insufficient to justify any officer in acknowledging himself thoroughly beaten, or in abandoning an enterprise.

Uninterested spectators upon the bar may say, after the result, that they saw within ten minutes of the action being commenced, that the British would not succeed. It would have been an evil day for Admiral James Hope and his captains, had such an idea entered their heads at so early an hour. It is true, they felt that they had been inveigled into an ambush,

but inasmuch as they went into it, having taken every precaution against surprise, and prepared for battle, it remained alone for them to fight it out, and trust to their God for victory in a good cause.

The gallant-hearted Vansittart urged one last bold stroke to retrieve the honors of the day, and at any rate to save, if possible, the entire squadron from destruction. Captains Shadwell and Willes concurred in this view, though they well knew it was a neck-or-nothing attempt—in short, a forlorn hope, which might, if once fairly hand to hand with the enemy, drive him from his works, but at any rate the attempt would divert the fire from the shattered flotilla, and allow night to close in, and afford them an opportunity of saving all the vessels from destruction. And let any one weigh well what would have been the effect throughout the seaports of China, to our countrymen and commerce, had those gallant officers lost all that squadron, as we believe they would have done in attempting a retreat at that juncture. The ingenious tactics of the enemy—Chinamen we will not call them—afforded just then an illusory ground for hope of a successful issue to an assault: they assumed the appearance of being silenced in many quarters, and only worked a gun here and there. An assault and escalade were at once ordered; the Opossum went to the rear, and, aided by the generous sympathy of the American Flag-Officer Tatnall—who, in his steamer, the Toeywan, assisted very materially—the boats filled with the marines and small-arm men were brought up to the front.

At about seven o'clock, Captains Shadwell and Vansittart, Major Fisher, R.E., Colonel Lemon, R.M., Commanders John Commerell and W. A. J. Heath, and Commandant Tricault of the Imperial navy, headed this forlorn hope of seamen, sappers, and marines, their march across the mud being directed upon the outer bastion of the Grand Fort, as it appeared to have suffered most from the fire of our vessels. The cheers of the excited crews of the gun-boats, the revived fire of the flotilla, and the dash of the boats to the point of disembarkation, warned the enemy but too well of the intended assault; and, to the astonishment of the assailants, from every work, every gun, and every loop-hole, a terribly destructive fire opened upon our devoted men as they waded

through the deep and tenacious mud. In spite of shot, grape, rifle-balls, gingalls, and arrows, the party, six hundred strong, formed a solid mass, and pressed forward, whilst close over their heads flew the covering-shots of their brethren in the vessels. It was a terribly magnificent sight to see that dark mass of gallant men reeling under the storm of missiles, yet, like a noble bark, against adverse wind and sea, still advancing towards its destination. Officers and men fell rapidly — Shadwell, Vansittart, and Lemon were soon badly wounded, and many a man fell grievously injured in the deep mud, to be quickly covered by the flowing tide; yet there was no lack of leaders — no hesitation in the dauntless survivors. It must be acknowledged that the garrison showed neither want of skill nor bravery; for in spite of the fire of the gun-boats they crowded parapets and embrasures, and opened a withering fire of musketry upon our men. At last a bank covered with rushes was reached — Commerell, Heath, Fisher, and Parke, still headed the devoted band, and they dashed into the first ditch, leaving, however, a very large proportion of killed and wounded strewn along their path. The flotilla had now to cease firing upon the point of assault, lest it should injure friends instead of foes. The excitement of the gun-crews may be imagined, as they saw the night closing around their comrades wrapt in the blaze of the enemy's fire, and they heard the exultant yells of the garrison, and marked the faint and desultory cheers, and ill-sustained reply of the assailants. It was with difficulty that they could in some cases be restrained from rushing to join the good or evil fortune of the fray; five hours' fighting had made all indifferent to life. As one gun-boat went down, the crew modestly suggested to the commander, that as they could do no more good in her, it would be as well "to go over the mud and join our chaps on shore!" It is not fair to say such men can be beaten; all had become imbued with the heroic spirit of their chief — the infection had even spread to the American boats' crews. The calculating long-backed diplomatists of the United States, who had sent their Admiral and Envoy to reap the advantages for which Englishmen were fighting and dying, forgot that there were certain promptings of the heart which override all selfish considerations;

and that, in short, as flag-officer Tatnall observed, "blood is thicker than water," ay, than ink either. An American boat visited one of our vessels, and on wishing to leave her, the officer found all his men had got out of the boat. After some delay they were found looking very hot, smoke-begrimed, and *fightish*. "Hilloa, sirs," said the officer, with assumed severity, "don't you know we are neutrals? What have you been doing?" "Bega pardon," said the gallant fellows, looking very bashful; "they were very short-handed at the bow-gun, sir, and so we give'd them a help for fellowship sake;" they had been hard at it for an hour. Gallant Americans! you and your Admiral did more that day to bind England and the United States together, than all your lawyers and pettifogging politicians have ever done to part us.

The issue of the assault was not long doubtful after crossing the first or tidal ditch, and wading through its deep mud and some yards of perfect quagmire; beyond it another deep wet ditch was found, into which about two hundred men and officers recklessly dashed, wetting ammunition and muskets; only fifty of them, however, headed by Commanders Commerell, Heath, and Tricault, reached the base of the works; the rest, one hundred and fifty in number, of the survivors in the advanced party, lined the edge of the wet ditch. Every attempt to bring up scaling-ladders resulted in the destruction of the party, and the garrison threw out light balls, by which they could see to slay the unfortunate men outside the forts. The English were diminishing rapidly; there was no reserve or supports available; and at last, with deep reluctance, the leaders of this gallant band sent word to the senior officer afloat "that they could, if he pleased, hold their position in the ditches until daylight; but that it was impossible to storm without reinforcements." The order was therefore given for a retreat; and in the words of Admiral Hope, this difficult operation in the face of a triumphant enemy was carried out with a deliberation and coolness equal to the gallantry with which the advance had been accomplished. The last men to leave the blood-stained banks of the Peiho, after having saved every wounded man that could be recovered, were the two gallant Commanders, Commerell and Heath; and the severity of the enemy's

fire upon this assaulting party is best shown by the fact, that out of about six hundred men and officers, sixty-four were killed, and two hundred and fifty-two were wounded.

The management of the retreat devolved upon the able flag-captain, J. O. Willes—a most trying and anxious duty; for the enemy opened a perfect *feu-de-joie* from all sides, upon vessels and boats, and for a while threatened total destruction to the force. By 1.30 A.M. on the twenty-sixth, the survivors of the forlorn-hope were embarked, and the process of dropping out the gun-boats commenced, with, however, but very partial success. The scene was terribly grand; the night was dark, the sea and land veiled in gloom, except where the fire-balls of the enemy and the flash of his guns brought out the forts and shattered flotilla in striking relief; the turbid stream, pent up in its channel by the wreck of sunken vessels and the Chinese barriers, chafed and whirled angrily past the repulsed ships, bearing on its bosom the wreck of the combat and the corpses of the dead. The moans of the wounded, the shouts of officers, the frequent strokes of boats' oars, alternated with the roar of cannon and the exulting yells of the victorious garrison. But there was a still more thrilling sight—that on the decks of the *Coromandel*, where the gallant Admiral, and Captains Shadwell, Vansittart,* and Colonel Lemon, lay surrounded with their dying and wounded followers. Nothing that medical foresight could provide to alleviate mortal suffering was wanting; yet their agonies were terrible to contemplate. The deck was lighted up with every available candle and lantern, aided by which the surgical operations were being carried on as rapidly as possible. A pile of dead, covered with the flag for which they had fought so well, awaited decent interment on the morrow. The medical officers, after sharing in all the dangers and labors of the day, now called to renewed exertion on behalf of suffering humanity, were to be seen exerting themselves with a zeal and solicitude as remarkable as the magnificent bearing of the poor fellows who,

with shattered limbs, awaited their turn for amputation. It was, indeed, a scene of epic grandeur and solemnity.

We could fill a volume with anecdotes of calm endurance and heroism, which were almost childlike in their simplicity—of the poor foretopman who, mortally wounded, was laid by his kind commander upon the sofa in his cabin, and as his life-blood oozed away, modestly expressed his regret at “doing so much injury to such pretty cushions!”—of the old quartermaster, whose whole shoulder and ribs had been swept away by a round shot, and during the few hours prior to death expressed it as his opinion, that “them Chinamen hit hardish,” and had only one anxiety—“whether the Admiralty would pay his wife for the loss of his kit?” But we need not, we feel assured, dwell upon such traits to enlist the sympathy of our countrymen on behalf of the men who fought so well, yet lost the day at Taku.

One fact struck every one—and it is a fact of which Admiral Hope may well be proud—that from the lips of those shattered men and officers there arose no complaint of having been wantonly sacrificed or misled; and had it been thought so, the anguish of the moment would assuredly have wrung it from their lips, and yet have met with kindly pardon. On the contrary, though all acknowledged themselves thoroughly beaten in the fight, yet every mouth rang with praises of the leader who had set them such an example; and had Admiral Hope next day called for volunteers to renew the fight, desperate as such a measure might have been deemed, there was not one of the remnant of his force that would not again have cheerfully followed him. A repulse arising from the blunders of a leader never meets such sympathy. Officers and men knew all had been done as they themselves would have suggested, had they been consulted. The Admiral had exhibited foresight, audacity, and gallant perseverance. They were ready to follow such a man to the death. Had he turned back without testing the foe, and endeavoring to take the forts, every man's tongue would have railed at him, and all England would have stamped him an incompetent leader.

The survivors knew that they had been partially entrapped, and had had to fight far more than mere Chinamen; and if de-

* The gallant Vansittart died subsequently; and we have to lament the loss of another officer, Commander Arinne Wedehouse, H.M.S. *Cormorant*, who recently succumbed to a fever, brought on by the exposure and anxiety on that day.

feated, they could point to their sinking vessels, to a loss in killed and wounded of four hundred and thirty-four officers and men out of eleven hundred combatants, and ask their countrymen if they had not done their duty. Assuredly they had; no men could have done more. Nelson's repulse at Teneriffe was not more glorious or less bloody. Yet be it remembered, (and our cheeks ought to burn with shame at the recital,) that for this most gallant deed of arms, so replete with chivalrous bravery and devotion to Great Britain, not a single honor or promotion has been publicly awarded; and that act of cold neglect, and indeed indirect censure, has been perpetrated by those especially delegated to watch over the Royal Navy of England, to keep alive its spirit, and who are supposed to encourage the men and youth of this nation to enter on board her men-of-war. Shame on ye! shame on ye! not a thousand medals, wrung from you at a later day, can heal the wounded honor of the men thus unjustly treated.

There was no rest for any during that sad night of the twenty-fifth June; and daylight still found the exhausted officers and men endeavoring to save the flotilla, and place the wounded out of reach of the deadly fire of the forts. That we were thoroughly beaten back, there could be no question; even the sturdy seamen and marines, begrimed with powder, blood, and mud, rubbed their heads, and owned it had been "a mortal thrashing;" yet shook their horny fists, and looked defiance at the rascals, be they whoever they were, behind those invulnerable parapets of mud. The sun rose on a shattered squadron. The mast-heads of the Lee and Kestrel were alone visible; they had been fought until they sank beneath their gallant crews. The Cormorant, in an attempt to drop out, fell across channel, got aground, and had to be temporarily abandoned to save unnecessary loss of life; the Haughty was sinking—the Plover and Starling ashore under the batteries, and abandoned by the small surviving portion of their crews; in short, the only vessels in safety at daylight were the Nimrod, Banterer, Forrester, Opossum, and Janus—and six out of the eleven vessels which went into action were thus sunk or disabled. The condition of the *personnel* in the squadron equally well proved the stubbornness of the fight.

Lieut.-Commanders Rason and Clutterbuck; Captain M'Kenna, 1st Royals; Lieutenants Graves, Wolridge, and Inglis; Mr. Herbert, midshipman—were killed in action. The Admiral, Captains Shadwell and Vansittart, Colonel Lemon, R.M., and the Rev. H. Huleatt, chaplain, as well as a sad list of subordinates, were of the severely wounded: in short, of the heads of the executive, Captain Willes (Flag-Captain,) and Major Fisher, R.E., were the only two not wounded; and of the entire force, which never had more than eleven hundred men in action, the killed amounted to eighty-nine, and the wounded to three hundred and forty-five in number, or a total loss of four hundred and thirty-four. The French, out of their petty contingent, consisting of the officers and crew of the Duchayla, had four killed and ten wounded, amongst the latter the gallant Commandant Tricault, who had stood throughout the day in the foremost of the fight:

British forces actually engaged.

11 Vessels—1100 men.

Losses of Vessels.

Sunk.	Disabled.	Much damaged.
3	4	3

Losses of Men and Officers.

Killed.	Wounded.	Surviving.
89	345	660

Directly it was light enough to work, Captain Willes proceeded to save as many of the abandoned vessels as possible, and to blow up or destroy those that could not be saved. Although the enemy made deliberate and telling practice at the men so employed, the surviving officers and men succeeded in recovering three of the sunk and abandoned vessels, and those that could not be carried off, the Cormorant, Lee, and Plover, were destroyed and rendered worthless to the enemy as trophies of their victory.

Apart from the forts keeping up an excellent fire upon our men, large working-parties covered the face of their works, and rapidly made good the damage done to the parapets, embrasures, and mantlets,* by our fire on the twenty-fifth; and

* They were of stout wood, covered externally with a wattling of ratana, so as to be rifle-proof. The mantlet worked on hinges or rollers fitted to the outer and lower edge of the embrasures, and was

during the next two successive nights the enemy kept a most vigilant look-out, and often lighted up the front of the batteries with fire-balls, in anticipation of another night-assault.

The mantlets alluded to were so striking an innovation in Chinese warfare, and reminded many so painfully of the bitter siege of Sebastopol, that we must describe them, leaving others to conjecture how the slow-marching Chinamen should have suddenly learnt to apply them so ingeniously and successfully to the Forts of Taku. These mantlets would be quite worthy of imitation in our own fortifications, and the cleverness with which they were worked deserves all praise. Had they been fitted to the upper port or embrasure-sill, any accident to the lanyard would have caused them to fall down and block up the gun-port, so that they would have to be blown away to enable the gun to work; but placed as they were, by attaching the lanyards to the gun-carriage, as the piece recoiled, it closed its own mantlet, and if the lines were shot away, the mantlet merely fell down, and left the gun to fight in an ordinary embrasure. There was one more fact observed, which, evincing foreign advice and instruction, we deem

triced up or lowered down by means of lines leading upward through the parapet on each side of the gun. When closed up, the casemated embrasures were not easily detected in the smoke of action, and the gun was loaded and laid point blank before being run out. Directly all was ready, down went the mantlet, out ran the gun, a shot was fired into the mass of vessels, and as the gun recoiled the mantlet went up again with such expedition that our men required sharp eyes to detect which of the enemy's embrasures was firing and ought next to be silenced.

worthy of the notice of the Government: we are assured by one who shared in the honors of this bloody day, that he calibred most of the shot that struck and lodged on board his vessel; they were of a caliber generally used by Russians, and these, by a strange coincidence, we now find the Pekin Board of Ordnance to have adopted. We own that whatever be our opinions upon these coincidences, those opinions do not create any alarm as to the issue of such foreign advice, provided that we deal with China in future with a full recognition of the fact. Our only danger lies in fancying we are dealing with the same people at Pekin that we have to do with elsewhere throughout China.

Russia must expand; she wants Eastern empire; the laws of nature and of God call those northern hordes over which the Czar rules, to march forward to the conquest of climes more blest than those which have been the cradle of the race. Western Europe, dear old soul! put on her spectacles, and flourished her mop in the face of the Muscovite when he looked towards Western Asia and Turkey. We saved the Mohammedan, but we sacrificed the Buddhist nations. Our possessions East of Hindostan, our Chinese commerce, which it would have taken ages to endanger by way of Persia and Turkey, have become insecure ever since the Russian occupation of the Amour and Manchouria, an occupation only preliminary to the formation of a Russian eastern empire in Northern China and Japan, which will over-tower and over-shadow, with its military organization and brute force, the Empire of Britain, based upon commerce, justice, and forbearance.

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PHENOMENA OF PAPER, PEN, AND INK:

AN EXCURSUS IN TECHNOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE WILSON.

MANY years ago, when I was young, I was told by a preceptor that, when asking for writing-materials, I should request Paper, Pen, and Ink—not Pen, Ink, and Paper; Ink, Paper, and Pen; or the three scriptorial essentials in any other order than that first named. I have since been told that the second formula was more in accordance with modern etiquette; but I was taught to prefer the first. No reason, so far as I remember, was given for this rule, which I never had formal occasion to apply. It seemed to me, when I first heard it, to be merely a conventional arrangement of words, built as much on a basis of euphony, as on a recognition of the relative importance of the things named. Yet it appeared to regard their importance also, and to imply that he who proposed to write should first provide himself with *paper*, then look out for a *pen*, and lastly make search at his leisure for *ink*. I frequently put to myself these questions: Was it intended by this mode of asking to signify that the *paper* was a more important writing-material than the *pen*, and the *pen* than the *ink*; and further, would the idioms of all the civilized nations of the world be found sanctioning a similar arrangement of words, and for the reasons supposed? But in trying to answer these questions, I was thrown back on the still more fundamental problem: What in its fullest sense is the idea conveyed in the respective words, Paper, Pen, and Ink? And again: What is the relative importance, as graphic or scriptorial materials, of the things represented by them? A little reflection showed that the points of view from which these questions could be looked at were so many, and so different, that no two nations, and perhaps no two individuals were likely to answer them in the same way; and that to press for an unanimous judgment would be foolish and

useless. At the same time there could be no harm in seeking to reach an individual conclusion, and the one to which I was led in the course of a somewhat erratic excursus is here offered with due deference to the reader.

The names of the three chief writing-materials—Paper, Pen, and Ink—are typical or representative. *Paper* represents all the receptive materials of graphic art; in a word, every surface or body on which we can paint, write, print, carve, inscribe, or otherwise impress the portraits of visible things, the pictures of imagined objects, and the signs or symbols which constitute written language. The *Pen* represents every graphic tool by which such painting, writing, printing, carving, inscribing, or impressing is effected. *Ink* represents every tint, shadow, or color which is employed to render more true to nature, more significant, or more visible, the work of the graphic tool on the receptive material. At first sight, it seems the least essential of the graphic three; for, with the manifest exception of the pictorial representation of colored objects, it may be dispensed with, and yet leave to the blind a great part of written language open to a full interpretation and a free use. Nevertheless, color in its graphic relations can be placed little, if at all, below its two sisters, for the blind assuredly are greatly hindered in their interpretation and employment of written characters by the invisibility of the latter to them; and those who do see are immensely assisted in reading and writing by the color of the symbols before them. In truth, even where we seem to dispense with color, as in engraved or sculptured letters, in reality we introduce it, by placing them so that they are unequally illuminated, and the place of ink is supplied by shadows.

It should thus seem, that, passing by

for the time with affectionate sympathy the privations of the blind, we must assign to each visible graphic material an equality of value. And such is our general and surely our wise estimate. The purest and most spotless of tablets, the finest and boldest of pens, the richest and deepest of colors, should all come together when some great graphic work must be done. Yet often all the three can not be marshaled side by side; nay, when the necessity for their use is greatest, there may be as many as two of them wanting. Strangely, however, it sometimes happens that one of them can for a time discharge the duties of all three. The olive leaf which Noah's dove brought back to the Ark, was for it paper, pen and ink; and Noah had no difficulty in reading the statement on the leaf, that "the waters were abated from off the earth." The branch which floated past Columbus as he went sailing westward was a whole folio in Nature-printing upon the trees of America; and of the rainbow which spans the sky the complaint of the nations has ever been, only that it is an illuminated missal, which in a moment so gracefully crowds itself with inscription upon inscription that they are able to read but a few lines in the thick clustered paragraphs.

We can not hope, however, like the Diluvian dove, to unite the whole three unless on rare occasions, or be certain that our writing will be read by eyes as sagacious as those of the Patriarch. The examples we have given are all indeed Divine, in invention and application. To us nevertheless is not denied the power of putting two at least of the graphic requisites together. This has been done from the first. A bit of charcoal, or a piece of chalk, or a black lead pencil, is *pen and ink* in one. The photographer's sensitive plate is *paper and ink* in one. The dyer's mordanted tissue is *paper and pen* in one; and we deal with *paper, pen, and ink* in one, when we count upon our fingers, and when the dumb and the blind, placing their hands together, write in invisible ink on each other's palms.

Any one of the three can thus on occasion be dispensed with, so that no one seemingly can claim precedence of the others. Considered in themselves, therefore, they may be represented by an equilateral triangle, of which the three equal sides are paper, pen, and ink.

When we look, however, at their practical employment, we find that it has always been a much more difficult thing for mankind to furnish themselves with the first two than with the last. They are better symbolized, therefore; by an isosceles triangle, of which the two equal and longer sides are the paper and pen, and the unequal side, a very little shorter, is the ink. Moreover, when they are in active, diversified use, their true symbol is a scalene triangle, of which the ink is generally the shortest side, whilst sometimes the paper, sometimes the pen is the longest. Thus to the sculptor the chisel-pen is the long side. To the sailor steering by night, the color-ink of the red light-house lamp. To the blind-mute the living paper of his hand. To the printer, again, the triangle is barely scalene, and even sometimes seems equilateral.

The world of graphic and scriptorial art is thus, as it were, entered by a gateway, of which the two tall side pillars or jambs are the paper and pen, and the shorter lintel crossing them is the ink.

Let us stand before this porch which leads into a land of wonders, and admire one by one its triple components. We will exalt each in turn, and praise each to the fullest, beginning with the right-hand pillar named *PAPER*, and giving it for the time the amplest pre-eminence.

No wonder the scribe asks first for paper! The pen does its work, and perishes in doing it. The ink forgets the lines in which it was guided, unless the paper grasps it and fixes it. The enduringness of the graphic work is in the guardianship of the paper. The nations have tried in turn many kinds of paper, but have preferred from the beginning until now, and will to the end of time prefer, one kind to all others.

Stones have been touched by the finger of God into Tables of the Law. Rocks riven by lightning and smoothed by the glacier have been plowed by the chisel into the Doomsday Books and annuals and almanacs of nations. The hardest of gems has furrowed below the harder steel into words of awe and wisdom. Every metal, from the dull lead to the shining gold, has submitted to bear some sign or inscription. The sand on the seashore has been written on between tide

and tide. The clay of the field has acknowledged the stamp, and bound itself by the ordeal of fire to proclaim the truth intrusted to it, so long as it endured. All the unliving things of the sleeping mineral world, except the wild sea and the viewless air, have served man as paper. On all of them he has written his thoughts, and where he had a great thought to express, one material has sufficed for its expression nearly as well as another. From the once living world he has borrowed the flat bones of dead animals as writing-tablets; the tusks of wild elephants he has converted into drawing-boards; and the skins of many creatures have served him as parchment.

But especially has he gathered from dead plants. When "by desire of power the angels fell, and men by that of knowledge," as Bacon reminds us they did, it was in the shape of a tree that the coveted knowledge of good and evil rose before our first mother. And with a tree the literature of every highly civilized people inseparably connects itself, preserving by such terms as *library*, *codex*, *folio*, and *leaf*, its recognition of the peculiar indebtedness of mankind to plants for what we, *par excellence*, style paper. And can it be the blood of Eve stirring in our veins, that makes us turn from even the most suitable of those dead papers, and find such delight as we do in carving the names of those we love upon the bark of living trees? Strange practice, with its absurd as well as its practical side! In the Museum of Kew Gardens I have stopped once and again to gaze at a strange and touching memorial of the fidelity with which a living tree will preserve, and even perpetuate by reproduction the record confided to it. On the inner *liber*, or book-bark, some one, a century or more ago, has carved two letters of the alphabet, probably the initials of a name, with a date attached. Long since the carver has died into dust, but the tree, faithful to its charge, has not only preserved the letters unharmed, but, as if they were dear to the Hamadryad who dwelt in its branches, has slowly drawn a veil of bark over the inscription, and made a copy of the letters in relief upon this cover!

From such records on the living pages of unconscious leafy organisms, I find myself unavoidably led a step higher, to gaze at that strangest of all papers, the

bodies of living men! There are nice discussions in historical works as to the date of the first English paper-mill, and whether British paper is older than the days of Queen Elizabeth. Queen Elizabeth! Say, rather, Queen Boadicea, or, far beyond her, select Queen Anonyma, who reigned in pre-historic times. Our ancestors wrote on their fair skins, in native woad or indigo, what they sought to put on record, and for I know not how many thousand years the practice has prevailed down to our own day. It is dying out, yet it still continues among soldiers and sailors, and for a touching reason.

The sailor imprints his name in indelible characters on his arm, that, should the fate which every moment hangs over him, overtake him, and the gnawing sea-monster or the wasting sea-wave disfigure him beyond recognition, perchance the words on his limb will secure him Christian burial on shore, and save mother, or sister, or wife, or sweetheart at home from being

— "doomed to bear
The hope that keeps alive despair."

The sailors, true to the tradition of their sea-cradle, mark their arms with blue. The soldiers use gunpowder; and I have seen one wild mercenary fighter who preferred the blood-red vermilion. He had been at the Retreat from Moscow, and had fought at Austerlitz, Jena, and Waterloo. With his life appraised by himself at a shilling a day, he shrank from a nameless sepulcher, and had printed his name (Joseph Jankowski) on his flesh, that, though robbed after death of all else, he might still have the chance of falling into the hands of his comrades, and be laid in a soldier's grave.

Affecting as such memorials are, they are, like a last will and testament, not intended to come into operation till after death, and they have no force while the testator liveth. From them I rise in thought to that living writing-paper which is in use all throughout life, and is useless after death; without which all other papers presented to the eye are valueless, and possessed of which, all others can be dispensed with. That living paper is within the eye; anatomists call it the retina. It is a faint and filmy web, finer than the finest tissue-paper,

exquisitely sensitive, good for every graphic art; the best of writing-paper, drawing-paper, music-paper; the only paper indeed, good for scriptorial or artistic purposes. Yes! Sculpture and carve as you will, engrave and write, paint and print, on whatever you please, you execute but outlines and rough drafts, and the final touching, correcting and printing are done when the transfer is made to the living eye-paper. The Egyptian might write on basalt, the Hebrew on gems, the Assyrian on alabaster, the Greek on marble and ivory, the Etruscan on clay, the Venetian on glass, the Anglo-Saxon on iron, and all the people of the world on endless stone and metal, wood and other surfaces, but these are in every case only what the printer or engraver calls proofs or revises. The final printing-room is the eye; there the only impressions which are seen are struck off. All previous printings are rejected, or rather of themselves cease to be; neither are first proofs, outline designs, or rough drafts essentially necessary. The telegraph-needle swaying in the air, the revolving handles on the clock-dial, the time-ball falling, write and print *directly* on the retina-paper. And the fewer the printings and transfers, the fewer the mistakes.

To the eye-paper must be transferred all that has been written on paper of any other kind, before it can be read or interpreted; and if the writing can be directly inscribed on the retina-sheet, all intermediate papers are worse than useless. Beyond this we can not go. At every moment a new sheet of this choicest nerve-paper is spread within the eye to receive a new inscription. With lightning speed the soul deciphers it, and the paper is changed.

So much for the Paper; and now we turn to the left pillar of our porch and ask: Is the PEN of equal eminence with the paper, and worthy to be called its peer? Who shall deny that it is? for if all other papers ultimately resolve themselves into the retina-paper of the eye, what is a pen but a living finger, or, more fully, a living hand? When a dumb man speaks to another, moving his fingers before him, we have writing reduced to its simplest conditions. With his finger as a pen, he writes through the air on the retina-paper of his neighbor's eye. It is

true that he generally uses both hands, and the one is sometimes taking the place of the paper on which the other writes. But the two are not needed. The experience of electric telegraphy has shown that the motion of two fingers of one hand would suffice for the spelling of every word in our language, letter by letter.

We rise but one step in complexity when we reach the Eastern schoolmaster, sitting cross-legged among his cross-legged pupils, each with busy finger inscribing numerals on the sand, and asking no intermediate pen or pencil to facilitate his calculations. The Egyptian and Greek of old practiced their geometry in the same simple way, and æsthetical travelers like Bayard Taylor expatiate on the beauty of the devices which the wandering Chinese artist produces, with his wetted forefinger and a little coloring matter, on a tablet of porcelain, or any smooth surface that comes in his way. And if we use in addition to our hands certain implements which we call pens, it is because we must often write for eyes distant from us in space, and distant in time; must send messages to friends on the other side of the globe, and make records for generations yet unborn. Therefore, as our hands are not long enough or strong enough, or our finger-nails sharp enough, and as the blood in our veins can not be shed from our finger-tips as ink at a distance, we arm these hands with what we call pens; but the power is in the hand, not in the pen, and any thing will almost do for one.

It was a foolish wish of the poet's: "Oh! for a pen plucked from a seraph's wing!" What good could that do him? Had he asked the loan of the seraph's living hand, there would have been wisdom in the request. If the seraphic power be in the poet, the smallest humming-bird's quill will serve to give it expression; and if that power be wanting, he will write as a weakling even with a seraph's pen-feather. A man's hand is his pen, and, as necessity demands, he supplements its shortcomings now by one weapon or tool, now by another. A sword is sometimes the best pen; sometimes an ax; sometimes a chisel; sometimes a needle; a bit of copper; an iron wire; a piece of loadstone; a lump of chalk; a metal punch; a burnt stick; a split reed or feather; a bundle of bristles; a drop of chemical liquid; a ray of light;

a ray of darkness. In so far then as these and all other pens but supplement the hand, which is the true pen, I place it side by side with the eye, the true paper.

On each of those, and all the other supplementary pens, I would willingly linger. Volumes might be written on them. The *Burnt Stick*, the pen of common humanity, of which the pencil and the writing-pen are simple modifications! The *Brush*, the fine-art pen, equivalent to the burnt stick, changed from the rigid immobility, which was all that prosaic reality needed, into the pliant hair-tassel, obedient to every motion of the idealist's hand! The *Chisel*, the architect's and sculptor's lithographic pen, with which cathedrals and Sebastopols are written in granite, and gods and men in marble! The *Printer's Type*, the pen of civilization, with which nation speaks to nation, and, in these latter days, God speaks to all men! The *Electric Telegraph*, the world's short-hand pen, which strings together the cities of the globe like beads upon its wire, and makes it the same time of day with them all! The *Actinic Ray*, nature's photographic pen with which the stars write to each other; the newest, and, in some respects most wonderful of pens which man has acquired! All those deserve notice, but to the last alone I shall refer. It has this peculiarity about it, that it is rather lent to us than made by us for ourselves; and some of its most wonderful work is done without the interference of human hands. Of all its astonishing and everyday increasing wonders, as guided by man, none perhaps is more marvelous than its power to confer perpetual youth upon every thing around us. The stars of heaven, the beautiful faces upon earth, the glories of the sea and sky, it transfers for us to abiding tablets, and multiplies to infinity. Familiarity has already deadened us to the value of these memorials; yet it is very great. All the visible historical monuments of the world are by it, in an important sense, rendered imperishable. The features of the planets, the inconstant moon herself, the mighty mountains of the globe, the famous buildings of all nations, their great pictures, their great sculptures, their rare manuscripts, have now the seal of immortality set upon them by light. The Pyramids may crumble down, the ruins of the Parthenon waste utterly away, the Transfiguration and the Crucifixion resolve themselves

into dust, and every manuscript of the Bible and writing of the ancient world fade into irrecoverable blankness; nevertheless, we shall possess the power of recalling and reproducing them in almost absolute fac-simile; and, though that does not warrant the least neglect of the originals, it supplies a consolation for the loss which some day must bring, such as none of our forefathers had.

A friend has described to me the speechless amazement with which a wild Arab Chief of the Desert watched, in a tent near Cairo, the development of a photograph of the Great Sphinx. When in the faint light, the glass taken, as it seemed unchanged from the camera, and subjected thereafter to a simple baptism, began to reveal line by line the well-known features of the mysterious sculpture, the Arab turned to my informant, and, pointing to the photographer, exclaimed: "He is the eldest son of Satan!"

With the Arab's wonder we should profoundly sympathize, although it is not from the hands of the Prince of Darkness that we will take the pencil of light. It speaks for itself as one of the choicest gifts of God reserved for us in these latter days. With this feeling I have found myself in a dream of the night, among the spirits of the great dead in the silent land, myself clothed in flesh and blood, a visitor for the briefest space from this upper world. There could be no speech between us; but to their longing looks for information regarding that world from which they had come, and to which they could not return, methought I replied by laying before the pale conclave the shadowy photographs which were in my hands. And the ancient Egyptian saw that the Pyramids would waste no more; and the Greek was consoled that the ruin of his temples could proceed no further, and knew that at length a Prometheus had come, who with the very fire of heaven had made each marble form immortal; and the Italian painter ceased to sigh at the fading of his frescoes; and the Mediæval architect mourned no longer over his cathedral falling before those fierce Iconoclasts, the Lightning and the North Wind, the Snow and the Rain; and the ancient Christian who, in the scriptorium of his convent, centuries ago, had reverently copied, letter by letter, every jot and tittle of the venerable Evangel before him, felt that the days of faithful copying

had come back again—nay, were exceeded in faithfulness—and realized that to the end of time his labor might not prove in vain. And over all the spiritual faces a gleam of shadowy sunshine passed, as I awoke; and behold it was a dream.

This pencil of light, however, is ours only in loan. Nature is every day, and all the day, employing it herself, not only writing transiently on the retina of every eye, but abidingly upon every object. Every shadow is a piece of Nature-writing, Nature-printing; sometimes like a pencil-note upon a slate, rubbed out next moment; often like the carving of a gem destined to endure for ages. These shadows have a strange power of fixing themselves, and could we interpret them, we should find them furnish the Sun's Diary or Record of his daily work upon earth. As it is, we scarcely recognize the existence of such a solar journal, still less endeavor to translate it. Yet daily it is issued, and there are evening journals also. The Moon not only

" . . . nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;,"

but leaves the tokens of her track wherever she passes; and each of the stars walking in darkness keeps some chronicle of all that its bright eye has seen during the silent watches of the night. It may be difficult at first to believe this, when we learn what pains it costs to obtain photographs of the heavenly bodies; but the difficulty is mainly occasioned by the swiftness with which they travel, and this does not hinder them from writing on tablets of their own choosing. How strangely they write may in some respects be realized by one example of their art. An amateur astronomer, resident in Ireland, was in the constant practice of using a fine reflecting telescope. On one occasion he neglected, on ceasing his observations, to put the cap over the mouth or object-glass of the instrument, so that the light was free to enter the tube and fall on the polished metal reflector. He was taken ill that day, soon became worse, and in the end died. For weeks, if not for months after his death, his study remained locked as he had left it on the first day of his illness. All this time the telescope stood with its mouth pointed to a distant church with a stately spire. Every day the sun peeped in to see if he

were wanted; every clear night the moon and the stars offered their services, and, as no other work was asked from them they drew the church spire and surrounding landscape on the mirror of the telescope as they made their rounds.

At length the observatory was opened, the telescope taken down, and behold, upon its mirror a permanent picture of the church-spire and the objects around it! The mirror had tarnished and rusted, but the light determined where the rusting should occur, and where the metal should remain bright, and employed the rust as if it were ink to furnish the shadows.

The sun, the moon, and the stars are writing in the same fashion every day on every surface. The pens which they use are of amazing length. I have elsewhere called the electric pen the long pen, and it is by far the longest earthly pen; but it is a mere stump or pencil-point when compared in length to the pen which the sun stretches through space to us; and the sun's pen is nothing in length to those with which more distant suns write upon the earth, across the vast abysses of space. These are the oldest as well as longest, and among the swiftest of pens. The mode in which the dust settles on a floor or a wall, the gathering of the dew on the leaves of a flower, the fading of color from a carpet or a curtain, are all determined by those wondrous beams of solar and abysmal light, which draw and paint upon the globe with catholic impartiality every object which presents itself to their pencils. At present most of us are indifferent to those wondrous pictures; we blot them out almost before they are executed, and do not appreciate them even when we preserve them. But we are quickly learning better, and in our meteorological observatories the swift and unerring pen of light is now from moment to moment chronicling for us in indelible ink the magnetic, barometric, thermometric, electric, and other fluctuations of the great physical forces of the universe.

Thus much of the Pen, the active member of the graphic triad, an extension of the hand, the symbol and instrument of man's intelligent energy. It is the equal, with a difference, of the Paper, the negative member of the triad, and simply receptive like the eye, of which it is an extension. Of the Ink, the connecting lintel

of the gate-pillars we have been considering, and to which we now turn, we can not say so much; but we must not say too little. It is of somewhat less importance than the other two, as it can be more easily dispensed with. But though we can scarcely mark paper with even our finger-nail, and not leave a trace in some degree visible, yet we must not think lightly of the ink which we seem not to miss. Intermediate between the positive active pen and the negative receptive paper, it often appears to us in the act of writing more important than either, and as the really potential graphic agent. If they represent the Eye and the Hand, it represents the Heart. The paper is before us, the pen in our hand, mere mechanical media as it seems; but the ink quickens and slackens its current, and ebbs and flows, as the tide of our emotions sinks and swells. In reality the pen is as sympathetic, as we feel when it takes the shape of the pencil; but the latter is only employed for temporary scriptorial purposes, and a liquid ink is used for all important writings.

Of particular inks there is no room to speak, as we did of particular pens and papers. Charcoal furnishes with water a black ink for white paper, and chalk with water a white ink for black paper. The latter is most familiar to us in its form of the solid chalk and blackboard of the public teacher; but common paper is only wood-fiber ground down, and made up again into a solid, and differs from the board only in thickness; and, with a board, a crayon is more convenient than liquid ink would be, especially as it must often be used alternately as drawing-pencil and writing-pen. In all cases, however, an ink ultimately resolves itself into a dried-up color; and if we compare inks dry, we can justly affirm that chalk and charcoal have been the two great graphic instructors of the world. The briefer daily lessons have been written in chalk; the germinal sketches of great works in art—paintings, sculptures, palaces—have been drawn with it. The abiding records, again, of all that concerns the teaching of the nations have been embodied in charcoal. The most famous ancient books and many modern ones have been written with charcoal and water; and, when they are re-written a million times by the printer's type, it is with charcoal and oil. The

artists of all ages have designed with charcoal; and the engraver, the lithographer, and even the photographer, fall back upon it when they would multiply and perpetuate special designs.

Any colored liquid, however, will suffice for ink; any flower-juice, any dye-stuff, the blood from any vein, a multitude of chemical compounds. They are not equally good, but any one is sufficiently so for an emergency; and if the paper and pen are secured, the ink is certain to be forthcoming. But whatever its material quality be, how little this strikes us when our hearts are stirred, and the words we have written stand before us, no longer thoughts which we can recall, but each a spirit-child with an independent life of its own, proclaiming "*Litera scripta manet.*" The functions of the paper and pen in producing this result are forgotten. We feel as if we directly thought out the words we see. The ink in which they stand is not charcoal, or galls and iron, but the very anger, or sorrow, or gladness we felt, fixed on the paper forever.

Think of a queen's first signature of a death-warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink; of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal written in ice; of a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of these and of all the other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing, a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner is writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon-wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice-water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint

pencil-memorandum of the spot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of Death. Every where happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever pen, whatever ink! The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of Ink.

When Paper, Pen, and Ink have made the tour of the world, and have carried every where the acknowledgment of brotherhood between people and people, and man and man, and, the song of Bethlehem fulfilled to the full, has enlightened every intellect, and softened every heart, their great mission will be ended. And let us not complain that our writing-materials are one and all so frail and perishable, for God himself has been content to write his will on the frailest things. Even his choicest graphic media are temporal and perishable. The stars of heaven are in our eyes the emblems of eternity, and they are the letters in God's alphabet of the universe, and we have counted them everlasting. Great astronomers of old have told us that the sidereal system could not stop, but must forever go on printing in light its cyclical record of the firmament. But in our own day and amongst ourselves has arisen a philoso-

pher* to show us, as a result simply of physical forces working as we observe them do, that the lettered firmament of heaven will one day see all its scattered stars fall like the ruined type-setting of a printer into one mingled mass. Already the most distant stars, like the outermost sentinels of a flock of birds, have heard the signal of sunset and return, and have begun to gather closer together and turn their faces homewards. Millions of years must elapse before that home is reached and the end comes, but that end is sure. God alone is eternal, and they who through his gift are partakers of his immortality.

It is wonderful to find a patient mechanical philosopher, looking only to what his mathematics can educe from the phenomena of physical science, using words which, without exaggeration, are exactly equivalent to these: "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands: they shall perish, but thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail."

If God's Paper, Pen, and Ink are thus perishable, shall we complain that ours do not endure? It is the writer that shall be immortal, not the writing.

* Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow. His researches and speculations on this and kindred points will be found in a series of papers communicated within the last ten years to the Transactions of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh.

From the London Review.

RECENT RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.*

It was some time last spring that intimations began to reach the public of a remarkable religious feeling awakened in certain districts of the North of Ireland. The American revival of the previous year had broken the silence generally maintained by the press upon such topics. Instead of the disinclination habitually shown to record or comment upon things so directly religious as prayer-meetings and conversions, the journals soon displayed a readiness (we had almost said an eagerness) to trumpet facts, and settle all questions of theory by decided, if not cautious, judgments. In the case of the Indian mutiny, at the first blush, it was argued that "the saints" had done it all; so, in this case, frightful results were coming upon society from the outburst of a modern fanaticism; and the religious people were again in fault.

But, to the credit of British journalism, the false ground taken at first as to India was soon abandoned; and in the more recent matter of the revivals, it is astonishing to what an extent the press has ceased to upbraid. Not a few journals, and some of them distinguished ones, have learned to treat the subject in a candid and reverent spirit.

The rapidity with which public attention became fixed on the revival was sufficiently accounted for by its extraordinary features and extensive spread. This thing was not done in a corner. It began in seclusion, and held on its way for a year and a half without public report; but then it burst like flames from within a building, and where all had been slumber, all became excitement. First villages, then market-towns, then the provincial capital of Belfast, then whole districts, then counties added to counties, became, in succession, the theater of this remarkable visitation. As *The Times* newspaper early and truly pointed out, it was nothing new. It was, in fact, a repetition of what had been witnessed in the days of Wesley and Whitefield. But this applied to the work taken in detail. Nothing of equally rapid spread had occurred in their day. They struggled all but alone. Where their personal labor bore upon the wide-spread ice, a breaking-up was heard; but every where else, until their example had raised up coadjutors, every man of education opposed them on grounds of taste, and every clergyman on grounds of religion, while politicians suspected, and the common people mobbed, them. Now, there was scarcely a parish where the clergy of every Protestant denomination, however they might differ as to the accidents of the revival, did not cordially hail tokens of increased life.

Until lately, the revival has been discussed chiefly in reference to those bodily prostrations which have borne so conspicuous a part in it. As to the essence of the matter—the moral results, in which lies the only test either of its origin or issue—those were, as yet, so much matter of individual observation, that, while per-

* *The Revival in Ulster: its Moral and Social Results.* By BENJAMIN SCOTT, Chamberlain of the City of London.

Times of Refreshing. Being Notices of some of the Religious Awakenings which have taken place in the United Kingdom.

The History and Prominent Characteristics of the Present Revival in Ballymena. By the REV. SAMUEL J. MOORE.

Revivals in Ireland: Facts, Documents, and Correspondence. By JAMES WILLIAM MASSIE, D.D., LL.D.

The Ulster Revival, and its Physical Accidents. By the REV. JAMES M'COSH, LL.D.

Thoughts on the Revival of 1859. By JAMES MORGAN, D.D.

Personal Visit to the Chief Scenes of the Religious Revivals in the North of Ireland. By JAMES GRANT, Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

Revivals of Religion: with especial Reference to the present Movement in the North of Ireland. By ROBERT BAXTER, Esq.

The Revival; or, What I saw in Ireland. By the REV. JOHN BAILLIE.

The Work and the Counter-work; or, The Religious Revivals in Belfast, with an Explanation of the Physical Phenomena. By EDWARD A. STOPFORD, Archdeacon of Meath.

Tracts for Revivals, Nos. 1 to 7. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.

Three Letters on the Revival in Ireland. By JAMES C. L. CARSON, M.D.

Revivals in Wales. By EVAN DAVIES.

Responses to the Question: May we hope for a great Revival?

sons favorably disposed calculated with joyful confidence on a greatly improved standard of morals, others not only denied that such results would follow, but boldly prophesied that the worst social consequences would arise in new affinities between vice and fanaticism. It was well that such a stage of suspense in the public mind occurred. And it may hereafter be a curiosity to some one to find it recorded, that the *Northern Whig*, the great organ of the Irish Unitarians, declared that drunkenness, licentiousness, and vice generally were rapidly increasing, not only contemporaneously with the revival, but by reason of it; and that the leading London journal copied its important testimony, and set it forth as worthy of great attention. We commit this fact to our pages, expecting that if any one consult them a century hence, he will read it much as we have done the story of the man who dragged one of John Wesley's preachers before a magistrate to be punished, and, when inconveniently required to state a charge, alleged that the Methodists had converted his wife; but added the fact, that formerly she had been an unbearable shrew, and now was as meek as a lamb.

After curiosity had been raised by suspense on this vital question, it was also well that the scale of the revival was so extensive as to permit results to be traced in public events and criminal statistics, without waiting for those slow and fainter indications, which alone can be obtained when the religious impression does not affect some extent of country, and a large proportion of the population.

It is already early to expect results traceable in this manner; but they are forthcoming. In the town of Belfast, the great distillery of Mackenzie, capable of producing twelve hundred thousand gallons of whisky a year, is advertised to be let or sold. In the town of Hillsborough, another distillery is in the same position. At the late sessions in Belfast, the cases for trial have been just half as many as at the same period last year. In the town of Ballymena, where one hundred and twenty public houses flourished, among a population of only six thousand, and consequently broils, immoralities, and misdemeanors were of great frequency; at the late Quarter Sessions—only four cases were on the calendar. The presiding barrister said that, while it was no part of his duty to enter into the causes leading to this

wonderful change, he was called upon to congratulate the jury on the elevation in the morals of the people which it indicated. The clerk of the Petty Sessions for the same town says: "The consumption of spirits is not one half what it was this time last year; and the petty feuds and private quarrels have diminished fifty per cent." At Crumlin no less than nine publicans declined, at the sessions, to renew their licenses, and six others stated that they must obtain renewal, simply because they had stock on hand, of which they could not dispose without a license; but that there was no prospect of their continuing in business.

In Coleraine the head of the constabulary states that offenses connected with drunkenness have fallen from twelve to twenty in the fortnight, down to three or four; and that indecent language and profane swearing are now unheard in the streets.

In the parish of Connor, where the revival began more than two years ago, and where its course for eighteen months was silent and tranquil, the following facts are now attested. Out of nine public houses, two are closed by the conversion of the publicans, and a third for want of trade. The six now open sell less whisky than one did before the revival began. In the year 1857 they had, in that parish, thirty-seven committals for offenses connected with drunkenness; in 1858, eleven; and throughout the present year, only four, and of these two were strangers to the parish. This fact seals the former statement as to the amount of business done by the public houses still open, and prepares the way for another about pauperism. In 1857 they had twenty-seven paupers in the union—now only four; then the poor-rates were one shilling in the pound, now they are sixpence.

What do these figures represent? How many disorderly lives reclaimed? How many miserable homes made comfortable? How many demoralizing gatherings supplanted by edifying meetings? How many scenes of wickedness changed for those of penitence, worship, and domestic peace? How many sick-beds untended, uncomforted, and unblessed, for those which are solaced by prayer, and praise, and hope in God?

One day above all in the year is dear to the heart of the Irish Protestant—the twelfth of July, the anniversary of the

Battle of the Boyne. The boys of Derry still commemorate the deliverance of their own city with local enthusiasm, and it ought never to pass from their mind. But the banks of the Boyne witnessed the final struggle, on the issue of which turned the fate of Ireland. No wonder that every Protestant in the country should hail its anniversary with patriotic pride! It is a day never to be forgotten in any land—that on which the iron rod of a Popish despot is struck from his hand by the golden scepter of a Protestant and constitutional King. But so bad had been the mode of observing this day, that instead of being a pride to the true patriot, it became an anxiety and a shame. Not forgetful, but resentful, of the existence among them of a large number of Roman Catholics, the Ulster Protestants signalized the day by tumultuous processions. Drums beating, fifes screeching, flags flying, with sashes, cockades, "orange lilies, and purple rockets," for all, robes for officers, and arms for not a few, in an array regular enough to be imposing, loose enough to permit of pranks, with oaths, and shots, and "whiskey galore," and frantic hurrahs and boisterous speeches, the Orangemen paraded the country, met in thousands, inflamed one another, and defied the Pope, and some mythic lady for whom they had an inveterate hatred, and whom they always described as "Nanny, the Pope's granny," consigning her to bad places.

In districts where the "Papishes" were so few that they dared not show their heads, they contented themselves with returning secret curses for public ones, and the day passed without collision. But this was not the delight of the hot Orangeman. He smelled a coming fight with relish. His "bullet-mold" was plied, his gun put in order, and the whiskey-fire within heated more than it was wont to be heated. And when "the twelfth" came, if the shamrock or the white cockade crossed the path of the "orange lily," bullets whistled, and blood ran. Many a quiet nook in Ulster has its own red story, bearing date the twelfth of July. The power of law, the vigilance of the constabulary, the persuasion of landlords and magistrates, were ineffectual to check these irritating demonstrations. The bullet of the Orangemen had a kind of sacredness; if it did break law, it was only because the law itself was a traitor-

ous compromise, to restrain the loyal and the true from discomposing those who dwelt in the land only to hatch treason, and wait favorable opportunities for giving it wing. All may still remember the affair at Dolly's Brae, in connection with which Lord Clarendon showed the displeasure of the government by such an extreme measure as taking away the commission of the peace from the venerable Earl of Roden, because he had opened his park to the Orangemen in the early part of that fatal day. And it is only one year ago last July, since the town of Belfast itself was the scene of battle. Sandy Row, with its nest of Orangemen, and some neighboring Ribbon-hive, teemed with fighting-men. Bullets flew, people fell, business was paralyzed, military law was established, and arms were taken from all parties alike.

The revival had not long prevailed before it was generally remarked that a great change had taken place in the spirit of the converts towards their Roman Catholic neighbors. Political rancor was replaced by Christian charity. "Instead of swearing at them," said a gentleman living in the midst of the people, "if they met with a Roman Catholic, they would carry him to heaven in their arms." But all doubted how this would stand the memory of the "Boyne-water." Late in the month of June, a gentleman from England said to the good Bishop of Down and Connor: "Nothing in all this strikes me more than the change in the spirit of the people toward the Roman Catholics." "Ah!" said the bishop; "wait till the twelfth of July; that will test it all." And so said every one: "Wait till the twelfth of July."

It came. For the most part the Orangemen were unseen; and those who had brawled and swaggered staid at home, or went peaceably to meetings for prayer. Here and there they assembled without drum, or flag, or arms, and quietly went to the house of God, or held solemn services in the open air. In only one or two neighborhoods was an Orange procession formed, and that with decorum and regard for peace. The whole community was amazed. The disappearance of Guy Fawkes in England, the failure of Bombast upon Independence Day in America, sailors voluntarily omitting a frolic on crossing the line, or freemen foregoing ale at an election, would not

be so unlikely as this new bearing of the "Protestant boys." It sent a deep feeling through the heart of Ulster. Men were now persuaded, that a moral force of immeasurable power had been operating not upon individuals only, but on masses; and not on the surface of their mind, but on the very foundations of their nature. "All the police force in the province of Ulster," said one gentleman, "had it been concentrated in this parish on the twelfth of July, could not before have maintained the same peace and quiet that I observed on the last one."*

Shortly after, Chief Baron Pigott, a Roman Catholic, sitting on the bench, in the Protestant, not to say Orange, county of Down, gave the following memorable testimony: "He took occasion to refer to the religious movement in the North as having extinguished all party animosities, and produced the most wholesome moral results upon the community at large. His lordship spoke in the most favorable terms of the movement, and expressed a hope that it would extend over the whole country, and influence society to its lowest depths."†

What Doncaster races are to the North of England, those of the Maze are to the North of Ireland. These were to be another test of the social influence of the revival. Usually ten or fifteen thousand spectators assembled, and it is needless to add that gambling and whisky took a conspicuous place. This year the day was fine, and the "field" good; but not more than five hundred people ever came upon the course. The *Northern Whig*, which had industriously preached that the revival would deteriorate public morals, confessed that even those who attended were under new restraints, and that, in fact, the reporter did not see one intoxicated person on the ground.

In the North of Ireland, as well as in the North of England, the Marchioness of Londonderry is a person of considerable note. She is in the habit of yearly meeting her tenantry, and favoring them with an after-dinner speech, on such topics as interest mutually "landlord and tenant." This year, at the accustomed gathering, her ladyship could not avoid

the topic of topics in the country. Guarding herself against any supposed interference with the religious views of her tenantry, she said: "It is impossible not to observe that one result of the much-talked-of revivals has been the closing of the public houses, and the establishment of greater sobriety and temperance. Let us hope that this change will be lasting."* Mr. George Macartney, late member for the county of Antrim, placed in the hands of the Chamberlain of the City of London the following statement as to three parishes falling under his own observation: "A great social, moral, and religious improvement amongst the small farmers and laboring classes has been the result."

"What is the effect of this movement upon your work-people?" said Mr. Robert Baxter to a gentleman in Belfast who employs three thousand hands. "I consider my work-people better than the average," he replied; "because, having been in business one third of a century, I have had an opportunity of selecting them; but the revival movement has had the very best effects in improving the manners and conduct of my people." It was dinner-hour, and the master pointed to a school-room, which Mr. Baxter found filled with work-people, whom a clergyman had met at their own request. The first half of their dinner-hour was spent in singing, prayer, and reading the Scriptures. At a second factory, as two thousand five hundred people came out from work, they surrounded Mr. Baxter and his friends, and wanted to be preached to. In a third, which employed six hundred hands, the superintendent reported that two hundred were converted, of whom seventy had been "struck;" and that the conduct of the whole was most exemplary.

The Bishop of Down and Connor, in whose diocese the revival began and first obtained notoriety, has in varied forms asserted not merely his conviction, but his knowledge, that a real improvement in the morals and habits of the people had taken place on all hands. The Archdeacon of Derry, in another diocese, speaks, among other things, of "open vice and wickedness in general so much lessened."

* Letter of Mr. Robert Brown, of Kells, to the *Northern Whig*.

† Quoted from the Report of the *Banner of Ulster*.

* Spoken in the Town Hall, Carnlough, reported in *The Times*.

An honest farmer, near the Giant's Causeway, speaking to Mr. Chichester, of Portrush, said: "I never heard an oath pronounced, nor a song of foolery, since that night of the meeting, (in June, four months and a half before,) but twice, and those were by strangers passing by." Bad language was one of the blotches upon Ulster; and the strong statement of the farmer is surprisingly confirmed by Mr. Raynard, a gentleman from London, whose wife, as L. N. R., has cheered many a soul by her *Border-Land*, and stirred up many to good works by *The Book and its Story*, *The Book and its Mission*, and the *Missing Link*. He says: "I was in Ireland six weeks, and traveled by steamer, by rail, on foot, and by the public cars and vans, several hundred miles, and I did not see a single man in a state of intoxication! and did not hear a single oath!!"

The man who would have prophesied in the streets of Belfast twelve months ago, that such a statement could be truly made in the year 1859, would have been voted mad by the whole community; just as in that town, some years ago, a lady was all but consigned to safe-keeping by her family, and the main ground of their persuasion that she was deranged lay here, that she believed the "time would come when the common newspapers would be preaching Christ." And surely those newspapers did preach with a witness this summer. Four, five, eight columns were often taken up with matter so intensely religious, so full of the pith and marrow of "soul-saving" work, that in thousands of well-composed sermons it would be rejected as too much after the model of John Wesley's most "fanatical" passages in his *Journal*, or the most heated narratives of the *Methodist Magazine*. This circumstance about the suspected insanity of a lady is one of the millions which illustrate the great fact, that a leading part of the faith of many Christians — persons who will and must be so called — lies in a fixed belief in the impotence of Christianity to conquer obstacles, and mold human society to its own pattern. And these people are especially "sound," and greatly suspect those of being flighty who have practical confidence that a religion in very deed sent from God, and designed for man, has the capability of subduing all things to itself, and

will triumphantly display it in believing hands.

The Author and Giver of repentance, when himself turning men away from their sins, did not shrink from noticing the contaminated and, to human society, the lost. In the train that followed him, were some who had once strayed to the uttermost limits of degrading offense. In this Ulster revival, few things are more touching than the frequency with which cases arise of the recovery of lost females. Mr. Darkin, Sub-Inspector of Factories for Ireland, mentions an officer of the constabulary, who told him, that he knew of twelve or fourteen who had left their haunts and, he believed, had reformed their lives. At Coleraine, the Chamberlain of London learned that the streets were entirely purged; one half of those who formerly infested them being in the Asylum; and of the other half, some were restored to their families, and others had disappeared.

The fact has been alluded to already, that a leading newspaper of Belfast, the organ of the only Protestant body to which the operation of a revival was unfavorable, alleged that immorality and crime were increasing. This statement received for a moment a coloring, in the eyes of those at a distance, by one fact, that the number of committals in the town of Belfast had increased. Even it, however, durst not say, though it did insinuate, that the persons affected by the revival influence, and those committed, were the same. The head constable of police promptly declared, that not a single person had been brought before him who had been in any way connected with the revival meetings. About one third only of the inhabitants of the county of Antrim, including Belfast, are Roman Catholics. Mr. Ranyard, visiting the jail, found, to his surprise, that the Presbyterian chaplain had only fifteen or sixteen, out of one hundred and eighty prisoners. He then asked the turnkey as to the proportion between the Roman Catholic and Protestant prisoners. "We have usually about as many of one sort as of the other; but have lately had a great number of committals for short periods, especially about three months ago, when this revival began." ("I had not," says Mr. Ranyard, "told him that I took any interest in the revival.") "The Catholics did not know

what to make of it, and a great many of them took to drinking, and got up rows, and got committed." "Have you," I asked, "as many Protestants sent here now, as you had formerly?" "Oh! no, we have scarcely any now: here is the list for this morning: six committals, and only one is a Protestant." Whereas, in proportion to population, all would have been Protestants but two.

Surely the few facts we have selected suffice. But if any one desires more, let him read the pamphlet of Mr. Benjamin Scott; or, better still, let him spend a month in the scenes of the revival. A great, a manifest, a wonderful change has passed upon a large section of British population in a single year; a change fraught with blessings to individuals, happiness to families, advantage to the State, and honor to the Christian Church. That change is well summed up by Mr. James Grant, in his *Personal Visit*:

"Nothing but Almighty power ever could accomplish such complete changes in human character as those which are hourly witnessed. The drunkard gives up his habits of inebriety; the swearer ceases to take the name of his Maker in vain; he who was addicted to the utterance of falsehood speaks the truth, and nothing but the truth; the man who stole, steals no more; and he who delighted in every thing that resembled the savage nature of the tiger, becomes gentle and harmless as the lamb. Husbands who ill-treated their wives, and acted unnaturally towards their children, are suddenly, as if by a miraculous agency, transformed into the best of husbands and kindest of fathers. Crime, in a word, has become comparatively unknown. The police constables have little or nothing to do, and the sessions and assizes, where offenders against the law are tried, and, if convicted, punished, have hardly any cases before them. The aspect of society in the districts where the progress of the Revivals has been most decided, has, in a word, undergone so thorough a change, that no one could believe it who has not been a witness of it, seen it with his own eyes, and heard the wonderful things with his own ears."

This abstract summary is illustrated in the concrete, by the following facts, given by the Rev. John Baillie:

"In one town, for instance, we were conducted into a house where father and mother and four little children had all been brought to Christ in a single week. We sauntered along, and at nearly every door were saluted by that peculiar smile of welcome which those only who have witnessed it can appreciate or understand. In

one of them we found a blacksmith, who told us most graphically what the Lord had done for him, whilst his brother stood by at the anvil, looking very wistfully, and his eye glistening with the big tear, as he listened to the tale of a work which he himself had not yet tasted. Then, a door or two further on, we came upon a young woman, whose grandmother kept a public-house, and had her as one of its chief attractions, but who told us so modestly, yet so firmly, that never again could she 'wet a measure.' And, still proceeding, we found another woman who had been the shrew of the house and of the whole street, but now was so tamed by God's grace that she knew not how to utter a bitter word or look one ill-favored look. In the same street, we were conducted into the house where three or four women who, a short time before, had been abandoned characters—one of them told us she had been twenty times in prison—were living under the care of an elderly woman whom some Christian friends had engaged to superintend them, the women themselves being engaged in regular occupations, and returning invariably to the 'home' for their meals and for the night."

It is not only probable, but almost unavoidable, that persons whose information is derived only from reading, will either disbelieve the statements made, or, on the other hand, take impressions beyond the truth: not as to the character of the transformations actually effected, but as to the proportion of the people who have experienced them. At the time when the American revival was attracting attention, persons spoke and wrote as if the whole dross of society in the Union must be purged away, if all this was true: and because theaters still flourished, it was alleged that the revival news was exaggerated. Yet did it ever represent more than a small proportion of the people as converted, and a further proportion as favorably disposed? We do not say a small number; for, accustomed as we are to look upon conversions as events which are to happen at rare intervals, a report of two hundred thousand converts is astonishing news; yet that number is a small proportion of thirty millions. So in the case of Ireland. Take the widest statement made, and it represents but a small proportion, even of the Protestants of Ulster, as actually converted.

Still it is undeniable that, in very extensive tracts of country, a power of conscience has been awakened among the masses, which puts sin to the blush, and elevates the common standard of social morals. But those who only yield to

restraint, and do not seek or experience true religious change, will sooner or later harden their hearts again, and tend backward to old ways. Therefore, it is for the Ulster churches steadily to press on, seeking the thorough conversion of all who are yet unrenewed; or they must prepare for days of great trial, when the mass cools down again.

"I would rather live three such weeks as the last, than three hundred years as before!" was the exclamation uttered in June last, by Mr. Hanna of Belfast, in his pulpit. In these words one almost hears an echo of the aged but exulting voice of Wesley, as, looking around on the renewed and happy crowd of spiritual children, who were marching with him to eternal life, he sang:

"All honor and praise to the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son, I return!
The business pursue, he hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

"In a rapture of joy, my life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name!"

Ay, it is worth living for; the coldest skeptic on earth being judge! For a Christian minister to see rising up around him faces beaming with more than earthly peace; to see mothers weeping for joy, that their lost sons are found; to see happy, holy, useful men thanking God that ever they heard the Gospel from his lips; to see a whole neighborhood moved with a Christian impulse, and numbers hasten and strive to do good, who once were strangers to such efforts! Of all human beings he who beholds this, the wicked repenting, the penitent finding mercy, the world yielding converts to the Church, the Church shedding lights and blessings on the world, may rejoice that he lives. What a work to exist for! On the other hand, to stand for years and years administering Christian ordinances, and see no lives regenerated, hear of no hearts blessed with unearthly happiness, must, we should think, be like standing among the gilded bottles of a surgery, while death is desolating the town, and your skill is inapt, your remedies impotent to save a single victim. It is something to thank God for, that our age has witnessed within these isles at least one dis-

trict of country sensibly changed by a sudden illapse of religious influence. But it is not only one. Wales has been the scene of a work second only to that in Ireland, if indeed second. The public information is less full, and we have had no opportunity of testing it by personal observation; therefore, we make little reference to it in this paper; but our persuasion of its genuine character and blessed effects is strong.

What is the Christian religion for? According to the books, it is to save people from their sins; but, according to the mind of most men who profess it, nothing is so hard to believe, nothing so proper to suspect of being fanatical, as a statement that some few tens of thousands, out of all the uncounted millions whom sin is bringing down to hopeless graves, have been converted. Is conversion a myth? or an esoteric rite for choice confraternities, never to be opened to the common crowd? If not, why all this wonder at large numbers being converted? and why this criminal ease in the face of tens of millions capable of being saved, but slumbering in sin?

Conversion, as has before been stated in these pages, must soon be formally recognized as one of the constituent powers of history, and eventually as the mightiest of them all. The man who, crossing to the shores of Macedonia, sounded a warning for the ancient ideas of Greece and Rome to depart, and for the Christian history of Europe to begin—his own history began in conversion. The man who, lifting up his hand in the face of the Papal world, gave the signal for its disruption, and for the entrance of human progress on a new stage—his history began in conversion. The man who, standing amidst a degenerating Church and a corrupt nation, in the opening of the last century, cried, "The world is my parish!" and went out to awaken it—his history began in conversion. Conversion is nothing more than the turning of a man from his sins to his Saviour. Its inward process is various as the human mind; its means numberless as the instruments of Providence; its outward result uniform as the law of righteousness. It is easy to say that men baptized in infancy, and trained in the lap of the Church, should not need any violent change, but ought to grow in grace from their youth up. Things are not so in Christendom. The majority of

baptized men are walking a course that looks like any thing but a progress to heaven. And if they are not stopped, and turned, what will be the end?

Human nature has a downward tendency. All movements which do not address its self-interest alone, with whatever vigor they may begin, gradually subside: and those which are not connected with an invisible source, whence to draw fresh impulses, will at last sink to nothing. How restless was Islam in its youth! how steady its decay! how certain its disappearance! What a series of fresh starts, followed by slackenings, halts, and backslidings, is the course of ancient Israel! And in the Christian Church, every age has shown the tendency of man to let the heavenly fire die out, and again and again it has seemed really gone. But invisible powers tended it; and, when least expected, it has burst forth anew, as if oil had been poured on from behind the veil which shuts out our view of things unseen. It was a saying of Luther's, that no great revival of religion lasted more than forty years. In his old age, Wesley used joyfully to contrast this with what his eyes beheld; after more than that time, a rising fire, promising to inflame the country, and to illuminate the world. The revival of the last century was perpetuated into this, and never lost its vitality, as that of the Reformation did, before the Puritan age began, and that of the seventeenth century, before the opening of the Methodist era. Still the effect of the subsiding tendency common to all things complicated with human agency was very marked and, as the middle of this century advanced, was becoming more so. Vast agency and few conversions; imposing organizations, and easy disciples, who did not trouble their neighbors with zeal about individual salvation, were becoming common. There was life, and much to wonder at and love. But the conquering temper was departing. Many were zealous for great and general schemes, but slack in personal effort; and not a few were tolerably content, if religion kept fairly abreast with public movements, without saving the people by thousands, without doing any thing which must strike upon all as a divine operation for the regeneration of mankind. Even among the Methodists—had their course gone on as for the last thirty years, how far would

they, one short century hence, have understood the tales in Wesley's Journals of men and women cut to the heart, and "struck down?" Would they have apologized for such things, or welcomed their reappearance? The habitual tendency to make religion a matter of natural effect and cause, without supernatural action, had taken, in our days, the shape of a religion of organizations among Evangelical Christians, of ceremonial among Puseyites. For the former as well as for the latter, though on different grounds, it was needful that a fresh manifestation of the supernatural, a fresh display and triumph of the Divine, should be witnessed. One of the clearest proofs that the vital force of the last great revival still survived was, that just in proportion as the subsiding tendency developed itself, and multitudes contentedly yielded to it, others, and they not a few, not of any one school, longed, and sighed, and toiled, and cried to God for a fresh baptism of the Church with Pentecostal fire, that all her modern resources, blessed with primitive efficiency, might gloriously change the aspect of the battle engaged, all over the world, between good and evil.

Do the recent revivals in any degree meet this desire? They are at least great public events. In America, in Wales, in Ireland, by virtue of a pervading popular interest, they have forced the most urgent questions of religion upon the attention of the whole community. Are they a fresh proof of the immortal vitality and infinite resources of the religion we all profess? a further display of its invisible reserves of conquering energy? a new impetus given from the Spirit of its Author to the host commissioned by Him, not to settle in convenient quarters, but to subdue, at any cost, the whole world to righteousness, thereby raising it to peace and brotherhood?

Whenever such questions have been raised at the time of any great revival, they have been answered in the negative, except by a few. The impulse under which the early Christians moved the world, was looked upon as fanaticism. The same has been the case with all manifestations of religious life which have borne any kind of resemblance to it. The revival of the last century was treated as a low and rude example of the same thing. This being the instance nearest to our times, best within historical view, it affords a clearer

light whereby to judge of the present events than any other. On all hands it is now admitted that it was a true revival, a renewal of the youth of Christianity, accredited at the time by great reformatations of character, attested ever since by permanent fruit, in Churches, nations, and gospeling enterprises. Even at a meeting of Socinians the other day, where the present events were discussed, one of the speakers admitted that there had been two real revivals in past times—that of the apostolic age, and that of the last. Its tokens are on every spot trodden by the British race, and far beyond their empires, in scenes lately the wildest and darkest upon earth.

In what, then, does the recent revival differ from that which flourished a century ago? So far as we can see, only in having, for instruments, those who were its fruits, and for a field, ground which it had prepared. This gives it a breadth and public force greater than its forerunner. But in all the points which can be raised by those who object to revivals in general, or to this one in particular, the identity appears perfect. As to doctrines, all in which the Methodist leaders were themselves agreed, is now proclaimed by the whole Christian community, except a section of the Church of England; and as to those wherein they differed, now, as then, success is shared by men on both sides. As to the lay agency which sprang up, from its long burial, at the voice of the Great Awakening of the last century, it reappears every where. As to the Christian fellowship, which every true revival forces into existence, but which the Methodists alone have formally recognized as a vital part of Christian organization, and provided for, in their class-meetings and love-feasts, it has suddenly sprung up on the most unfriendly soils; so that in parishes where two years ago such meetings as we have just named would have been a terrible innovation, now, to hear the common talk of the people, one might suppose they had been schooled in some Cornish or Yorkshire hot-bed of Methodism. As to the sudden conversions, the deep sorrow for sin, the clear and shining sense of God's forgiveness, the unearthly comforts, the joyful hope of heaven; all, in fact, that in the language of the Church constitutes "experience," and in that of the world "fanaticism," the converts of Antrim and Glamorganshire, and those of

Moorfields and Kingswood, answer to one another as face to face in a glass. As to the gifts displayed by "unlearned and ignorant men," we are apt to think that the present must excel the past; but that, probably, is owing to the difference between what we witness and what we read of: certain it is, however, that nothing has more tended to deepen the persuasion in the neighborhoods which the revival has reached, that it was a work of God, than the "wonderful praying;" the unaccountable force of thought and language, given to many of the new converts, in whom neither natural gifts nor education had prepared their neighbors to find such resources. And then, as to the dreams, visions, and bodily affections, which are the food of the scoffer, the problem of the candid inquirer, and the choice tokens of the simple wonder-lover—are they not as like in the pamphlets of to-day, and the magazines of last century, as green grass in England is to green grass in Ireland? If any one doubts the close resemblance of the bodily affections lately prevalent, and those which involved John Wesley in a world of reproach, let him take the trouble of reading a few pages of his *Journal* which narrate the first cases. And, finally, as to that which constitutes the essential propagating power of Christianity—the joyful zeal of new converts, the burning love for souls, the irrepressible ardor to tell others "what God has done for my soul," the firm persuasion that the grace which has been efficacious in their own cases will be so in that of friends and neighbors, the indisposition to wait for a convenient season—is not the identity so perfect, that the history of any village revival this year, and that of one in New England, or Birstal, or Newcastle, a hundred years ago, might be written in the same words?

On the general question of eccentricities and extravagances, connected with revivals, all we feel disposed to say is this: they ought to be discouraged in every way, except such as would show that life with exuberance is more dreaded than death with composure. But while they are to be discouraged, we are not to imagine that they will be avoided. If so, either multitudes, with the proportion of weak, hot-headed, odd, and blundering people, found in every promiscuous crowd, are never to be "awakened" at all—that is, made to lift up the eyes of their soul,

and see life, death, heaven, and hell, their Saviour, and their tempter, in a light shot direct from the eye of the Judge; or, if so awakened, a miracle, the most wonderful ever wrought, is to make them keep from any strange and affecting expression of their feelings. The first supposition may God avert! the second is not likely: and, therefore, let us be concerned only that the multitudes be awakened; then, they may be left, every man according to his own temperament, to cry aloud, or beat upon his breast, or weep in silence, or "fall down upon his face, and worship God." We believe that many think that such awakenings as we have described, even if purely mental, had better not take place. If they do not, the old Christianity that gave the world apostles, martyrs, and missionaries, will be replaced by another, which will only give it formal church-goers. None will hold that such

awakenings are always to be withheld from the ignorant and the ill-balanced, to be given only to those whose culture has reached the point at which a man may almost be killed with feeling, and yet keep perfect silence. We are under no need either to encourage extravagance, or discourage revivals. Let the spring come, though it brings weeds. And let us neither nurse the weeds, nor frost-bite the wheat, in our impatience to keep them down. It may be that, sometimes, He who is wiser than all, does not see it amiss to lower our self-congratulation, and let us know that the work he loves, the bringing of sinners to repentance, may prosper more where outbursting life disturbs conventional decorum, than where all is ordered so as to preserve our respectability.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CZAR AND THE SKEPTIC.

It was in 1829. Government dispatches affirmed that Diebitsch's army had achieved a great success, and that Silistria was in their hands.

But official news is not always implicitly believed when and where unofficial newsmongers are gagged.

"Holy Russia forever! the troops are in Silistria."

"Before it, Batushka, you mean to say."

"Before it! inside it: I say what I mean."

"Inside it! outside it: under correction still."

"Correction you may well say: I repeat it, inside."

"And, I repeat it, out."

"I have seen the dispatch."

"What, the government version?"

"The government, to be sure."

"Nothing less sure, I assure you."

"What? less sure than the government story!"

"All stories may be told two ways."

VOL XLIX.—NO 3

"But one way is true, the other false."

"Precisely, and I mistrust the latter."

"But the real truth is, the troops are in."

"The real truth is, the troops are out."

"In, I say."

"Out, I say."

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

In private saloons, in clubs, in cafés, at table-d'hôtes, on change, and on the Perspective-Nevskoi, might such wranglings have been heard. In the Gastinnoi-Dvór, and in the vodki shops, there was more unanimity; the "black people's" wish was less doubtfully father to their thought; with their unquestioning as well as unquestionable patriotic prejudice, Holy Russia must have won, and Diebitsch must, for certain, be holding Silistria for the Gossudar, for our Lord the Czar.

There was a French gentleman, Mon-

sieur De la Jobardière, shall I call him? whose mistrust of official bulletins had, perhaps not unreasonably, grown with his growth. *Russian Invalids, Northern Bees*, or whatever may have been, in 1829, the accredited organs of the Imperial Government, were to his mind so many miserable imitations of his native *Moniteur*, the feebleness of whose inventions, however, as compared with those of that great Gallic organ of mendacity, consisted not in the absence of mendaciousness. Monsieur De La Jobardière was, himself, very much spilt, "*très répandu*" in certain social circles of St. Petersburg, to borrow an image from his own vernacular; and thus it came to pass, that being gifted, as is not unusual amongst his fellow-countrymen, with a considerable flow of words, he was enabled to spill the ink of denegation far and wide upon the spotless page of these same disputed government dispatches.

"Hold it to yourself for said, my good friends," he would insist; "your government wishes to throw you the powder in the eyes. It is one '*canard*,' one duck; how you say? this great news of Silistria. That poor sir of a Diebitsch, he kick his heel, what? outside still: and the Turk be safe and snug inside as one rat in a cheese, eh?"

Now, De la Jobardière had his entries in "saloons diplomatic," as he would himself have said; and was altogether a man who, chatterbox as he was, might yet be supposed to have access to certain channels of authentic information, at which the vulgar of St. Petersburg might not easily slake their thirst for information. His constant and confident affirmations of the falsehood of the victorious intelligence were not without a certain effect within the radius of his own social "effusion," and perhaps beyond it.

Monsieur De la Jobardière was a precise and somewhat ornate dresser: he was a chilly personage, in spite or because of his longish residence in the northern capital; he was also somewhat of a gastronome, particular as to the quality and regularity of his meals; he was, moreover, a sound sleeper.

So sound, indeed, that the heavy boot-tread of the feldjager, that hybrid between a police-officer and a government courier, failed to break his slumbers on a

certain night; nor was he roused from them until that functionary's rude hand had shaken his shoulder for a third time. Thereupon he started up to a sitting posture and unclosed his eyes, which closed again with sudden blink, at the glare of the lantern which the feldjager's other hand almost thrust into his face.

"Look sharp, sir!" said that official, "and come along."

"Come along, indeed! You are pleasuring my good fellow," quoth the sleepy Frenchman.

"Well, then, if you won't," retorted the ruthless invader of his slumbers, "my orders are positive," and he transferred his paw from the shoulder to the throat-band of Monsieur De la Jobardière's night-dress.

"*Laissez-donc*, grand brutal," exclaimed that worthy; "let me at least get on my pantaloons," and he inserted his feet into the slippers by the bedside.

But, by "fatality," as he always said, "my cossack of a domestic, Ivan Petrovich, had assisted at my dishabille, and had taken my clothes out with him to brush before I should rise 'of great morning' the next day."

"Let me ring my domestic, at least?" he inquired of the stolid feldjager.

"Ring bells and resist authorities?" he growled. "Come, come, sir, none of that."

And again his rough hairy paw, was busy in proximity with the white throat of the finicking Frenchman.

"Quick, march! and not a word, or —"

"But it is unheard of, it is an infamy, a barbarism, an indecency!"

The scowl darkened upon the feldjager's unprepossessing countenance; it was more than evident that expostulation and entreaty were alike in vain.

"Happily that I lose not my presence of mind in this terrible crisis, and draping myself hastily in the sheets and blanket, and eider-down quilt, I yield to destiny and follow that *coquin* of a feldjager down-stairs, gentlemen; my faith! yes, down-stairs to the *porte-cochère*. There what find we? A telega, kibitka, tarantass, what do I know? Some carriage of misfortune at the door, with its own door open, eh?"

It was even so. The night was very dark and foggy; the rays from the

carriage-lamps added to the gleam of the feldjager's lantern gave but a dim light after all; but such as it was, its scintillations were reflected from the steel scabbards, spurs, and horse-bits of a mounted cossack on either side; and dark amidst the darkness, the open carriage-door yawned after the fashion of a tomb.

"Oh! by example," once more did De la Jobardière attempt to remonstrate, turning round; "here is what is a little strong. Do you figure yourself that I —"

He had one foot upon the carriage-steps already, and one hand on the handle by the door-way; a muscular grip seized his other elbow. In an instant he was hoisted and pushed forward in, and the tail of the quilt was bundled in after him; and he felt that some one had vaulted on the front seat outside.

"Houpp la!" cried a hoarse voice; and three cracks of whips like pistol-shots made answer; and with a bound and a plunge the carriage darted onwards. He could hear the splashing gallop, through the slush and mud, of the mounted trooper, on the right hand and on the left.

"I try the windows, on this side, on that, in front, and I am quits of it for my pain. No means! I scream, I howl, I cry, I threaten that pig of feldjager that must hear in front. The Embassy French shall have reason of this outrage! When I tell you there that I am not one of your nationals, but a Frrench! Hear you? A Frrench! Animal that you are! Imbecile of a Cossack, go! A Frrench, then, I tell you, eh? Useless! I pass to entreaty. Hear there, Ivan, Stephen, Nicholas, Sergius! My corporal, my serjeant, my lieutenant of police! Here is one billet of bank, that is to say, not here but there: in the pocket of that pantaloons, at home on the Morskala, you comprehend. A billet of twenty-five roubles: of fifty: of a hundred say, how?"

"Again useless. Not a word; not a sign; he makes the deaf ear, that 'polisson de la police' outside.

"It is stronger than me. I am transported again of rage, of despair. I strike of the fist, of the foot, of the head at last against the panels of that carriage atrocious. Derision! My efforts desperating about to nothing. That

minion of a despotism brutal mocks himself well of this agony. I have dissarranged my drapery; and currents of air from the underneath of doors give my legs trances of cold.

"There is no remedy. I envelop myself once more of my eider-down, and resign myself to my destiny. I comprehend at last; all is lost for me. I see the Boulevards and the Champs-Élysées no more. 'Adieu, Belle France!' I share the fate of the prisoners of the Moskowa, the destiny ingrate of the Olds of the Old. No means now to mistake one's self: I am in route for the Siberia. Unhappy that I am! If at least I could have come in pantaloons!"

Even those that have traveled them under more auspicious circumstances than the luckless De la Jobardière have borne witness to the terrible condition of the Russian roads between late autumn and early winter. Bolt and bump, and thump and crash, swinging to this side, and swaying to that; with one wheel churning the liquid mud in a rut as deep as to the felloe, and the other apparently revolving in the empty air like the windward paddle-wheel of a sea-going steam-packet in the trough of a rolling wave. Then a pitch and toss, fairly up and down, stem and stern, as if over a chopping sea, but petrified. Endless were the miseries endured by the victim inside the closed carriage, on cushions of which the hardness did not fail to make itself felt even through such folds of the eider-down as could be spared from the protection of the lower limbs from the pen-knife like currents of air which came through the door-chinks. How the feldjager kept his hard perch outside was a marvel to the man in his custody.

"They must have strapped him with a leather, or corded him to the bench for sure, that detestable Cossack," thought De la Jobardière when he could spare a thought from his own deplorable condition. How long this voyage lasted he was never able to calculate. He lost all account of days in his excitement of agony and of despair. The same chinks which let in the aerial currents did indeed tell something of diurnal revolutions; for at one time they could be seen to admit some light-giving rays, at another time only felt, thanks to those keen draughts which they had admitted. There were no stoppages, except such momentary

delays, fabulous in the shortness of their duration, as were necessary for the busy fingers of experienced post-boys to harness the horses, which were always to be heard neighing and snorting in readiness as they dashed up to the relays.

There was a sort of little trap or window, unglazed however, in the front panel of the carriage, through which the red and hirsute paw put in a ration of brown biscuit together with a little flask of vodka, and a mug of water now and then.

"Un affreux brûle gueule que ce vodka, Messieurs, one terrible burning throat worse as the 'wiski' of the old Ireland, eh? Sometimes of night too, for it make a black of wolf, 'un noir de loup,' as we say in France, he just open, half open, the carriage-door, this Cossack, and put in one bowl of 'stchi' with a spoon. Do you know what that is, one 'stchi'? A soup to cabbage, but with such seasoning! A ragout of barbarous, I tell you to make a scullion cry! Well, I so hungry, I eat it, I devour it, I lick the spoon. Imagine you, I, De la Jobardiére, who was at other times redactor, editor, what you say? of the 'Journal of Gormands' of Paris!"

On, and on, and on, through the darkness, mitigated or unmitigated by the kindly admissions of the chinks — on and on, till all reckoning of his time was utterly confused.

But all things have an end on earth here; and at last the carriage came to a dead stand-still, with its half-dead passenger inside.

It was at least as raw and as cold, as foggy and as disagreeable a night as that of the departure from St. Petersburg, when, for the first time, the carriage-door was opened wide. Right and left stood a tall figure, indistinct, in gray capote, with flat muffin-cap to crown it; but the reflected lights ran up the barrel of a burnished musket. In the open door-way of a house, whence a red glow as of a cheerful fire came streaming out, stood another martial figure, in cocked hat, with feathers, and a green uniform with aiguillettes of an aide-de-camp. He raised his hand to the cocked hat in question after the military fashion of salute.

"Deign to descend, Monsieur."

"I am then at Tobolsk?"

"Of none, Monsieur, to the contrary."

"Where then? at Irkutsk?"

"Still less, Monsieur; pray give yourself the trouble to descend."

"I am hardly in that costume," objected De la Jobardiére, "for that brutal of a feldjager —"

"Obeyed, I have no doubt, his orders to the letter: pray, Monsieur, descend," insisted the plumed aide-de-camp, with imperturbable gravity.

"This, then, is at last Siberia?"

"Siberia, Monsieur! by no manner of means."

"But where on earth then have I the misfortune to find myself — excuse me — the honor to make your distinguished acquaintance?"

"I have the distinguished honor," said the staff-officer, unwilling to be outdone in politeness by the Frenchman, "to receive Monsieur at the grand guard of the head-quarters of His Imperial Majesty's army in Turkey, within the enceinte of the citadel of Silistria."

"Peste!" exclaimed De la Jobardiére, "I begin to comprehend."

"Possibly," quoth the aide-de-camp.

"May I once more trouble Monsieur to descend?"

This last word was in a tone which admitted of no trifling.

With a mournful consciousness of the ludicrous appearance he presented that almost overpowered the weariness, the anxiety, the indignation which possessed him, De la Jobardiére stepped out of his flying prison-van, and followed the aide-de-camp into the guard-room. There, by a solid deal table, stood the feldjager, whose snub-nose and scrubby red moustache were henceforth impressed indelibly upon his captive's memory. An officer, whose bearing and appearance would, without the stars and medals upon his breast, have given to the most careless observer indication of high military command, was reading a dispatch, apparently just handed to him by that functionary, the envelope of which he had thrown carelessly upon the table.

"A son Exc."

Le Maréchal Diebt" —

was all that, in his confusion, De la Jobardiére was able to spell out.

"Monsieur De la Jobardiére I presume!" said this officer with a glance of inquiry, but of perfect gravity.

"The same, Monsieur le Maréchal," faltered the owner of the appellation.

"What officer has the grand rounds

to-night?" he next inquired, turning towards a group of officers in the background.

"Major Razumoffski, of the Orenburg artillery brigade," answered one of their number, with the accustomed salute.

"Is he mounted?"

"And at the door, General."

"Let one of his orderlies dismount, and let Monsieur De la Jobardière have his horse."

"But consider a little, Maréchal, this costume—or, I may say, this want of it——"

"Is, no doubt, a regrettable circumstance, sir; but orders, sir, superior orders, excuse me; the grand rounds should be starting—you will be good enough to mount, and to accompany the Major."

There was no help for it; that stolid feldjager was holding the dismounted trooper's nag at the door with unmoved countenance. Upon the less impassible trooper's own Tartar physiognomy, however, was something like a grin. A frown from the feldjager suppressed it, as poor De la Jobardière scrambled into the saddle, and endeavored to make the best arrangement of the blanket as possible, to keep the damp night-air from his bare shins. The quilt he clutched convulsively round him with his right hand, while the left tugged at the bridle of his rough and peppery little Baschkir steed. It has a very wide enceinte, that fortress of Silistria; and the Major likewise visited several out-lying pickets. He rode at a sharp pace from post to post, and the roads, streets, and lanes were execrable.

"Equitation is not my forte, you know, my good friends; and a Tartar trooper's saddle, that is something—oh! to be felt if to be known. It was one long agony, 'that nocturnal ride.' I thought it, at little thing near as long as that desolating journey of jolts to Silistria. Day was beginning to point, as we drew up once more to the guard-room door."

The Frenchman shuddered on perceiving that the carriage with nine horses, harnessed three abreast, stood ready there as they rode up.

"The Marshal," said the polite aide-de-camp, his first acquaintance, "bids me to express to Monsieur that he is desolated not to have the opportunity of offering to Monsieur such poor hospitality as the headquarters of a captured fortress can

afford. But Monsieur will understand the importance of taking 'to the foot of the letter,' as his countrymen express it, instructions—superior instructions, he will comprehend. The military code upon such a point is absolute. And I have the honor," with a significant gesture towards the gaping carriage-door, "to wish Monsieur a 'bon voyage.'"

Bang! went that odious door again; again was the weight of the clambering feldjager felt to disturb the equilibrium of the carriage for a moment; again did the hoarse voice shout, "houpp la;" again did the three whip-cracks emulate the sharp report of pistol-shots; again a bound, again a plunge; again the carriage darted onwards; and again might be heard through slush and mud the splashing gallop of the mounted trooper right and left.

Why let the tale of De la Jobardière's misery be twice told? All, all was the same as before. The bumps, the thumps, the bolts, the crashes, the pitching and tossing, the swaying to and fro, the currents of air, the darkness and the struggling rays of light, the bits of brown biscuit, the sips of vodka, the occasional bowls of stchi—all were repeated—all, as before, jumbled and confused together in sad and inextricable reminiscence.

But when the carriage stopped again for good, and when its door was once more opened wide, the portico was loftier and the staircase of wider sweep, than at La Jobardière's own hotel-door on the Morskaia. It was night again, and it was again damp, and cold, and foggy; but a clear illumination rendered unnecessary the lantern of the feldjager or the glimmer of the carriage-lamps. Within the doorway on either side stood in full-dress uniform two non-commissioned officers of the famous Preobajenski Grenadiers.

A gentleman in a full-dress cut-away, with black satin tights and silk stockings to correspond, with broad silver buckles in his shoes, a chain of wide silver links round his neck, a silver key on his left coat-tail, and a straight steel-handled sword by his side, bowed courteously to De la Jobardière, and begged him follow him up-stairs.

Treading noiselessly upon velvet-pile carpets, he led the way through a spacious ante-room into an apartment where all the light was furnished by a lamp with a ground-glass shade, which stood upon a

bureau strewn with books and papers, at which a stately figure in undress uniform was writing busily. Although its back was turned, the breadth of loin and shoulder, the length and upright carriage of the back, the powerful but graceful setting upon the neck of the well-formed head, all revealed at once and beyond a doubt to the astonished Frenchman in what presence he stood: "*C' était de plus fort en plus fort, voyez vous messieurs. A peine si j' en pouvais plus.*"

The usher advanced, bowed, spoke a word at the stately figure's ear, bowed again, drew back, and left the room.

The Czar wheeled round his chair, half rose, and made a dignified half-bow. Poor De la Jobardière folded his eider-down around him, and made a profound obeisance.

"Monsieur De la Jobardière," said that august personage, with just the least suspicion of a smile curling the corners of his imperial lip, "I am informed that you have recently visited Silistria?"

An obeisance deeper and more dejected.

"Had you there, may I inquire, an opportunity of visiting the citadel and of inspecting the military posts?"

A third obeisance, in the deep a lower depth.

"And you found them in full occupation by our imperial troops? May I request an answer expressed explicitly?"

"I found them so, your Majesty."

"Ah! that is well. Not but what I myself have had full confidence in Die-

bitsch; but people will be so skeptical at times. Would you believe it, there are rumors current that even now in certain salons of St. Petersburg, the taking of Silistria is doubted in the teeth of the dispatches?"

What could the hapless Frenchman do but bow down once again.

"However, I am glad to have unofficial and independent testimony from an actual eye-witness. You are certain the Marshal is in undisputed military possession?"

"I am certain of it, your Majesty."

"Thank you, Monsieur De la Jobardière, I will not detain you longer; I wish you a good evening." And turning round to his desk again, his august interlocutor touched a little bell. The usher appeared again, and with the same courteous solemnity of demeanor, showed Monsieur De la Jobardière down-stairs.

An aide-de-camp came tripping down just as the Frenchman's foot was on the carriage-step.

"Monsieur De la Jobardière," he said, "you are an old enough resident in St. Petersburg to know that there are occasions on which it is wise to be discreet about state affairs. But I have it in command from his Imperial Majesty to inform you that as you have so recently yourself had occasion to visit Silistria there can be no possible objection to your stating in general society that you found the citadel, the fortress, and the city garrisoned by his Imperial Majesty's troops."

PETER THE GREAT.

IN addition to the leading portrait of the Emperor Alexander, as an embellishment to our present number, we have added a historic print of Peter the Great, illustrating a scene and marked event in his early life, in which he narrowly escaped assassination. Our readers will naturally expect an explanation of the print thus placed before them. We have only room for a brief outline sketch.

Peter was born at Moscow, on the eleventh of June, 1617. His father, Alexis Michaelowitz, was twice married.

By his first wife he had two sons and four daughters. By his second wife a son, Peter, and a daughter, Natalia. Alexis died in 1677, and was succeeded by his eldest son Theodore, a youth of delicate constitution, who died in 1682 without issue. As Ivan, his next brother, was of weak intellect and in poor health, Theodore named Peter, his half-brother, as his successor. The Princess Sophia, an ambitious woman, who had intended to reign herself, through the medium of her incompetent brother, being enraged at this ap-



PAINTED BY STEPHEN

ENGRAVED BY S. S. S. S. S.

PETER THE GREAT SAVED BY HIS NOBLES.

FROM THE LIFE OF THE GREAT

pointment, engaged the Strelitz, or Imperial Guards, on her side by means of flattery of the officers and misrepresentation, and fomented an insurrection. The commander-in-chief of the Guards was an officer named Couvansky. He readily acceded to her proposals, and, in conjunction with him, she planned and organized a revolution.

In order to exasperate the people and the Guards, and excite them to the proper pitch of violence, Sophia and Couvansky spread a report that the late emperor had not died a natural death, but had been poisoned. This murder had been committed, they said, by a party who hoped, by setting Theodore and his brother John aside, to get the power into their hands in the name of Peter, whom they intended to make emperor, in violation of the rights of John, Theodore's true heir. There was a plan also formed, they said, to poison all the principal officers of the Guards, who, the conspirators knew, would oppose their wicked proceedings, and perhaps prevent the fulfillment of them if they were not put out of the way. The poison by which Theodore had been put to death was administered, they said, by two physicians who attended upon him in his sickness, and who had been bribed to give him poison with his medicine. The Guards were to have been destroyed by means of poison, which was to have been mixed with the brandy and the beer that was distributed to them on the occasion of the funeral.

These stories produced a great excitement among the Guards, and also among a considerable portion of the people of Moscow. The Guards came out into the streets and around the palaces in great force. They first seized the two physicians who were accused of having poisoned the Emperor, and killed them on the spot. Then they took a number of nobles of high rank, and officers of state, who were supposed to be the leaders of the party in favor of Peter, and the instigators of the murder of Theodore, and, dragging them out into the public squares, slew them

without mercy. Some they cut to pieces. Others they threw down from the wall of the imperial palace upon the soldiers' pikes below, which the men held up for the purpose of receiving them.

Peter was at this time with his mother in the palace. Natalia was exceedingly alarmed, not for herself, but for her son. As soon as the revolution broke out she made her escape from the palace, and set out, with Peter in her arms, to fly to a celebrated family retreat of the Emperor's, called the Monastery of the Trinity. This monastery was a sort of country palace of the Czar's, which, besides being a pleasant rural retreat, was also, from its religious character, a sanctuary where fugitives seeking refuge in it might, under all ordinary circumstances, feel themselves beyond the reach of violence and of every species of hostile molestation.

Natalia fled with Peter and a few attendants to this refuge, hotly pursued, however, all the way by a body of the Guards. If the fugitives had been overtaken on the way, both mother and son would doubtless have been cut to pieces without mercy. As it was, they very narrowly escaped, for when Natalia arrived at the convent the soldiers were close upon her. Two of them followed her in before the doors could be closed. Natalia rushed into the church, which formed the center of the convent inclosure, and took refuge with her child at the foot of the altar. The soldiers pursued her there, brandishing their swords, and were apparently on the point of striking the fatal blow; but the sacredness of the place seemed to arrest them at the last moment, and, after pausing an instant with their uplifted swords in their hands, and uttering imprecations against their victims for having thus escaped them, they sullenly retired.

At this point in the struggle, the print illustrates the position of the parties before the altar in the convent, which will give the reader a graphic picture of the personages alluded to.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

THIS illustrious personage acted a conspicuous part in the great historic scenes and events of the first quarter of the present century. As such, we trust an accurate portrait of his face and form will prove a pleasing embellishment to the present number of the *ECLECTIC*. We were the more desirous of placing this portrait before our readers, because the portraits of his successors, the Emperors Nicholas and Alexander II., have already adorned our Journal. These portraits are scarce. The one from which this has been engraved, was taken from life at St. Petersburg, and is believed to be accurate. In connection with the portrait, we place before our readers the following sketch:

The Emperor ALEXANDER was born December twenty-third, 1777. He was the son of the Emperor Paul and of Maria, daughter of Prince Eugene of Wurtemberg. From his infancy he was distinguished for a gentle and affectionate disposition, and a superior capacity. His education was directed not by his parents, but by his grandmother, the reigning Empress, Catharine II., who lived until he had attained his nineteenth year. Under her superintendence he was carefully instructed by La Harpe and other able tutors in the different branches of a liberal education, and in the accomplishments of a gentleman.

Catharine was succeeded, in 1796, by her son Paul, whose mad reign was put an end to by his assassination on the twenty-fourth of March, 1801. No doubt can be entertained that Alexander, as well as his younger brother Constantine, was privy to the preparations which were made for the dethronement of his father, which had indeed become almost a measure of necessity; but all the facts tend to make it highly improbable that he contemplated the fatal issue of the attempt. The immediate sequel of this tragedy was a slight domestic dispute, occasioned by a claim being advanced by the widow of the murdered Emperor to the vacant throne, who had not been admitted into the conspiracy. After a short altercation

she was prevailed upon to relinquish her pretensions; and the Grand Duke Alexander was forthwith proclaimed Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias. This collision does not seem to have left any unpleasant traces on the mind either of Alexander or his mother, to whom during his life he always continued to show respect and attachment. The Empress Maria survived her son about three years.

The history of the reign of Alexander is the history of Europe for the first quarter of the present century. When Alexander came to the throne he found himself engaged in a war with England, which had broken out in the course of the preceding year. He immediately indicated the pacific character of his policy by taking steps to bring about a termination of this state of things, which was already seriously distressing the commerce of Russia; and a convention was accordingly concluded between the two powers, and signed at St. Petersburg on the seventeenth of June, 1801. The general peace followed on the first of October, and lasted till the declaration of war by England against France on the eighteenth of May, 1803.

Alexander did not immediately join England in the war against France; but even in the early part of 1804 symptoms began to appear of an approaching breach between Russia and the latter country. On the eleventh of April, 1805, a treaty of alliance with England was concluded at St. Petersburg, to which Austria became a party on the ninth of August, and Sweden on the third of October following. This league, commonly called the third coalition, speedily led to actual hostilities. The campaign was eminently disastrous to the allied powers. A succession of battles, fought between the sixth and the eighteenth of October, almost annihilated the Austrian army before any of the Russian troops arrived. Alexander made his appearance at Berlin on the twenty-fifth, and there, in a few days after, concluded a secret convention with the King of Prussia, by which that prince,





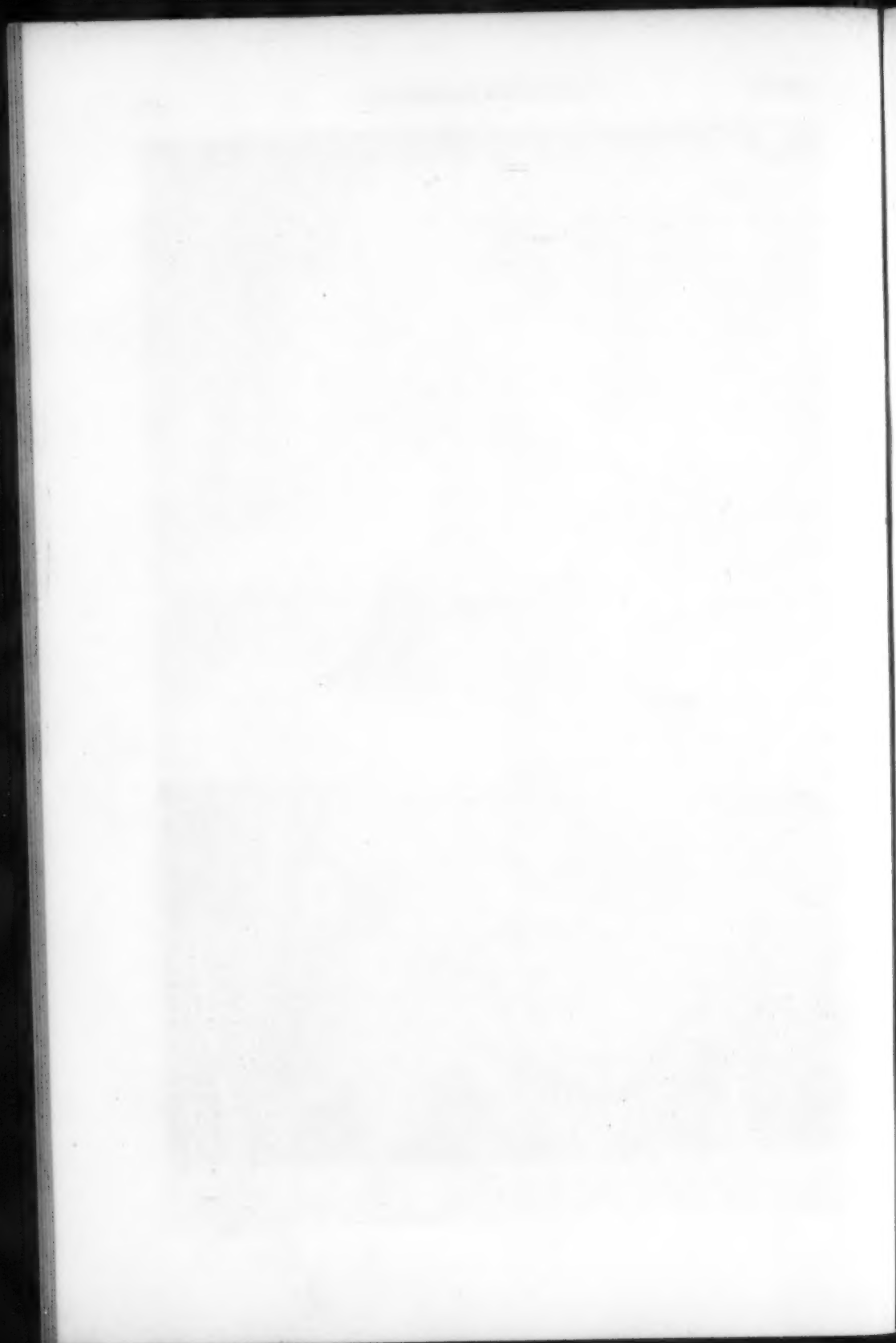
ENGRAVED BY JOHN SARCEY—F.R.S.

FOR THE SCIENCE.

AFTER G. O. DAW.

ALEXANDER I.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



who had hitherto professed neutrality, bound himself to join the coalition. Before leaving the Prussian capital, Alexander, in company with the King and Queen, visited at midnight the tomb* of the Great Frederick, and, after having kissed the coffin, is said to have solemnly joined hands with his brother sovereign, and pledged himself that nothing should ever break their friendship. He then hastened by way of Leipzig and Weimar to Dresden, from whence he proceeded to Olmutz, and there, on the eighteenth of November, joined the Emperor of Austria. On the second of the following month, the Austrian and Russian troops, commanded by the two Emperors in person, were beaten in the memorable and decisive battle of Austerlitz. The immediate consequences of this great defeat were the conclusion of a convention between France and Austria, and Alexander's departure to Russia with the remains of his army.

Although Alexander did not accede either to the convention between France and Austria, or to the treaty of Presburg, by which it was followed, he thought proper, after a short time, to profess a disposition to make peace with France, and negotiations were commenced at Paris for that object. But after a treaty had been signed on the twentieth of July, 1806, he refused to ratify it, on the pretense that his minister had departed from his instructions. The true motive of his refusal no doubt was, that by this time arrangements were completed with Prussia and England for a fourth coalition; and it is even far from improbable that the negotiations which led to the signature of the treaty had from the first no other object beyond gaining time for preparations. On the eighth of February hostilities recommenced, and the victory of Jena, gained by Bonaparte a few days after, laid the Prussian monarchy at his feet. When this great battle was fought, Alexander and his Russians had scarcely reached the frontiers of Germany; on receiving the news they immediately retreated across the Vistula. Hither they were pursued by Bonaparte, and having been joined by the remnant of the Prussian army, were beaten on the eighth of

February, 1807, in the destructive battle of Eylau. Finally, on the fourteenth of June, the united armies were again defeated in the great battle of Friedland, and compelled to retreat behind the Niemen. This crowning disaster terminated the campaign. An armistice was arranged on the twenty-first; and five days after, Alexander and Napoleon met in a tent erected on a raft in the middle of the Niemen; and at that interview not only arranged their differences, but, if we may trust the subsequent professions of both, were converted from enemies into warmly-attached friends. A treaty of peace was signed between the two at Tilsit on the seventh of July, by a secret article of which Alexander engaged to join France against England. He accordingly declared war against his late ally on the twenty-sixth of October following. The treaty of Tilsit indeed converted the Russian Emperor into the enemy of almost all his former friends, and the friend of all his former enemies. Turkey, though supported by France, had for some time been hard pressed by the united military and naval operations of England and Russia; but upon Alexander's coalition with the French Emperor, a truce was concluded between Turkey and Russia at Slobosia, August twenty-fourth, and the Turkish empire was saved from the ruin which threatened it. The meeting of the Emperors of France and Russia at Tilsit is an important event not only in the life of Alexander, but in the history of Europe. It produced a total change in the policy of Russia, as well as in the personal sentiments of the two Emperors, who from deadly enemies became to all appearance cordial friends. At their first interview, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1807, each left the banks of the Niemen in a boat attended by his suite. The boat of Napoleon cleared the distance first; and Napoleon, stepping on the raft, appointed for the conference, passed over, and receiving Alexander on the opposite side, embraced him in the sight of both armies. The first words of Alexander were directed to flatter the ruling passion of Napoleon. "I hate the English," he exclaimed, "as much as you do: whatever you take in hand against them, I will be your second." "In that case," replied Napoleon, "every thing can be easily settled, and peace is already made." In the first conference they remained together two

* The tomb or mausoleum is in the old church at Potsdam, twenty-one miles from Berlin.—ED. OF ECLECTIC.

hours; the next day they met again, and Alexander presented to Napoleon the King of Prussia, who was soon after joined by his Queen. During the remainder of the conferences, which lasted twenty days, the two Emperors were daily in the habit of meeting and conversing on term of intimacy; while the King of Prussia was treated by Napoleon with haughtiness, and the Queen with rudeness, and Alexander appeared almost ashamed to make any exertion in their favor with his new friend. He even concluded a separate treaty with Napoleon to the bitter mortification of Frederick William, the treaty made with whom soon after was of a very different character from that between the two Emperors.

On the twenty-fourth of February, 1808, Alexander, in obedience to the plan arranged with Napoleon, declared war against Sweden; and followed up this declaration by dispatching an army to Swedish Finland, which, after a great deal of fighting, succeeded in obtaining complete possession of that country. On the twenty-seventh of September the Russian and French Emperors met again at Erfurt. Many of the German princes, with representatives of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, also attended the Congress, which continued to sit till the fifteenth of October. On this occasion a proposal for peace was made to England in the united names of Napoleon and Alexander, but the negotiations were broken off after a few weeks.

The friendly relations of Alexander with France continued for nearly five years; but, notwithstanding fair appearances, various causes were in the mean while at work which could not fail at last to bring about a rupture. In the mean while, however, the treaty of Vienna, signed on the fourteenth of October, 1809, which, following the battles of Essling and Wagram, dissolved the fifth coalition against France, increased the Russian dominion by the annexation of Eastern Galicia, ceded by Austria. The war with Turkey also, which had been recommenced, continued to be prosecuted with success. But by the end of the year 1811 the disputes with the courts of Paris, which ostensibly arose out of the seizure by Bonaparte of the dominions of the Duke of Oldenburg, had assumed such a height as left it no longer doubtful that

war would follow. A treaty of alliance having been previously signed with Sweden, on the nineteenth of March, 1812, Alexander declared war against France; and on the twenty-fourth of April he left St. Petersburg to join his army on the western frontier of Lithuania. On the twenty-eighth of May peace was concluded at Bucharest on advantageous terms with Turkey, which relinquished every thing to the left of the Pruth. The immense army of France, led by Napoleon, entered the Russian territory on the twenty-fifth of June. As they advanced the inhabitants fled as one man, and left the invaders to march through a silent desert. In this manner the French reached Wilna. On the fourteenth of July Alexander had repaired to Moscow, whence he proceeded to Finland, where he had an interview with Bernadotte, then crown-prince of Sweden. Here he learned the entry of the French into Smolensk. He immediately declared that he never would sign a treaty of peace with Napoleon while he was on Russian ground. "Should St. Petersburg be taken," he added, "I will retire into Siberia. I will then resume our ancient customs, and, like our long-bearded ancestors, will return anew to conquer the empire." "This resolution," exclaimed Bernadotte, "will liberate Europe."

On the seventh of September took place the first serious encounter between the two armies, the battle of Borodino, in which twenty-five thousand men perished on each side. On the fourteenth the French entered Moscow. In a few hours the city was a smoking ruin. Napoleon's homeward march then commenced, and terminated in the destruction of his magnificent army. Not fewer than three hundred thousand Frenchmen perished in this campaign. The remnant, which was above one hundred and fifty thousand, re-passed the Niemen on the sixteenth of December.

In the early part of the following year Prussia and Austria successively became parties to the alliance against France. Alexander, who had joined his army while in pursuit of Bonaparte at Wilna, continued to accompany the allied troops throughout the campaign of this summer. On the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of August he was present at the battle of Dresden, and on the eighteenth of October at the still more sanguinary conflict

of Leipzig. On the twenty-fourth of February, 1814, he met the King of Prussia at Chaumont, where the two sovereigns signed a treaty binding themselves to prosecute the war against France to a successful conclusion, even at the cost of all the resources of their dominions. On the thirtieth of March one hundred and fifty thousand of the troops of the allies were before the walls of Paris, and on the following day at noon Alexander and William Frederick entered the capital.

Alexander, owing in a great measure to his engaging affability, as well as to the liberal sentiments which he made a practice of professing, was a great favorite with the Parisians. The conquerors having determined upon the deposition of Bonaparte, and the restoration of the Bourbons, Alexander spent the remainder of the time he staid in inspecting the different objects of interest in the city and its vicinity, as if he had visited it in the course of a tour. He left the French capital about the first of June, and proceeding to Bologne, was there, along with the King of Prussia, taken on board an English ship-of-war, commanded by the Duke of Clarence, and conveyed to Calais, from which port the royal yachts brought over the two sovereigns. They landed at Dover on the evening of the seventh, and next day came to London. They remained in this country for about three weeks, during which time they visited Oxford and Portsmouth, and wherever they went, as well as in the metropolis, were received with honors and festivities of unexampled magnificence, amidst the tumultuous rejoicings of the people. From England Alexander proceeded to Holland, and thence, after a short stay, to Carlsruhe, where he was joined by the Empress. On the twenty-fifth of July he arrived at his own capital St. Petersburg, where his appearance was greeted by illuminations and other testimonies of popular joy.

The Congress of European sovereigns at Vienna opened on the third of November, 1814. In the political arrangements made by this assembly Alexander obtained at least his fair share of advantages, having been recognized as King of Poland, which country was at the same time annexed to the Russian empire. Before the members of the Congress separated, however, news arrived of Bonaparte's

escape from Elba. They remained together till after the battle of Waterloo; when Alexander, with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, proceeded to Paris, where they arrived in the beginning of July, 1815. On the twenty-sixth of the following September, the three sovereigns signed an agreement, professedly for the preservation of universal peace on the principles of Christianity, to which, with some presumption, if not impiety, they gave the name of the Holy Alliance. On leaving Paris, Alexander proceeded to Brussels, to arrange the marriage of his sister, the Grand Duchess Anne, with the Prince of Orange; and thence, by the way of Dijon and Zurich, to Berlin, where he concluded another family alliance, by the marriage of his brother Nicholas, afterwards emperor, with the Princess Charlotte, daughter of the King of Prussia. On the twelfth of November he arrived at Warsaw, and after publishing the heads of a constitution for Poland, he left this city on the third of December, and on the thirteenth reached St. Petersburg.

No great events mark the next years of the reign of Alexander. On the twenty-seventh of March, 1818, he opened in person the first Polish diet at Warsaw, on the close of which he set out on a journey through the southern provinces of his empire, visiting Odessa, the Crimea, and Moscow. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, at which he was present with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, met in September, and on the fifteenth of the following month, promulgated a declaration, threatening, in reference to the then state of Spain, the suppression of all insurrectionary movements wherever they might take place. The congresses held in 1820 and 1821 at Troppau and Laybach, on the affairs of Naples and Piedmont, and that of Verona in 1822, were also mainly directed by the Russian autocrat.

In the beginning of the winter of 1825 Alexander left St. Petersburg, on a journey to the southern provinces, and on the twenty-fifth of September arrived at Taganrog on the Sea of Azof. From this town he some time after set out on a tour to the Crimea, and returned to Taganrog about the middle of November. Up to nearly the close of this latter excursion, he had enjoyed the highest health and spirits. But he was then suddenly at-

tacked by the common intermittent fever of the country, and when he arrived at Taganrog he was very ill. Trusting, however, to the strength of his constitution, he long refused to submit to the remedies which his physicians prescribed. When he at length consented to allow leeches to be applied, it was too late. During the last few days that he continued to breathe, he was insensible; and on the morning of the first of December he expired.

It was for some time rumored in foreign countries that Alexander had been carried off by poison; but it is now well ascertained that there is no ground whatever for this suspicion. It appears, however, that his last days were embittered by the information of an extensive conspiracy of many of the nobility and officers of the army to subvert the government, and even to take away his life; and it is not improbable that this news, which is said to have been brought to him by a courier during the middle of the night of the eighth, which he spent at Alupta, may have contributed to hasten the fever by which he was two or three days after attacked.

The death of Alexander took place exactly a century after that of Peter the Great, under whom the civilization of Russia may be said to have commenced. The state of the empire did not change so completely during Alexander's reign as it did during that of Peter; but still the advancement of almost every branch of the national prosperity, in the course of the quarter of a century during which Alexander filled the throne, was probably,

with that one exception, greater than had ever been exhibited in any other country. He founded or reorganized seven universities, and established two hundred and four gymnasia, and above two thousand schools of an inferior order. The literature of Russia was also greatly indebted to his liberal encouragement, although he continued the censorship of the press in a modified form. He greatly promoted among his subjects a knowledge of and taste for science and the fine arts by his munificent purchases of paintings, and anatomical and other collections. The agriculture, the manufactures, and the commerce of Russia were all immensely extended during his reign. Finally, to Alexander the people of Russia were indebted for many political reforms of great value. Under Alexander also both the extent and the population of the Russian dominions were greatly augmented; the military strength of the nation was developed and organized; and the country, from holding but a subordinate rank, took its place as one of the leading powers of Europe.

Alexander was married on the ninth of October, 1793, to the Princess Louisa Maria Augusta of Baden, who, on becoming a member of the Imperial family, assumed the name of Elizabeth Alexiwna. By her, however, he had no issue. On his death, his next brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, was proclaimed King at Warsaw; but he immediately surrendered the throne to his younger brother, the late Emperor Nicolas, according to an agreement made with Alexander during his lifetime.

From Chambers's Journal.

TRADE IN DIAMONDS.

Known from very early times, the diamond has always retained for itself the principal place among jewels. Still in the east, a superstitious feeling attaches itself to this stone, about which innumerable fables have, in various ages, been current. The orientals believe that certain diamonds shine in the dark, so as to be used by solitary students for lamps; and at Bagdad, they say, in the reign of Haroun al Raschid, a youth was discovered in an oratory reading the Koran by the light of a diamond as large as a hen's egg. With respect to size, the exaggeration is not very great, since the stone found at Kolor fell little short, before it was cut and polished, of the dimensions attributed to the Bagdad stone by the imagination of the Arabs.

The trade in diamonds, though often highly lucrative, did not form a separate branch of commerce till a comparatively recent date, and even now is seldom entirely detached from the traffic in other gems; yet it demands so much skill, acuteness, and experience, that those only achieve great success who devote themselves exclusively to this department of trade. Its profitableness, however, depends much on fashion, on accidental variations in public taste, and on fluctuations in the supply, regulated by no law, and therefore not to be foreseen or guarded against. Where these glittering vanities will turn up, science is unable to determine. They are found in mountains and on plains, in plowed fields and in marshes, in India, in Siberia, in Borneo, and in Brazil. Sometimes there is a scarcity of them, at other times a glut; but whether scarce or plentiful, there has never since their discovery been a period during which they have not constituted a favorite article of regal and imperial magnificence, and been thought to lend additional splendor to beauty itself.

Throughout the east, queens and princesses never consider themselves properly appareled unless they have a blaze of diamonds about their waists, ornaments of the same gems flashing between the tresses of their raven hair, and descend-

ing in festoons upon their bosoms. Sultans and chiefs also aim at producing effect upon their subjects by decorating their persons after the same fashion, and studding the hilts and scabbards of their poniards and sabers with jewels. Here, in Europe, the same taste, a little modified, prevails. Men do not consider it effeminate or ridiculous to wear diamond-rings, while women are often vainer of these brilliants than of their own personal charms. The wife of an English ambassador appeared, not very long ago, at the French court with a million's worth of jewels on her dress, so that, as she moved beneath the vast chandeliers of the Tuileries, she looked like a personification of the mines of Golconda. Most persons will remember what marvels have been wrought by diamond-necklaces, and how the fate of thrones and the destinies of whole nations have been influenced by one woman's passion for these adornments. Once at Calcutta, a curious substitute for diamonds was used by a lady at the governor-general's ball. She caught a number of fire-flies, and stitched them to her dress in diminutive bags of gauze. The effect was striking beyond conception. As she moved, the flies shot forth their light, so that the side of her dress which was turned from the chandelier seemed to be spotted with fire.

With the changing phases of civilization, all kinds of jewels rise or fall in public esteem. The diamond seems to have exerted its greatest influence during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, when the belief in its mysterious properties was still rife throughout Christendom. Merchants then traveled over the whole east, exposing themselves to every kind of peril, and enduring hunger, thirst, and extreme fatigue to collect these glittering spoils of the earth, by dealing in which they amassed princely fortunes, purchased immense estates, and founded powerful families. Accident occasionally came to the aid of their skill and intrepidity. Amid the ruins, for example, of Constantinople, a poor boy picked up a diamond which he sold to a janizary for four-

pence; the soldier, in his turn, disposed of it to some one else for a few shillings; and thus the jewel proceeded from hand to hand, until, for a comparatively small sum, it became the property of a merchant, who obtained for it, from Sultan Mourad II., the sum of a hundred thousand crowns. So, again, in India, a poor peasant, turning up the soil with his plow, was struck by the peculiar glitter of a pebble lying among other stones. Stopping his oxen, he picked it up, and though he understood nothing of gems, immediately, with the quickness of an oriental, persuaded himself he had found a prize. Abandoning his plow, therefore, and wrapping up the pebble in a rag, he walked, barefoot, a distance of forty miles, to Golconda, where his good fortune directed him to an honest merchant, who informed him he was in possession of the largest diamond in the world. What sum he obtained for it is not stated; but it was sufficient to enrich both himself and his descendants. The history of this stone, if it could be given in full, would form a volume. Having been purchased by an ambitious chief, eager to barter his ornaments for political power, he presented it to the great descendant of Baber, Aurungzebe. From him it passed down, through various vicissitudes, to the last Sikh ruler of the Punjaub, and became, by victory, the property of the East-India Company. However vast might be its value, they made a present of it to the Queen; and under the name of Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light, it was beheld by millions of the English people, beneath a strong iron grating, at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

When a diamond-merchant traveled eastward from Europe, wherever he made known his destination, princes and grandees were sure to intrust him with fresh orders, particularly in Turkey and Persia. Before he reached India, therefore, his commissions were often so numerous that he had much difficulty, even in the mart of Golconda, to find gems sufficient to supply the demands of his customers. The great traveler, Tavernier, may be looked upon as a fair representative of the diamond-dealers of his age. Being a man of more than ordinary intelligence, who extended the sphere of his observations considerably beyond the limits of commerce, he was often consulted by the most powerful princes, whose understand-

ings, however, were not always commensurate with their riches and authority. Of a conversation which he once had with a shah of Persia, he has left a minute and curious account; but as it did not turn on the diamond-trade, it would be beside our purpose to repeat it. When he made known his intention of visiting the Indian mines, most of those with whom he conversed sought to dissuade him from realizing his design, by representing them as encircled by every kind of danger, malaria of the most deadly kind, forests infested by wild beasts, and tribes of men surpassing the worst of these in ferocity. But the traveler, confiding in his own experience, despises all their warnings. He had invariably found perils vast and threatening at a distance diminish as he approached, especially where he had to deal with men, who might generally be conciliated by fair words and the act of putting confidence in them.

The condition of the Deccan, it must be owned, was far better then than it has been since. At the present day, it would hardly be safe for a merchant with large bags of gold to travel from the coast of Malabar, through the gorges of the Western Ghats, to Bejapore and Golconda, since he would be nearly certain to encounter predatory bands of Arabs, breaking away, perhaps, from the service of the Nizam, or on the way to offer to His Highness the use of their swords. Thugs, Phansigurs, Dakoits, and other robbers, in spite of the police organized by the English, might likewise have something to say to his treasures and to his throat. But in those days of Mogul supremacy, when the scepter of Delhi was stretched with more or less vigor over all India, the adventurous diamond-merchant landed at Surat, familiar to all readers of the *Arabian Nights*, and made his way without let or hindrance to Golconda. There, under the charge of an apothecary, he left a large portion of his wealth, and with the remainder proceeded to the mines.

Nearly all the old writers describe the scene of their operations in a vague and unsatisfactory manner, which imparts an air of romance to their accounts, but compels us to have recourse to more modern authorities when we would acquire precise information. The diamond-mines of India are chiefly situated between the Kistnah and Pennar rivers, and many of them cluster about both banks of the latter

stream. The gems are found in the alluvial soil, or in rocks of the most recent formation, in lands not greatly elevated above the level of the sea. Not far distant, however, are ranges of hills about a thousand feet in height, in one of which the Pennar rises, and after forcing its way through a gap in the other, flows through a channel alternately soft and rocky, through the district of Nellore. The search for diamonds still goes on as of old; the speculators farm from the government plots of ground, more or less extensive, which they inclose with a low fence, within which they carry on their operations. Large gems are rarely found, but when they do turn up, a third of their value is claimed by the government, which is therefore far more grasping and oppressive than in the seventeenth century, when it was satisfied with a duty of two per cent from the seller and buyer. The enthusiasm which once animated this branch of industry has almost entirely died away. The work is carried on languidly both here and at Sumbhulpore on the Mahanuddy, where sixty thousand men, women, and children were once beheld diffused like swarms of bees over the plain, digging, washing, sorting, or bearing bags of jewels in the matrix to the offices of the overseers. Smaller diamonds are discovered by their sparkle amid the gravel, which shows they are only fragments of larger stones broken by accident, because when entire they are wrapped in a crust, polished and shining indeed like pebbles on the sea-shore, but disclosing no other symptoms of the brilliance within.

Nothing like a philosophical history of precious stones has yet been written. We know nothing of the chemical process by which nature forms them, nothing of the materials of which they are composed, for all that has been discovered by experiment amounts to this, that the diamond may be destroyed by immense heat. Practically, it is observed that it acquires certain peculiarities from the nature of the soil in which it is found. When perfect, it exactly resembles so much pure water, congealed by nature's chemistry, and rendered harder than the hardest metal. When its interior is exposed, by polishing, to the light, the rays of the sun descend into its depths, and playing and wandering there, are reflected, refracted, and intermingled, so as to produce an almost supernatural blaze of splendor. From

this unclouded brilliance, the diamond passes through a thousand intermediate changes to absolute black, when it presents the appearance of translucent ebony. Occasionally, when it has been steeped for thousands of years in a morass, it assumes the hues of the beryl or of the topaz, or even of a very pale sapphire. The last is least in esteem among the merchants, who detect its lurking blue by examining it under the thick foliage of a tree. In Europe, lapidaries study the water of the diamond in broad daylight; but the Hindoos, for this purpose, prefer the night. Placing a powerful lamp in a square opening in a wall, they stand before it, and hold up the diamond between the finger and thumb against the stream of light, which enables them to detect the minutest flaw in its interior.

When the trade was at its height, a merchant arriving from foreign countries was waited on by the governor, who explained the rules in conformity with which business was carried on in the place; he then, if the stranger consented, took all the money he had brought with him into his keeping, and bound himself to answer for its safety to the smallest fraction; but both Mohammedan and Hindoo dealers were so addicted to the practice of fraud, that the government found itself under the necessity of keeping the strictest possible watch upon them. A secret war, indeed, was always carried on between the rulers and the merchants—the former seeking to obtain their share of all profits made; the latter, to elude their demands. In Tavernier's case, four inferior officers were granted him, nominally as a guard of honor, but in fact as spies upon his proceedings, for, having never been accustomed to honesty, the worthy governor found himself under the necessity of suspecting and watching every body. But Hindoo craft easily outgeneraled the heavy wits of the Moslems. One day, as the traveler was seated enjoying himself in the midst of his guards, a native merchant approached, dressed in mean attire, and displaying every external token of poverty, but accustomed to the devices of the Hindoos, the European took no notice of this fact, and invited the Banian to sit down beside him. He was, of course, a dealer in precious stones, though apprehensive of the rapacity of the government, or preferring mystery before open dealing, he would not enter upon

business in presence of the Mohammedan guards. He had, however, timed his visit well; the hour of prayer approached, when these disciples of Mohammed would, he conjectured, in spite of all earthly considerations, depart to repeat their orisons in the mosque. As soon as the muezzin's voice was heard from a neighboring minaret summoning the faithful to their devotions, three of the four spies attended to the call; but the fourth, having the fear of the governor before his eyes, remained to observe the dealings of the Frank and the Hindoo. Tavernier, however, was not to be so disappointed; pretending to be without bread, he dispatched the Moslem to the town in search of some, and was thus at liberty to converse on business with the Banian.

The Hindoo, now unrolling his long dark hair, drew forth from among its plaits a diamond of so rare a lustre that the traveler was struck with extraordinary admiration. It weighed nearly fifty carats, and its pure transparency appeared to be without flaw; but the money he had with him fell greatly short of the price of so precious a jewel, though he could not restrain himself from gazing at its beauty. "Do not waste your time," said the Hindoo, "but meet me in the evening outside the city walls; bring a sufficient sum along with you, and the diamond shall be yours." At the time appointed, just as the shades of evening were thickening into night, the merchant, without attendant or witness, repaired to the place of meeting, and the dealer, being true to his word, brought along with him the gem, which Tavernier afterwards sold to a Dutch officer on the Malabar coast for what he called an honest profit, which in all likelihood, was considerable.

The quickness and penetration of the diamond-dealers of Golconda, which invariably excite the astonishment of strangers, may easily be accounted for by the nature of their business education. At the age of six years, the sons of the dealers commence their studies; not in schools or colleges, but on the public mart. The boys are formed into a sort of guild, at the head of which is the senior of the company. They are each furnished with a bag of gold and a pair of scales, and thus equipped, they seat themselves cross-legged in a circle, and await in silence the coming of the sellers. When a person

with any precious stone presents himself, he delivers it to the head of the guild, who, after due deliberation, hands it to the boy next to him in age, and he to the next, until it has made the circuit of the whole body. It is supposed that by some touch of the hand given while passing on the gem, the boys intimate to each other their favorable or unfavorable opinion, for not a word is spoken or a look exchanged, as far as the keenest observer can perceive. The diamond is then weighed, and either bought or rejected. Every day they make up their accounts, and divide the profits equally among them all, save that one quarter per cent is given in addition to the eldest boy. If, however, he should be unlucky enough to make a bad bargain, the entire loss falls upon him. But so great, as a rule, is their skill, that any member of the guild will, in case of pressure take at its full price the purchase of any other without the least examination.

Much the same system is pursued by the older dealers, except that they affect greater mystery. It has been already stated that a percentage of the gains made by the dealers is paid to the government; and as Eastern rulers are often unscrupulous in all transactions with their subjects, the latter have recourse to the most subtle craft in self-defense. This fact will satisfactorily account for the following mystical method of buying and selling. The nature of the article to be transferred and the denomination of the coin being understood, the seller spreads out the end of his waist-shawl, and places his hand beneath it; the buyer immediately introduces his hand likewise, and the pantomime commences. The use of language on these occasions is entirely abjured, so that, on the Exchange of Golconda, millions may pass from man to man in absolute silence. Two or three hundred merchants, perhaps, seated in couples upon the floor, are engaged in making bargains, which, taken altogether, would represent the wealth of whole kingdoms. When the buyer offers a thousand pagodas, he grasps the entire hand of the seller, and for every thousand gives a separate pressure. If he grasps the fingers only, he means five hundred; one finger, one hundred; from the middle joint, fifty; from the lower, ten. There are masonic tokens for smaller

sums, but these seem to have escaped detection. It is obviously practicable for persons who do business after this fashion to estimate their own income-tax in defiance of the government myrmidons, and thus the most opulent of the Hindoos are able to conceal the amount of their riches, and the extent of the transactions they carry on.

Most Asiatics entertain peculiar notions respecting silence, and it was from them, unquestionably, that Pythagoras learned to associate disuse of the tongue with the study of wisdom. At the Borneo diamond-mines there is a superstition connected with this subject, which may be worth mentioning. The persons employed in the washings are enjoined to abstain at least from loud talking, lest they should offend the presiding spirit of the mines, who, in revenge for the disturbance of his repose, might frustrate their search after the riches he dispenses to mortals. Yet all sounds are not displeasing to him: with the voice of a woman's singing his ear is charmed; and, if in addition to a sweet voice, she happen to possess a beautiful countenance, he pours the jewels without stint into her lap.

A complete revolution was brought about in the diamond-trade, in 1844, by the discovery of the mines of Sincura, in Brazil. For ages it had been known that the diamond was produced in that empire, whence the King of Portugal obtained the gem long regarded as the finest in the world. But in the year above mentioned, accident threw open to the enterprise of the Brazilians what may be denominated the great diamond-fields, which have been not unaptly compared to the valley of Sindabad, and the jeweled gardens of Aladdin. All the social phenomena since witnessed at the diggings of California and Australia were then exhibited at Sincura. The sugar-growers deserted their works, the merchants their counting-houses, sailors their vessels, and even effeminate gentlemen their pleasures, and rushed to the diamond-mines, where for a while they picked up jewels by handfuls. This new source of wealth was discovered by a slave, who, having collected gems of immense value, traveled a great distance to dispose of them. The avarice of the authorities being thus excited, the slave was seized and thrown into prison, where means—none of the gentlest, we may be sure—were employed to

compel him to disclose the site of his discovery. But the obstinacy of the African proved more than an equal match for the cruelty of the Brazilians, though not for their cunning. His escape was purposely connived at, but several Indians were put upon his trail, and these following him like blood-hounds night and day, at length beheld him rooting up for diamonds at the foot of the Sincura Mountains.

What became of the black finder is not stated; but no sooner had it been ascertained that the precious stones really existed there in great abundance, than the population of the province multiplied as if by miracle, swelling in a few months from eight thousand to thirty thousand. To the credit of the government, freedom of search was granted to all comers, which at the outset induced the most fearful desperadoes, robbers, and murderers to engage in the operation. No police existed, provisions were scarce and difficult to be procured, and violence and assassination became common incidents. By degrees, however, a regular police was established, and a certain amount of order introduced, after which the business was conducted in something like a civilized fashion.

Three fourths of the early exports from Sincura found their way to England, the remainder was distributed through France and Germany, and employed all the lapidaries in Europe for several years. But however abundant may be the mines, the Brazilian gems are inferior in lustre, as well as in dimensions, to the oriental. Those of Paraguaçu are of a dun color, while such as are found at Lancoës are white or pale green, which are most highly valued in commerce. The flooding of the market occasioned by this discovery diminished, as might have been expected, the value of diamonds, which, in a few years sunk twenty-five or thirty per cent. The chemical experiments, moreover, which have lately been made in all parts of Europe, have deprived this gem of its title to be considered adamantine—incapable of being subdued by the force of the elements. Innumerable experiments, however, have now shown that a degree of heat insufficient even to affect the polish of the ruby, will reduce the diamond to white ashes. But, though more indestructible, all rubescent gems are inferior to the diamond in beauty. In this quality it still surpasses every species of jewel,

not even excepting the opal, which sometimes throws forth a wilderness of brilliant colors in the light. It has been found, in the East, that burning in a moderate fire improves the water of the diamond, and changes its hues from dusky green or beryl yellow to transparent white.

In cutting and polishing these stones, very different processes are followed in different countries. In some, a number of small facets are preferred; whilst in others, the lapidaries aim at producing longitudinal flat surfaces, which permit the rays of light to pass undisturbed into the interior of the gem, where they are met by the rays entering through other faces, and create a commingling of brilliance which appears to kindle before the eye. The objection to this latter mode of cutting is, that it greatly diminishes the weight of the stone, though it undoubtedly gains in splendor what it loses in di-

mensions. An anecdote is somewhere related of a Venetian lapidary who, having been employed by a prince to cut and polish a diamond, presented it to him so diminished in size, that he ordered him to be put to death. Calculating upon the possibility of such a result, the Venetian had only cut a model in glass, and carried the real diamond in his pocket. This therefore he produced to calm the prince's rage; but immediately, by reasoning and argument, convinced him that the jewel, if reduced according to his model, would be worth far more than in the rough state. He was therefore commissioned to do, with the owner's consent, what, had he done it previously, would have cost him his life. Many years afterwards, he used to point jocularly to his wife's necklace, saying: "There is what my head was thought to be worth by a king!"

From Titan.

THE IMPERIAL GODDESS WORRY.*

THE great characteristic of modern life is Worry.

If the Pagan religion still prevailed, the new goddess, in whose honor temples would be raised and to whom statues would be erected in all the capitals of the world, would be the goddess Worry. London would be the chief seat and center of her sway. A gorgeous statue, painted and enriched after the manner of the ancients, (for there is no doubt that they adopted this practice, however barbarous it may seem to us,) would be set up to the goddess in the West-end of the town: another at Temple Bar, of less ample dimensions and less elaborate decoration, would receive the devout homage of worshipers who came to attend their lawyers in that quarter of the town: while

a statue, on which the cunning sculptor should have impressed the marks of haste, anxiety, and agitation, would be sharply glanced up at, with as much veneration as they could afford to give to it, by the eager men of business in the city.

The goddess Worry, however, would be no local deity, worshiped merely in some great town, like Diana of the Ephesians; but, in the market-places of small rural communities, her statue, made somewhat like a vane, and shifting with every turn of the wind, would be regarded with stolid awe by anxious votaries belonging to what is called the farming interest. Familiar too and household would be her worship; and in many a snug home, where she might be imagined to have little potency, small and ugly images of her would be found as household gods—the Lares and Penates—near to the threshold, and ensconced above the glowing hearth.

The poet, always somewhat inclined to fable, speaks of Love as ruling

* *Friends in Council: A Series of Readings and Discourses thereon.* A new series. Vol. I. and II. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1869.

"The court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and heaven above."

But the dominion of Love, as compared with that of Worry, would be found, in the number of subjects, as the Macedonian to the Persian—in extent of territory, as the county of Rutland to the empire of Russia.

Whence comes the power of this great goddess? what are the scourges that she wields? To men of a certain age it is only necessary to mention some dread names which will at once recall to their minds her mighty influence, and make them desirous of propitiating her awful power. Law, repairs, taxation, partnership, executorship, trusteeship, bankruptcy, are some of the names, which, if pronounced before the most innocent and even the most cautious of men, will often act like a spell upon them, bringing a slight shudder through their frames and not a slight gloom over their countenances. If they are blessed with progeny, one has only to mention the words education and furtherance of children, to tame them down a little in case their spirits should ever be too bounding.

Perhaps, however, it is in minor matters that the power of Worry is preëminently conspicuous. When we think of voting, testimonial-giving, attendance at public dinners, attendance on committees, management of servants, buying and selling, and, last and greatest, correspondence by letter—a trouble which you mow down each day, and each day see a new crop rising up for the scythe—we can form some slight notion of the power of the great goddess Worry.

What contrivances there are in modern life for losing time and adding to worry! Consider the distances in a great capital that have to be traversed upon the most trivial occasions, the various social annoyances that have to be encountered—visits as tiresome to the person visiting as to the persons visited—the duties and responsibilities of a witness, a juryman, a creditor, a godfather, a trustee.

Then there is the worry of pleasure, which is often accompanied by all the difficulty, the tiresomeness, and the monotony of business, without any attendant credit or inward satisfaction of mind. See what a tyrant is fashion; and how much every one endures in the way of dress in order to disfigure himself as much as the

rest of mankind, and to avoid being hooted by little boys in the streets!

Then consider the worry connected with conjoint action—how, when you are acting with others, you are never certain of being up to time; and how it requires a long and painful experience of the world before you learn to make allowance for the necessary variation in your calculations which results from other men's backwardness, unpunctuality, and even their reasonable hindrances. There is nothing like certainty in any transaction where you have colleagues. This man, just at the point of time when you relied upon him, is ill; that man torn by domestic affliction; a third indifferent to the project which he had hitherto been sanguine about; a fourth won over to the enemy, while you, assured of his adherence, have been working in other directions and neglecting him. The army is to concentrate upon a certain point at a certain time; but this marshal has lost his way, and that one has been beaten on the road; and one is stupid, and another is traitorous and a third is unlucky; and at last you find, that to have insured success, you must yourself have been every where at the same time. These things happen, too, in private life; for the ordinary affairs of man are not very different from war, diplomacy, and government; and the impartial goddess Worry finds time to attend to private and most obscure persons.

Indeed, it is such persons—common-place, unromantic people, who are not likely to cut any figure in history—that are mainly thought of in this essay. Pity is sure to be given, and is justly due, to a Charles the Fifth in his old age, lying sick at Innspruck, the clouds of ill-fortune gathering round him from all quarters, and each post bringing intelligence of Duke Maurice's stealthy and treacherous approach; to the sorry ending of a Columbus, who was to gain so little himself from the discovery of a New World; to the struggles of a Napoleon during his closing campaign, grasping still at great projects which he could not hope to realize, and the stern facts coming daily to him, a master of facts, which contradicted all his hopes; to many a poet like Dante or Camdens, who has to sing what song he may amidst the most sordid and miserable accompaniments of poverty, exile, imprisonment, and debt. But all our pity must not be given to these high-raised ex-

amples of men suffering from the great or small miseries of human life; and the ordinary citizen, even of a well-settled state, who, with narrow means, increasing taxation, approaching age, failing health, and augmenting cares, goes plodding about his daily work thickly bestrewn with trouble and worry, (all the while, perhaps, the thought of a sick child at home being in the background of his mind,) may also, like any hero of renown in the midst of his world-wide and world-attracting fortune, be a beautiful object for our sympathy. The suffering, no doubt, is great of the conquered general, reluctantly hurried by his attendants from the field of battle, who thinks with anguish how differently he would play the game if he had to play it over again. But neither is the suffering light of any one of the peasants whose charred and blackened home the conquerors and the conquered press unheeding over.

To return to the worry incident upon conjoint action. If the matter upon which a man is engaged in conjoint action with others be a great matter, something that may be dignified by the name of "a cause," what an amount of life-long trouble there is to any person sincerely embarking in it! What an immense number of people have to be persuaded, silenced, or tired out, before any thing good can be done! How uncertain it is whether such a subject will surge up at the right time! how the cause becomes incrustated with fools, and bores, and vain men, who hinder its progress far more than the marine creatures that stick to the keels of vessels, hinder theirs: and thus it is that the men, who of all others should, for the highest interests of mankind, be least obstructed by worry of all sorts, are often those who have to endure, and if they would succeed, to bear down the most of it. That delicate German writer, Jean Paul, says somewhere, when magnifying the office of a learned writer, that kings and princes should sit in dutiful humility upon the bench before him; and so, when a notable man comes into the world, resolutely bent on doing some good in it, and giving fair promise of ability to work, the world could scarcely spend its time better than in defending such a man from all the small cares, hindrances, and worries which seem to grow up in greater profusion under his feet than under those of other

men, and often make him a victim instead of a defender.

The especial plague of modern life lies in the perpetual acts of decision which it requires, while at the same time the power of decisiveness is enlightened, encumbered, and often deadened, as the generations of men proceed, by more insight, more forethought, and a constant increase of the sense of nice responsibility. The great Von Humboldt went into the cottages of South-American Indians, and, amongst an unwrinkled people, could with difficulty discern who was the father and who was the son, when he saw the family assembled together. These comfortable Indians took misfortune when it came, without regret, without much looking back, without much looking forward; bearing it with the exemplary patience of a dumb animal. It would, perhaps, be not too much to say, that a man, living in a highly civilized community, makes, at some expense of thought and suffering, (if indeed we can dissociate the two things, for steady thought is a kind of suffering,) four hundred decisions whilst the savage makes one.

No sane man is likely to talk now as Rousseau did, and to magnify beyond measure the blessings of a savage life; but it may be well occasionally to pause in the midst of counting our gains from civilization, and looking at the other side, to see in what directions worry invades and torments us most successfully—also to study how she may best be resisted. This last investigation may be resolved into two branches: the art of abridging needless annoyance, and the art of taking things coolly.

How much might be done, for instance, in studying taxation with reference to the abridgment of needless annoyance, yet how rarely we find that statesmen enter with any heartiness into financial discussions, except with regard to the amounts to be raised! in short, how little they seem to care about the worry endured by the tax-paying subject!

In physical matters, too, such as the building of houses, how much might be done to avoid worry! Fire insurance is a great field for the influence of our goddess, yet by a little skill and resolve we might baffle her completely there.

But perhaps the field where she might be encountered with most chance of suc-

ness would be that of social intercourse amongst men. A late prime minister, who was not in the habit of confiding much, once confessed to a foreign ambassador that social claims weighed heavily upon him as a minister—that is, that the necessity for being ever before the public, which seems to lie upon an English minister, was an afflicting burden to him—as indeed it must be to every man who wishes to do good and lasting work. Now, this demand upon a statesman, and others like to it, show a sad want of consideration on the part of the public. All men of eminence in any department suffer greatly from demands upon their time and attention, which may be very natural on the part of the people making them, but at the same time are very unreasonable and substantially unkind; and a wise man who cared for himself alone, if such a man there be, would almost as soon part with obscurity as with life itself, so deadly a thing in a large and civilized community is the possession, often wildly coveted, of any kind of notoriety.

The late Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, that he answered every letter addressed to him. I have sometimes thought that that very great man did something to diminish his claim to public gratitude if he ever made such a remark. A great many letters are so intrusive in their nature that they deserve to be neglected. If a man, whose time is valuable, does answer readily to every foolish claim upon his attention, the important things which he could do well and where his energy is most needed, run some chance of being put aside. And often the neglect of these important things is less visible than any breach or intermission of mere routine work, such as the answering of common letters. The best kind of work often makes least show.

It were well that some skillful essayist should write a short treatise on the art of taking things coolly. Look at the labor that men give even to their sports, with their game-books, and their skillful apparatus, and their fox-covers, and their preserves. That form of pleasure has altogether entered into the domain of tiresome business. And now to moralize upon ourselves. What an elaborate worry we travelers almost always make of traveling! how resolved we are to see more than can possibly be seen with pro-

fit or comfort! how much too large and comprehensive our plans are! how seldom we let ourselves be carried away by any real present enjoyment! and how we have ever ringing in our ears the names of great cities and remarkable mountains, the limits of our journeys, which we are resolved to compass the sight of, let the trouble or worry be ever so great! Then we are resolved to “do,” as we say, these towns so thoroughly that we scamper about them like wild animals with something attached to their tails; and at the end, we have a jumble in our memory of all the things we have seen, whereas the profit of a journey is to have a clear recollection of what you do recollect at all, so that in troubled moments and in the midst of a busy life, sitting by a sea-coal fire, and glancing into the “long unlovely London Street,” some bright and perfect view of Venice, of Genoa, or of Monte Rosa, comes back to you, and is as full of repose as a day wisely spent in travel. On a journey, so far from being anxious to exhaust every thing at once, and so to mix in your memory the most heterogeneous elements, you should always think that you will come again that way, and take up all the stitches that have fallen through this time. Sincerity and coolness are the two requisites for enjoying a journey—sincerity, to prevent you from worrying yourself by looking at things which you do not really care about, and which you will only have to talk about in future, (why should you care to talk about them?) and coolness, that you may have your wits, and your soul, and your powers of observation at liberty to disport themselves. You have mostly come away from business. Why take up a new trade—the irksome trade of travel?

But the grand source of worry, compared with which perhaps all others are trivial, lies in the complexity of human affairs, especially in such an era of civilization as our own. I was much surprised to find a complaint of this complexity in an author like Göthe, whom I should have expected to find on the other side. He says:

“The natives of old Europe are all badly off. Our affairs are by far too artificial and complicated; our diet and mode of life want nature, and our social intercourse is without love and benevolence. Every one is smooth and polite, but no one is bold enough to be candid and true;

and an honest man, a man of natural learning and sentiments, is in a very awkward position. It makes one wish to be born in the South Sea Islands, as a so-called savage, if it were only to get a pure and unadulterated enjoyment of human life."

Look at the niceties of law, with which all men are presumed to be acquainted, but of which no private person knows any thing, until he finds that he, or his partners, or his predecessors, have committed, or omitted, some trivial thing, which may, however, be fatal to his fortunes. Look at the tenure of land, which is often such as to insure worry even to the most careful person. The largest city in the world is mainly built on lease-hold land—which mode of tenure an eminent person of the present day maintains to be a sufficient cause in itself for the bad building of that city. Thence come all manner of contracts with respect to sub-letting, and with respect to fire-insurance, and all manner of restrictions which hinder usefulness, prevent improvement, and create worry in abundance.

I have not hitherto alluded to the vexation and worry occasioned by the confusion which prevails in law-making, especially in a free country. If those could be consulted on whom the law is to act, many grievances and vexations might be avoided. As it is, a new law, generally completed in a hurry, and being the subject of innumerable compromises, is a thoroughly tentative process, and probably requires amendment before it has begun to work.

If we turn to that great branch of parliamentary law which comes under the head of private bills, we shall find that matters are still worse in this direction. In fact, you have only to mention the words "private bill" to any person who has had experience in such transactions, and even if he be of a very placid nature, the chances are that he will break out into a passion, and narrate to you grievances so intolerable that he imagines he is the only unlucky person who has endured them.

We have already touched upon the miseries and worries of conjoint enterprise. Well indeed might Sixtus the Fifth exclaim, "He that has partners has masters!" and he might have added: "He that has subordinates has torments." Indeed, it requires a very clever man, and

a scrupulous one, to be obedient. All persons who have been in command will tell you of the sufferings they have endured from subordinates thinking for themselves, as they say, and acting for themselves, on occasions when supreme obedience is necessary. Men in command have no time to explain; and this law holds good from great generals down to the masters of one or two servants. The Duke of Wellington issues orders that certain divisions of the Peninsular army are to move in a certain direction, by a road not the shortest, and not apparently the best. Before dawn he is on the road. The troops do not come. The Duke, rightly conjecturing what had happened, gallops off to the other route, and surprises these divisions by his presence at a point where it was impossible to pass, but at which, knowing how likely men are to disobey orders, he expects and fears to find them.

Such being the difficulties of acting with others, whether as equals or subordinates, it might have been expected that none but shrewd and strong men would have the courage to embark in adventures over which they are likely to have so loose and wavering a hold. But, strange to say, the persons, generally speaking, who are most attracted by the apparent benefits to be derived from conjoint enterprises, are the least fitted to embark in such undertakings, requiring, as they do, a bustling tiresomeness, a questioning activity, and considerable knowledge of affairs to begin with. From the absence, however, of these qualities in many of those persons who have embarked in great enterprises, it comes that, borne by steam, we travel over railroad-lines laid, if I may so express it, in the ruin of unnumbered families. We can not wonder that Charles Lamb should speak of the "sweet simplicity of the three per cents; yet it would be ruinous to a nation if every body studied this simplicity in the arrangement of his fortune; and as a large majority of men would almost rather be ruined than be inactive or non-enterprising, all one can do in warning men against the miseries and worries incident to conjoint action, is just to suggest to them whether they are the fit persons to enter upon such undertakings.

Then come the worries, not by any means unnoticed in this age, inflicted by

routine. Now, routine is not to be despised. If you were ever to see a business which demands a considerable amount of routine attempted to be carried on by too little routine, or by none, you would almost be surprised at the magnitude of the evils that arise from this neglect. Yet, if carried beyond bounds, and routine seldom knows where to stop, what a fertile source of worry it becomes!

Worry is so extensive a subject that you might descant upon it from early morn to lingering eve of the longest day of the year, and yet leave many of the fields of its operation unplowed and in fallow. I might have spoken, for instance, of the worry of education—not as regards one's self alone, but as regards the education of those about one, and under one, whose welfare must be attended to. In these days, when little is to go by favor, and much by proficiency, this form of worry is terribly increased. It is sometimes forgotten that each generation has, somehow or other, to teach the next. There may be more skillful elementary works than there used to be, but this gain is more than counter-balanced by the increased quantity of knowledge that is now demanded of every one; and babies do not come into the world a bit wiser or more learned than they used to come.

Again, I might have touched upon the worry connected with charity, which once was a simple matter, or at least seemed to be so, but now is encumbered with all manner of questions relating to political economy, and has to deal with such a complex state of affairs that the most benevolent men are perfectly bewildered, not only as to what to give, but whether to give at all, and how to give.

Finally, I might have commented at length, and with painful details, upon the worry of keeping up appearances, upon the worry of governing servants, upon the worry of maintaining a household, upon the worry of buying and selling; but I forbear. Enough has been said, or at least suggested, with reference to social, domestic, political, educational, legal, financial, military, and politico-economical worries, to indicate the extent and influence of the great goddess, whose powers I began this essay by enlarging upon, and to show that her empire is larger than the Assyrian, the Median, the Roman, the Gallic, or the Anglian—that, in fact, she not only rules over a territory on which the sun never sets, but even that the dark hours of the night are peopled by her myrmidons, and that men's dreams are by no means freed from her overpowering and oppressive sway.

THE ELEMENTS OF PLEASANTNESS.

PLEASANTNESS is the chief element of agreeable companionship; and this pleasantness is not merely not a function of the intellect, but may have scarcely any thing to do with what is purely intellectual. Now there may be such a thing as good society, when witty and well-mannered people, who do not care much for one another, meet together; but I venture to assert that society does not assume its highest form—is not in fact delightful—unless affection pervades it. When you are with people who, you are conscious, have a regard for you, your powers of pleasing and of being pleased expand almost indefinitely. It is not merely that in such society you feel safe from backbit-

ing, and can leave the room without any apprehension of your character being torn to pieces in your absence. It is not merely that what you then say and do is sure to be well received, and the least possible misconstruction be put upon your sayings and doings. But there is something beyond all this—something beyond the domains of logic—which produces a sunny atmosphere of satisfaction that raises your powers to the highest when you are with good and loving people. Now if this is true of society in general, it is probably true of more restricted companionship; and kindness of disposition must be admitted to be one of the principal elements of pleasantness in a companion. Of course

sympathy insures a certain good companionship. But we have no right to expect to meet with many sympathetic people in the course of our lives. Pleasantness has a much wider, if a lower, sphere. The pleasant man to you is the man you can rely upon; who is tolerant, forbearing, and faithful.

Let us consider the hindrances to pleasantness. Fastidiousness is a great hindrance to the formation of a pleasant character. People who have every other merit are prevented from being pleasant persons by fastidiousness. Again the habit of over-criticism is another hindrance to pleasantness. We are not fond of living always with our judges; and daily life will not bear the unwholesome scrutiny of over-critical persons.

Even refined manners, if they have reference only to the refined person himself, may be a drawback from pleasantness rather than an aid to it. On the other hand, that rudeness which some people mistake for frankness, is never found in a pleasant person.

Flattery, even when there is a dash of truth in it, is hostile to pleasantness, for flattery is full of fear to the person flattered. You feel that the man who flatters you now will, under a change of circumstances, be among the first to condemn you.

A singular hindrance to pleasantness in man or women, and one that requires to be dwelt upon, is the habit of exigence. That last is not a common English word, but I do not see why we should borrow from the French a word which may fairly be adopted into our own language. It is worth while to inquire a little into the causes that make people tiresomely exigent. This habit springs from many sources: from a grasping affectionateness; from a dissatisfied humility; from egotism; from want of imagination, or from a disordered imagination.

Let us take a common instance of its practical working. You are thrown into intimacy with a person by some peculiar train of circumstances; you relish the company of that person; and you two become friends. The circumstances change; and naturally, perhaps inevitably, you do not see so much of one another as you used to do. If he is exigent, he makes this a matter of offense. His dignity is hurt, his egotism is aroused, his affectionateness is wounded, and his want of imag-

ination prevents him from seeing that this discontinuance of intimacy is inevitable. The truth is we are not guided in our companionship with others by our likings only, for companionship is greatly controlled by external circumstances. Peevish, exigent persons will not perceive this, and will complain about broken friendship until they often succeed in breaking it. This class of persons must have affection proved to them; and by such a habit of mind they become exceedingly tiresome.

The foregoing is but one instance of the tiresomeness of exigence; but it is very multiform and varied; and for no given day can you thoroughly satisfy a person who has suffered this habit of mind to develop itself to a morbid extent, and who is always thinking whether he or she is sufficiently loved, honored, and regarded. Such people make those about them timid and ill at ease from the constant fear lest they should give offense; and thus the chief charm of companionship is blotted or effaced.

It may appear to detract from the high merits of a pleasant person when it is asserted as very desirable, that he should have a good opinion of himself. He can, however, do without this good opinion of himself, if he have a noble constancy of nature, for he is then very apt to attribute a similar constancy to others, and is not prone to believe that he is the subject of any intentional slighting. The self-reliant, hearty, uncomplaining person, believing that every body thinks well of him, and means kindly by him, creates good and kind thoughts in others, and walks about in an atmosphere of pleasantness. To form a pleasant character it had better even be a little obtuse than over-sensitive and exigent.

I might go on enumerating the many hindrances to pleasantness; and, with few exceptions, they would be found to consist in moral defects such as those I have just commented upon.

It is one of the most certain characteristics of a supremely pleasant person that he is at his ease in every society, is unembarrassed with a prince, and, what is far more difficult, is not uncomfortable with his own servant, if he is thrown into near society with him, as on a journey.

Lord Bacon, commenting upon diet,

declares that there should be a variety, but that it should tend to the more generous extreme. That is exactly what should happen in the formation of a pleasant character. It should tend to credulity rather than to suspicion, to generosity than to parsimoniousness, be apt to think well rather than to think ill of others, looking every where for the excuse instead of the condemning circumstance.

A man blessed with such a character it is good fortune to meet; and speaking with him at the corner of the street enlivens the beginning, and cheers the end of a working day. "*Gratior et dies*" applies to the presence of such a person more than it ever did to an Augustus or a Mæcenæ.

Now I maintain that it would be a very laudable ambition to endeavor to become a pleasant person; and that it is not at all a work left for fools or for merely empty good-natured persons. There are many who are almost dying for fame, who are longing for great office which they will probably fill badly; who think life wonderfully well spent if they can amass a sum of money which they will not know what to do with when they have got it. I venture to put before them a new ambition—that of becoming pleasant to their fellow-creatures. It is a path in which they will not be jostled by a crowd of competitors.

It might be thought that women, who are excluded from some of the higher objects of ambition, would be especially inclined to cultivate pleasantness; and I do think that they are pleasanter than men. But still there are a great many hard, unpleasant women; and, judging from what little I have seen of the world, I should say that women do not cultivate pleasantness to that extent that might be expected of them. The reason probably is, that they make their circle a very limited one, and are content, I suppose, with being exceedingly agreeable in that circle.

I have been mainly thinking of that pleasantness (the only kind that I have any faith in) which proceeds from sweetness of disposition and broad geniality of nature. But it will be instructive, as well as curious, to observe how rare it is that men are, intellectually speaking, pleasant—in short how few persons excel in conversation. This man spoils conversation by asking large questions which have not

been fairly worked up to in the course of the conversation. That man is too verbose, and talks in a parliamentary fashion. Another is too exhaustive. He takes every case that can happen. You see beforehand that there is only one branch of the subject which he is really going to deal with, or to say any thing new about; and your impatience is not slight as he calls up and dismisses the various parts of the question which he is *not* going to enter into. Then there is the man who interrupts all good talk with bad jesting. Then there is the parenthetical talker—often an excellent, scrupulous man—who qualifies every adjective with a parenthesis; and if, unhappily, he indulges in a narrative, scatters it into fragments by many needless explanations and qualifications. He is particular in fixing a date which has nothing whatever to do with the gist of the story. Then there is the utterly unmethodical talker, who overruns his game; who has come to the end of a story or an argument, before he has well begun it; and yet occupies more time than if he took up things in an orderly manner. Then there is the man who deals in repetition. Again, there is a large class of persons who talk famously, who have none of the defects before mentioned, who are bright in repartee, swift in rejoinder, terse in statement, and thoroughly skillful as combatants. But combat is what they love, and sophistry is what they clothe themselves in. You feel that it is a perfect chance as to which side they will take in any argument. In fact it chiefly depends upon what others have said, for these men are sure to oppose. When you are talking with a man of that class, you feel that if you had not taken this side, he would not have taken that. And if, just to try him, you veer skillfully round, you soon find him occupying the position which you have abandoned. Now, good conversation is not law, and you do not want to have it made the mere sport of intellectual advocacy. I grieve to say that such a man as Dr. Johnson was one of this class, and with me it would have taken off great part of the pleasure of listening to him. On the other hand, in a conversation with Burke, you might have had what was lengthy, or what was declamatory, but you would have had the real outcome of the man's mind, and that to me is what is precious in conversation. Again, turning to a new

fault, you have very clever men whose opinions you would like to learn, but they are over-cautious. They love to elicit other people's thoughts; and when you part from them, you find they have said out to you nothing of their own. They have paid you the ill-compliment of seeming to think that you were not to be trusted with their thoughts. Then there is the rash talker, often very witty and very brilliant; but those who sit round him, especially his host, are a little afraid each moment of what he will say next, and of whether it will not be something offensive to some body. I remember an apprehensive host describing to me once the escapades of such a man in a mixed company, and ending by saying: "I thought all the time how I should have liked to have left them all there, and got at once into a cold bath in my own room." Lastly, I must notice the self-contained talker, whose talk is monologue—not that he necessarily usurps the conversation—but that he does not call any one else out, as it were, or make answer to any one. He merely imparts fragments of his own

mind, but has no notion of the art of weaving them into conversation; and so a texture is produced consisting of threads running in one direction only. He makes speeches; he does not enter into a debate.

I think I have shown from the above how difficult it is for a man to be, intellectually speaking, a pleasant companion. But so greatly more effective in this matter are the moral than the intellectual qualities, that a man shall have any one of these faults, or all of them combined that will admit of combination, and yet be a pleasant and welcome companion, if he be but a genial and good fellow.

An eastern monarch, (I think it was Tippoo Saib,) after stating succinctly in his letters what he had to say, used to conclude with the abrupt expression: "What need I say more?" So I too, having shown you that pleasantness proceeds from good qualities, that it is rare, that it is a worthy object of ambition, beg you all for the future to study to be pleasant. What need I say more?

From the Scotsman.

DEATH OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

MR. THOMAS DE QUINCEY died at Edinburgh, December eight, 1859, after an illness of some weeks' duration. This announcement will excite a deeply sympathetic interest among all lovers of English literature throughout the world. With his departure almost the very last of a brilliant band of men of letters, who illuminated the literary hemisphere of the first half of our century with starry lustre—differing each from each in glory, but all resplendent—is extinguished. It is only the other day that a volume of Mr. de Quincey's collected works appeared with his own corrections and notes, and, till close on the hour when it passed beyond our horizon, his pure and high intellect shone serene and clear as when in its zenith. Almost till the very last his perceptions were as vivid, his interest in knowledge and affairs as keen as ever;

and while his bodily frame, wasted by suffering and thought, day by day faded and shrunk, his mind retained unimpaired its characteristic capaciousness, activity, and acuteness. Within a week or two he talked readily, and with all that delicacy of discrimination of which his conversation partook equally with his writing, of such matters as occupied the attention of our citizens or of our countrymen, displaying so much of elasticity and power, that even those who had the rare privilege and opportunity of seeing him in those latter days can not be otherwise than startled and shocked, by the seeming suddenness of his death. Yet he was full of years, having considerably passed the term of threescore and ten, and in him, if ever in any man, the sword may be said to have worn out its scabbard. Not only the continual exercise of the brain, but the ex-

tremo sensibility of his emotional nature had so taxed and wasted his never athletic physical frame, that the wonder lay rather in his life having been so prolonged. Full of years he has also died full of honors such as he cared to win, leaving behind him the name not only of a profound scholar in the department he affected, but one of the greatest masters of English pure and undefiled who ever handled the pen. He is the absolute creator of a species of "impassioned prose" which he seemed born to introduce, and in which he had no prototype, no rival, no successor. In the free exercise of his rare and peculiar genius, he swept with eagle-plume through spheres far too ethereal to sustain a common flight; yet he soared not vaguely, but as bearing with serene and steady eye towards the light of truth. Nor while familiar with all the mysteries of "cloud-land, gorgeous land," was he less a denizen of our common earth, or less keenly alive to the influence of its "smiles and tears." Indeed, as he admits in his famous Confessions, Mr. De Quincey was only too susceptible to every touch of human sympathy, being endowed with such exquisite sensibility as thrilled with too ready and deep response to every note of

The still, sad music of humanity.

This overwrought sensitiveness it seems to be that caused him to withdraw almost entirely from the society of even his most esteemed friends, to shut himself up with his books and manuscripts, and to remit his seclusion only at rare intervals. For many months past he has resided in Edinburgh, preferring the town to his house at Lasswade, mainly for the convenience of superintending the passage through the press of the collected edition of his works, now being issued by Messrs. Hogg, and of which the fourteenth and last volume is nearly ready for publication. For some weeks past his health had been seriously affected, but as he was frequently an invalid, alarm was not excited as to his condition until very lately, and the end, though it could not be said to be either sudden or premature, was yet so far unexpected. Nothing that the most earnest and devoted medical skill could supply was wanted to alleviate the symptoms of what was ultimately rather rapid decay than disease; and, as far as such days and hours ever can be, these mortal hours of

his were soothed and cheered by the gentlest and most tender filial solicitude and care. Two of Mr. de Quincey's daughters, his youngest and eldest, were with him at the close. The second, the wife of Colonel Baird Smith, is in India with her husband; one of his sons is also in India, a captain in the army; the other, a physician, is in Brazil. The eldest daughter is the wife of Mr. Robert Craig, formerly of this neighborhood, now a farmer in Ireland, whence she was called to her father's death-bed. The youngest is unmarried. Though living, as we have said, generally in studied seclusion, Mr. de Quincey had many friends who will be saddened by the announcement of his removal; no one could even have casual intercourse with such a man without ever afterwards cherishing towards him a feeling of kindly and admiring interest. When his often feeble health and always uncertain spirits permitted him, in later years, to mingle, at rarest intervals, in a small social circle at his own house, or elsewhere, he was always one of the most cheerful of the party, touching every topic with the lights of his exquisitely delicate fancy, and enjoying, with catholic zest, now the playful prattle of a child, and again the sharp encounter of maturest wits. His conversation had an inexpressible charm—with all that beauty of language, subtlety of thought, variety of illustration, and quaintness of humor that distinguish his writings, his talk never either became pedantic or degenerated into soliloquy or monologue. It was that of a highly accomplished scholar and gentleman; his whole manner and bearing had something of almost chivalrous polish and refinement of tone, the result not more of intercourse with refined society than his exquisitely considerate and courteous nature. A nature so deep and tender drew towards itself affection as largely as admiration; and with profound esteem for the learning, the power, the genius of the writer, will always mingle much of love for the man. It will be long before the literature of England can boast renewal of such a rare combination of scholarship, of analytic force, of acute reasoning, and courageous speculation, with such imaginative power and deep all-embracing sympathy as this generation has had the privilege of knowing in Thomas De Quincey.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. In about fifteen large octavo volumes, of 750 two-column pages each. New-York: D. Appleton and Company, 346 and 348 Broadway. London: 16 Little Britain.

WE beg to call the attention of our readers to the full statement and programme of this great work to be found on the last leaf of the letter-press of the February number of the *ECLECTIC*. No work of the kind, we believe, has ever been before attempted or published on this side of the Atlantic, scarcely approximating in perfection and completeness to this splendid work of the Appletons. It is an honor to the literature of the country—to the talents, learning, research, and indomitable industry of the accomplished editors and their collaborators, and to the enterprise of the well-known publishers. The ordinary reader can hardly appreciate the vast amount of knowledge—acquaintance with general literature and all the great family of the sciences—of history, biography, philosophy—the great names which have adorned past ages and countries and the present, needful on the part of the editors in order to introduce and arrange in these volumes the immense treasures and effluence of knowledge which they contain. They have performed thus far (for only eight or nine volumes of the fifteen are complete) their arduous labors with great skill, taste, and judgment in the lucid use of language, condensed and powerful thought, and in the arrangement of the innumerable variety of subjects and topics of general knowledge which are so useful and valuable in a work of this kind. If the reader had in his possession the most complete library, public or private, in this country, we doubt if he could find by any means all that he will find in this noble monument to the industry of the editors the *New American Cyclopaedia*. All we can say in this brief notice can convey no adequate notion of the value of the work itself. Gentlemen of wealth and literary appetites, patrons of learning and knowledge, the friends of public libraries and atheneums, colleges, and high-schools, we doubt not will enrich their libraries with the wealth of these volumes, and thus place within the reach of a multitude of minds this great store-house of convenient and valuable knowledge.

THE VOYAGE OF THE FOX IN THE ARCTIC SEAS. A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain MCCLINTOCK, R.N., L.L.D. With maps and illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

A DEEP and heart-felt sympathy for the sad and melancholy fate of the renowned Sir John Franklin and his brave companions has sent a thrill of sorrow through the civilized world. The narrative of their adventures and sufferings, and of those who sought to find and relieve them, will long continue to be read with interest. So, this volume will take the

reader far away into Arctic regions and eternal ice, without the dangers and privations which these bold and fearless navigators encountered.

LIFE WITHOUT AND LIFE WITHIN; or, Reviews of Narratives, Essays, and Poems. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, author of *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, *At Home and Abroad*, etc. Boston: Brown Taggard and Chase. New-York: Sheldon and Company. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Company.

THIS volume is divided into three parts: I. Reviews, of which there are twenty-six, on various topics of interest. Part II. Miscellaneous, comprising twenty-three subjects. Part III. is made up of poems, longer or shorter, on various themes, of which there are more than forty, from the pen of the talented authoress. The friends of this unfortunate lady will be glad to find the fruits of her pen in a form so attractive.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH; the Story of its Introduction and Marvelous Progress among the Burmese and Karens. By Mrs. MACLEOD WYLIE. New-York: Sheldon and Company, 115 Nassau street. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

THE graphic and marvelous story of the Gospel's introduction into Burmah by the apostolic Judson and his compeers, is an illustration of the remark, that "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." It is enough to mention the theme of this book to any who have heard of it, in order to secure its purchase and perusal.

SIR ROHAN'S GHOST. A Romance. Pp. 352. Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company, 161 Washington street. 1860.

THE scene of this spirited Romance is laid in the north-east of England, and is then transferred to the region of Cornwall in the opposite part of the island, by raising the curtain of its graphic descriptions. The first salutation to the reader is, that "There is a Ghost in all aristocratic families." This attendant ghost had a particular fondness for the great house of Belvidere, of which Sir Rohan was a renowned member. The ghost went with him to every place, riding in his train or not far from it, whose imagination had given it birth. The book is graphic in its imagery, and gorgeous in its drapery of language, carrying the mind of the reader along the course of the narrative with delighted footsteps to the end. The author holds the pen of a pleasant and graceful writer, with whom the reader will find it agreeable to go along to the end of his literary journey. We ought sooner to have told our readers about it.

LIFE IN SPAIN: PAST AND PRESENT. By WALTER THORNBURY. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE substance of these volumes appeared in *Household Words*; but the matter has been revised

and newly arranged. The account given relates chiefly to Moorish and Southern Spain. The volumes belong to a class of publications in which the vivid, the picturesque, and the strongly-marked character and incident are so common as to make you desirous of knowing how far the fact has been overlaid with fiction. Perhaps the impression conveyed by such narratives is not, upon the whole, untruthful, and certainly in Mr. Thornbury's hands, they both amuse and interest.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES. A Review of his History, Character, Eloquence, etc., by Dr. CAMPBELL, has just been published by SNOW. A Library Edition of his collected Works, edited by his son, is to be immediately published by Hamilton, Adams & Co. Rev. R. W. Dale, his colleague and successor, is preparing a Memoir of him.

SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WORKS. By EMIL PALESKE. Translated by LADY WALLACE. 2 vols. Longman.

The *British Quarterly* characterizes it as "very sentimental, very laudatory, and very ungenerous towards all genius that does not happen to be Schiller genius." The *Westminster* notices it with commendation.

MARVELS IN GREECE AND AN EXCURSION TO CRETE. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Low & Co.

The *British Quarterly* says of it: "Mr. Taylor is an American of considerable experience in travel, and looks on Greece with the eye of an intelligent United States man, rather than with the eye of an Oxonian fully up in the old Greek authorities. But his descriptive powers are good; he can tell his story well, is all the more trustworthy for being prepared to judge of what he sees by sight, rather than by pre-conception. But it must be remembered that Mr. Taylor's travels extended through Hungary into Russia."

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN MOROCCO, SPAIN, AND THE CANARY ISLANDS. By MRS. ELIZABETH MURRAY. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

"THESE are two remarkably pleasant and interesting volumes," says the *British Quarterly*, "giving an intelligent lady's narrative of her long sojourn in Morocco, her traveling experiences in Spain, her residence and journeys in the Canary Islands. Mrs. Murray, as a lady traveler, has had peculiar advantages for seeing harem-life among the Moors, scarcely less amusing domestic details among the Spaniards and the inhabitants of the Canary Islands; she has, therefore, given us a series of very graphic sketches, although, as the artist, she has here done but little."

THE OLD BATTLE-GROUND. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, author of *Father Brighthopes*, etc. New-York: Sheldon & Company. 1860.

THIS little volume describes not "the Old Battle-Ground" of blood and carnage and mortal strife, but the conflicts of passion amid life's phases and changes, its vicissitudes and bitter trials, which make most of the world a battle-ground of human conflicts.

The same house has published THE OAKLAND STORIES, of kindred spirit to the *Rollo* Books, by Jacob Abbott, well suited to interest and instruct the youthful reader.

ARCHITECTURE.—Mr. Ruskin is about to bring out a fifth volume of his *Modern Painters*. His *Elements of Perspective* he describes as "arranged for the use of schools, and intended to be read in connection with the first three books of Euclid."

G. H. PARKER, of Oxford, has published several works on *The Domestic Architecture of England*, understood to be mostly from his own pen, and "forming," says the *British Quarterly*, "a valuable, deeply-interesting contribution towards a full and accurate appreciation of English History."

THE first number of a *Quarterly Index to Current Literature* has appeared. Its object is a good one; and if the work is carefully and thoroughly executed, it will be a great help to the student of literature.

DARWIN'S *Origin of Species by Natural Selection* is exciting much interest from the novelty of his views and the ability with which they are set forth. The work has been republished in America.

THE first number of the eagerly-anticipated *Cornhill Magazine*, edited by W. M. THACKERAY, has appeared. Great disappointment is expressed in some quarters in regard to its artistic and literary attractions.

THE Abbé Domenech, whose work on Texas recently excited so much attention in Europe, is about to publish in London a book, in two volumes, called *Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North-America*.

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, the celebrated Italian statesman, author and artist, has recently published in Paris, and in French, a work entitled, *La Politique du droit Chrétien, au point de vue de la question Italienne*. D'Azeglio's theory is that, whereas Christianity has penetrated the social, intellectual, and religious life of nations, the sphere of politics is still left a prey to Paganism and the ruling principles thereof—violence, conquest, and slavery. Hence the present complications.

THE FLORENCE STORIES, by Jacob Abbott, forms another neat volume published by Sheldon & Company. It is enough to mention the name of the very popular author of this book to attract a host of readers.

LORD BROUGHAM is about to publish, in a single volume, his principal scientific and mathematical works. They consist of: General Theorems, chiefly porisms on the higher geometry; Kepler's Problem; Calculus of Partial Differences; Greek Geometry, (ancient analysis); Paradoxes imputed to the Integral Calculus; Architecture of Cells of Bees; Experiments and Investigations on Light and Colors; Optical Inquiries, experimental and analytical; on Forces of Attraction to Several Centers; and lastly, his Oration on Sir Isaac Newton. This volume is to be dedicated to the University of Edinburgh—a graceful compliment for his lordship's late nomination to the high post of Chancellor of that learned establishment. We understand that Mr. Gladstone, who has been chosen Rector of the same University, has some idea of publishing his speeches in a single volume, and also of dedicating them to the University of the northern capital.

NISBIT & Co., London, announce a new work in press, which we doubt not will be read with interest, *Through the Tyrol to Venice*. By Mrs. NEWMAN HALL.

REV. A. MORTON BROWN, LL.D., (Snow, publisher,) has given to the world a book which is attracting attention, entitled, *Peden the Prophet: a Tale of the Covenanters*. The *Glasgow Examiner* says of it: "We have read the book with intense interest. While the book is emphatically one of facts—facts the most astounding in the annals of Scotland—it has all the fascination of fiction."

WHEN Mr. Adam Black, M.P., commenced the new edition of his *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Lord Macaulay felt so strong an interest in the undertaking, and so warm a regard for his old friend the publisher, that he said he would endeavor to send him an article for each letter of the alphabet. This generous offer the noble historian's failing health and various avocations prevented him from fully realizing; but he sent five articles to the *Encyclopædia*—*memoirs of Atterbury*, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and William Pitt, the last being the latest finished production from his pen. As any publisher would have been glad to give £1000 for these contributions, their being presented as a free-will offering to Mr. Black, is a fact most honorable to both parties.

A NEW FORM OF MERCURIAL BAROMETER.—M. de Celles has exhibited to the Academy of Sciences, of Paris, a mercurial barometer, constructed under his direction. The barometer is the instrument of Torricelli, with the following modifications; first, the diameter of the barometric chamber is increased in proportion as it is desired to make the instrument more sensitive; second, the cistern is replaced by a horizontal tube 0.15 ins. or 0.2 ins. in diameter, and of a length proportionate to the sensibility of the instrument. The instrument has the form of a square. Slight variations of the height of the vertical column correspond to considerable, but always proportional, movements of the horizontal leg. This ratio is inversely as the squares of the diameter. An index of iron, placed in the horizontal tube, is pressed outward while the pressure of the air is diminishing, and is left when the column returns. It makes the minimum pressure, and may be brought back by a magnet. M. de Celles claims for this instrument the three advantages: first, of very great sensitiveness; second, a constant level; third, a minimum index.

ASSYRIAN SLABS.—A new room has just been fitted up at the British Museum, in which are arranged a collection of Assyrian slabs, received from Kouyunjik, from the recent excavations of Hormuzd Rassam and Mr. W. K. Loftus. They contain many animal groups in low relief, but differ materially from the collections of Layard and Rawlinson, in the spirit and life-likeness of their representations. Some of them are hardly inferior to the Greek sculptures in artistic merit. They are supposed to belong to the latest period of Assyrian art, about 2500 years ago. In an adjoining room, the Curators are arranging Carthaginian sculptures and antiquities, lately exhumed by Rev. Nathan Davis, among which are a number of reliefs, with Phœnician inscriptions.

DR. WATTS.—Nearly £400 have been subscribed for the statue to Dr. Isaac Watts, in the public park at Southampton, Dr. Watts' native town. Mr. Lucas, the sculptor, has commenced the statue, which will be above life-size, and with the pedestal will stand nearly twenty feet high. About £200 more are required to be subscribed by the public. Mr. Lucas has completed a model of the statue, and has succeeded in perfecting an admirable likeness of the poet. The statue and pedestal will be of Balsover stone. The inauguration of the erection of the statue by a grand public ceremonial will take place.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN of the Czar of Russia contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. The extent of hot-houses is nearly a mile and a half. As there are only three warm months in the year, the plants during this interval are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and their productive qualities kept up to their normal standard. Although in the regions of almost perpetual snow, one may here walk through an avenue of palm-trees sixty feet high, under ferns and bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid flowers, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors.

DIAMONDS.—A Mr. Amunn has arrived in London, having for sale a considerable parcel of diamonds, some of them quite extraordinary for size and importance. He had disposed of a few, the price ranging from £1000 to £15,000. An uncut brilliant of unusual magnitude he has refused to part with for seven million francs, and stands out for £300,000, which, if he can't get in Paris, he carries the gem to Amsterdam or St. Petersburg. The "diggings," in Lucknow and some other favorite hidden localities during the mutiny were not unproductive.

A CARGO OF BONES FROM SEBASTOPOL.—A ship laden with two hundred and thirty-seven tons of bones, last from Sebastopol, arrived in England on the twenty-fifth ult. The fact is gravely announced, and we would ask seriously: Is it true? Are these the bones of the Russian or of the allied soldiers? Are they the bones of horses and of other animals which perished in the siege? Are they the bones of men and of animals commingled, and now exported by Russia and imported by English speculators to manure our fields? The subject is one which must be so painful to many persons whose relatives and friends were engaged in the late war that it would be well if it were quickly and quietly set at rest. All we know of the matter is, that an English ship has just arrived in port with—among other articles of freight—two hundred and thirty-seven tons of bones from Sebastopol.

WHEN the celebrated Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was "stating law" to a jury in court, Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying: "If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My Lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and read them."

SOON after the battle of Lobau, a wit observed that Bonaparte must now be in funds, for he had lately received a check on the bank of the Danube.

WHEREFORE AND WHY!

"On! the world is a happy and beautiful world!"
 Said a child that I met by the way,
 "For hark! how the wild winds rush through the
 pines;
 And see how the sunlight dances and shines
 Where the rippling waters stray.
 Oh! the woodlands are filled with wonderful
 things,
 There the woodpecker taps, and the storm-throated
 sings,
 And the squirrels are ever at play;
 There the startled water-hen claps her wings,
 And the dragon-fly airy summersaults flings;
 And the trout breaks the pool into sparkling
 rings,
 And the bulrush waves in the tangled springs
 Where the white lily floats all day."

"Ah! the world is a beautiful world!" I said,
 "To a shadowless spirit like thine!"
 As from forest and field through the shining
 hours,
 He heaped up his treasures of eggs and flowers,
 And fairy-stones rare and fine.
 At times, from coppice and hollow hard by,
 Rang out his blithe and exulting cry,
 Till the sunlight had ceased to shine.
 When the blue veil of twilight covered the sky,
 And the spirit-like stars came out on high,
 And slumber fell soft on his weary eye;
 Still he murmured: "How fast the hours do fly
 For a life so happy as mine!"

"Oh! this world is a dark and a wearisome world!"
 Said a man that I met by the way;
 "I look on my lifetime of fourscore years,
 And alas! what a picture of gloom it appears,
 Scarce touched by a golden ray.
 What fearful phantasies fill the brain;
 For the past with its visions of sorrow and pain
 Still haunts me by night and by day.
 What is life, when our pleasures so quickly
 wane—
 When all that we toil for, and hope for, is vain;
 And long in the dreary churchyard have lain
 The dear friends of youth; and alone I remain?
 Oh! would that I too were away!"

Oh! the world goeth round from sun to sun—
 Now moonlight and starlight shine—
 Surely wiser we grow; yet the Wherefore and
 Why,
 That this thing or that thing first should die
 Poor man hath no wit to divine.
 The gray morn is breaking; the cock may crow,
 The wind and the rain may beat and blow,
 And the dark sky redden and shine:
 But the child so light-hearted some hours ago,
 Is mute—ay! and blind—in death lying low;
 Whilst the old man wakes up, and rocks to and
 fro,
 Moaning ever: "Oh! would that I too might go—
 What a wearisome life is mine!"

WESTRY GIBSON.

THE DUKE D'AUMALE, we understand, has purchased the whole of the magnificent library of the late M. Cigongne, amounting in number to 4000 volumes, and abounding in bibliographical treasures. The sum given for it, as we have heard it named, is £15,000.

A WATERFALL SIX TIMES THE DEPTH OF NIAGARA.

—Did any of your readers ever hear of the Gairappa Falls, near Honore? If not, they will probably read a description which has just appeared, with some pleasure. It is curious that a fall six times the depth of Niagara should remain almost unknown. From the village of Gairappa, reached by a river of the same name, the writer was carried for twelve miles up the Mallimuneh Pass, and reached the Falls Bungalow about three and a half hours after leaving the top of the Pass:

An amphitheater of woods, and a river, about five hundred yards wide, rushing and boiling to a certain point, where it is lost in a perpetual mist and in an unceasing deafening roar, must first be imagined. Leaving the Bungalow on the Madras side of the river, and descending to a position below the river level, you work your way up carefully and tediously over slippery rocks until you reach a point, where a rock about twice the size of a man's body juts over the precipice. Resting flat upon this rock, and looking over it, you see directly before you two out of the four principal falls; these two are called the "Great Fall" and "the Rocket." The one contains a large body of water, the main body of the river, perhaps fifty yards across, which falls massively and apparently sluggishly into the chasm below; and the other contains a smaller body of water, which shoots out in successive sprays over successive points of rock, till it falls into the same chasm. This chasm is at least nine hundred feet in depth, six times the depth of the Niagara Falls, which are about one hundred and fifty feet, and perhaps a quarter to half a mile in width. These are the first two falls to be visited. Then move a little below your first position, and you will observe, first, a turbid boiling body of water of greater volume than the Rocket Fall, running and steaming down into the same chasm—this is the third fall, the "Roarer;" and then carrying your eye a little further down, you will observe another fall, the loveliest, softest, and most graceful of all, being a broad expanse of shallow water falling like transparent silver lace over a smooth surface of polished rock into this same chasm; this is "La Dame Blanche," and the White Lady of Avenel could not have been more graceful and ethereal. But do not confine yourself to any one place in order to viewing these falls; scramble every where you can, and get as many views as you can of them, and you will be unable to decide upon which is the most beautiful. And do you want to have a faint idea of the depth of the chasm into which these glorious waters fall? Take out your watch and drop as large a piece of rock as you can hold from your viewing place; it will be several seconds before you even lose sight of the piece of rock, and then even it will not have reached the water at the foot of the chasm, it will only have been lost to human sight; or watch the blue pigeons, wheeling and circling in and out the Great Fall within the chasm, and looking like sparrows in size in the depths beneath you. But you have yet only seen one, and that not perhaps the loveliest, and at least not the most comprehensive view of the falls. You must proceed two miles up the river above the falls and cross over at a ferry, where the waters are still smooth as glass and sluggish as a Hollander, and proceed to the Mysore side of the falls, walking first to a point where you will see them all at a glance, and then descending as near as you can to the foot of these, to be drenched by the spray, deafened by the noise and awe-struck by the

grandeur of the scene and by the visible presence of the Creator of it, in the perpetual rainbow of many and brilliant hues which spans the foot of the chasm.—*Times Calcutta Correspondent.*

THE EMPRESS'S APARTMENTS AT THE TUILERIES.—A correspondent of the *Independence Belge* writes: I had the good fortune to visit, the other day, the private apartments of the Empress at the Tuileries. Workman had been engaged on them for two years, during the absence of their majesties. These suites of rooms, which run in a parallel line with the reception-rooms on the drawing-room floor, consist of ante-chamber, a waiting-room for the ladies of honor, a saloon of audience, a private room for her Majesty—that is to say, the most retired and private rooms of the suite. The Emperor, whose preference for the style of Louis XVI. is well known, has desired for apartments in question to be entirely decorated after the fashion and taste of Marie Antoinette. M. Lefuel received orders to renew the elegant ornamentation of Trianon in this Parisian palace. Art and industry have done marvels under his superintendence, so that we see again the graceful arabesques, the rounded tapering volutes, the exquisite garlands, and the fine carriage of the latter part of the eighteenth century. All the models are unique, and executed with admirable nicety, from the door-handles to the chimney-pieces, the panels and squares of glass; and the whole furniture, from the time-piece to the tongs in the fireplace, is in harmony with this style of decoration. The first saloon, of a pale green, is adorned with arabesques of a deeper tint. Medallions glisten in the panels, and within them are birds, painted by M. Appert. The prevailing color of the second saloon is a rosy white; the arabesques are rose-colored. Then comes the private saloon of the Empress, the ground of which is likewise of a very light green, and the paneling of which contain the portraits of her ladies of honor, painted by M. Dubuffé; then her first withdrawing-room lined with green stuff, on which are hung valuable pictures; the doors of this cabinet and the next are of amaranth and palisander, set off by bronzes, gilt and admirably chased.

DR. VELPEAU has just laid before the Academy des Sciences a strange discovery, superseding chloroform as an anæsthetic, without any of the danger or risk of the latter process. It appears that if a bright object is held at some short distance between the eyes, and the patient is directed to squint with both orbits at this brilliant point, catalepsy supervenes, and perfect insensibility of some duration, allowing all surgical operations to be performed.

A METHOD of administering chloroform is now used in France, which is said to combine safety with convenience. The principle is that of a regular admission of air along with the chloroform; and the apparatus which secures this simultaneous action also prevents the excessive inhalation of the powerful agent employed.

THE Duke of Wellington giving orders during the Peninsular campaign for a battalion to attempt a rather dangerous enterprise—the storming of one of the enemy's batteries of St. Sebastian—complimented the officer by saying that his regiment was the first in this world. "Yes," replied the officer, leading on his men, "and before your lordship's orders are finally executed, it will probably be the first in the next."

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—It is perfectly natural for all women to be beautiful. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth, or training, or in both. We would therefore respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the drawing-room to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Plain simple food, free and various exercise, abundant sunshine, and good moral culture during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life.

BOOKS.—In the last year of which the accounts have been made up—the great over-trading year 1857—the total value of books imported from England to the United States was £183,247. At least one quarter of this sum was made up by special importation orders from public libraries, colleges, etc., and old books, which compete with nothing now manufactured, leaving about \$500,000 as the amount that supplies the entire demand for English editions in this country. Last year the importations were probably less, and during the present one they are most likely about the same as in 1857; and the small effect they can have on the trade, is shown by the fact that at least three publishing houses each sell, during the year, of their own publication, more than double the whole value of books imported from England.

THE Charivari publishes a caricature representing the Sultan up to his neck in troubled waters, and, to all appearance, in danger of drowning from losing the support on which his feet rested, and which is marked "finances." In his agony, he calls out for help, and a European on the bank seems inclined to stretch to him a long pole, but which is marked "reforms." The Sultan, however, seems to have no choice but to seize it, unless he makes up his mind to perish.

THREE manuscript volumes of observations of the solar spots, made by the late M. Pastorff, originally presented by the author to Sir John Herschel, are now transferred to the Astronomical Society, on the understanding that they shall be considered as belonging to Sir John Herschel during his lifetime, but after his decease shall become the property of the Society.

ALFRED TENNYSON has been paid £10 a line for a poem, which appeared in the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is entitled: *Sea Dreams—an Idyll*.

A CHURCH is about to be erected by the Russian Government near Inkermann, the funds for which are supplied by the sale of the cannon-balls which have been picked up at Inkermann and Sebastopol.

MR. LATARD, who has just returned from Italy, is preparing for the press a pamphlet on the Italian question.